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THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

FAMOUS SONGS AND THOSE WHO MADE THEM

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EDITORS AND SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON
FREDERIC DEAN

REGINALD DeKOVEN
GERRIT SMITH

VOLUME I

NEW YORK
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
1902

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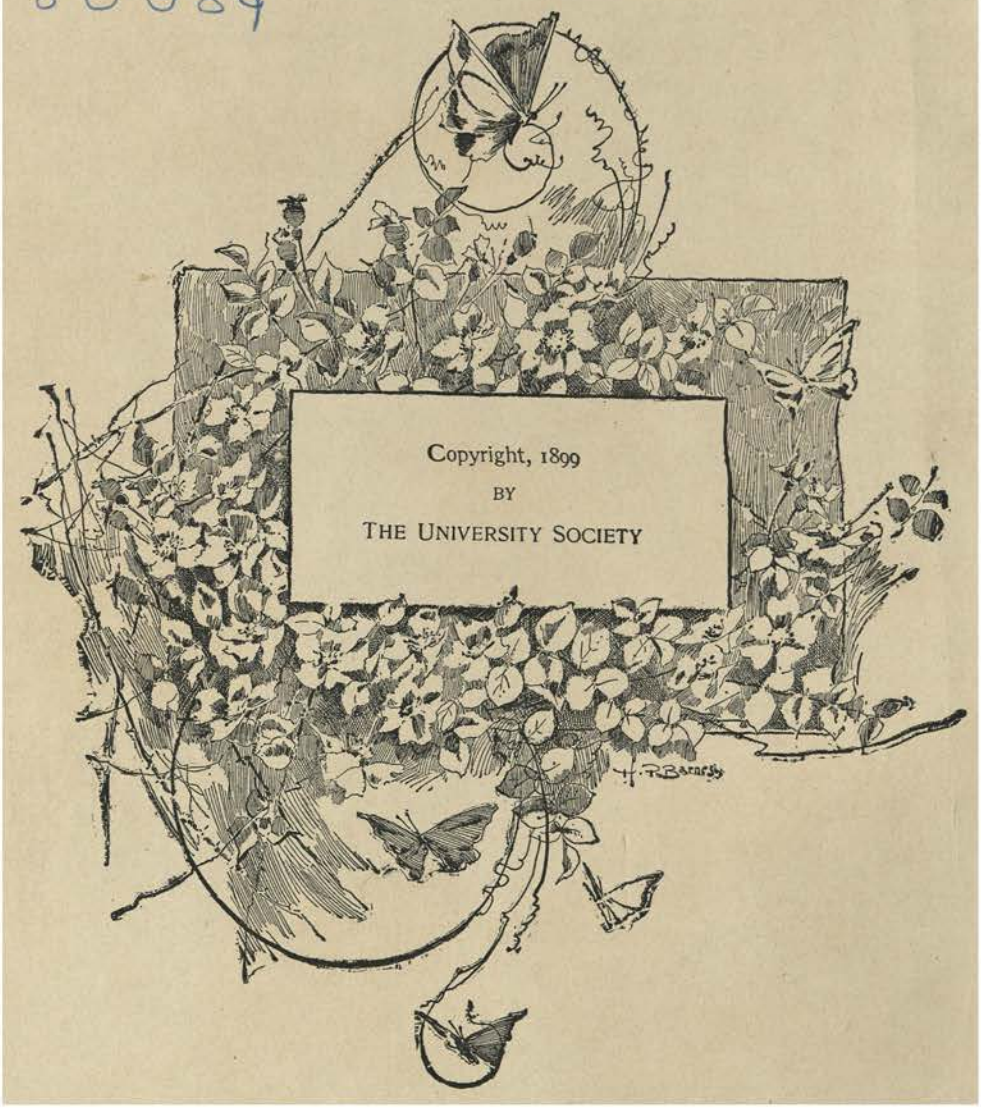

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Famous Songs

MANY of the songs in this collection need no introduction; they come with the latch-string assurance of old and valued friends, whose separate welcomes have encouraged them to drop in all together. They are not popular songs merely, nor old songs exclusively, but well-known songs, of various times, on almost every theme of human interest. They are the songs we have all sung, or wished we could sing; the songs our mothers crooned over our cradles, and our fathers hummed at their daily toil; the songs our sisters sang when they were the prima donnas of our juvenile world; the songs of our sweethearts and our boon companions; the songs that have swayed popular opinion, inspirited armies, sustained revolutions, honored the king, made presidents, and marked historical epochs.

Very great songs—great in all respects—are comparatively few. Perhaps a continued and warmly-expressed interest in the makers of familiar songs—equivalent to that which other artists enjoy—would render those who are willing to make the songs of a nation quite as numerous as those who are anxious to make its laws. The revival of degenerate song begun by Burns was a new inspiration; and although several Scottish ladies, immediately following him, kept themselves sedulously hidden from public view while they produced some of the finest songs ever written, a deep personal interest became manifest toward the writers of lyric verse in Scotland. The result is that no other people possesses such an array of poets whose rhyme can be echoed in written melody, and there is more popular knowledge of Scotland's song-writers than of those of any other nation. In England little interest has been manifested in this portion of the tuneful guild, and still less has our own country troubled itself about its singing men and singing women.

This volume contains not only old and long famous songs, but also the very best that have been written in the past twenty-five years. These selections seem to the

editors to possess such merit that they should be placed thus beside the older ones. The collection also contains about sixty musical compositions by the best American composers—members of the Manuscript Society of the United States. The words to which these tunes are set are mainly by American poets, most of whom are still living; and we have endeavored to be so careful in the selection that every one of them shall be worthy of the company in which it is placed.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say, in regard to the biographical sketches, that it has been my purpose to make them full in the case of authors little known, but not to cumber the book with the familiar details of the lives of more famous men. It is assumed that the ordinary reader knows, or can readily turn to, the history of authors like Ben Jonson, Lord Byron, Longfellow and Tennyson, while he would be glad to find in this connection, information about such as Tannahill, Bayly, Dempster, Ainslie, Foster, Riley, Howells, Carleton, Aldrich, and Lathrop.

I take pleasure in expressing my indebtedness to Professor EDWARD S. CUMMINGS, of New York, for the skill and careful thought with which he has edited much of the music in this volume. My thanks are also cordially returned for courtesies received from publishers who hold the copyright of songs included in this work: Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; William A. Pond & Co., New York; G. Shirmer, New York; Louis Meyer, Philadelphia; Edward Schuberth & Co., New York; Novello, Ewer & Co., New York; T. B. Harms & Co., New York; A. P. Schmidt, New York; G. Brainard's Sons, Chicago; The John Church Co., Cincinnati; as well as authors and composers. I also desire to express our appreciation of courtesies extended in various ways by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston; William Evarts Benjamin, publisher of the Library of American Literature, of New York; The Century Co.; Harper Bros.; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and others.

For much of the information which here appears in print for the first time, I am indebted to the personal kindness of friends and relatives of the authors, retired music publishers and others, both here and in England, in whose memories alone were to be found any records of some of the writers of immortal songs. I regret that to all of these I can only make this general acknowledgment.

H. K. J.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

John Howard Payne.

THOUGH in later years JOHN HOWARD PAYNE became the "homeless bard of home," the home of his childhood must have been delightful. He was born in New York City, June 9, 1792, and was one of a large group of brothers and sisters.

While he was a little fellow, his father moved to East Hampton, the most easterly town in Long Island, situated upon its jutting southern fork. It was a romantic place, settled by fine New England families, who lived in amicable relations with the red men that lingered long and linger still about this ancient home of the Montauk tribe. Rev. Lyman Beecher was preaching in the church upon the one wide village street, when Mr. Payne went there to become principal of the Clinton Academy, then a flourishing school, one of the earliest upon the island. In this town the little Paynes roamed among pleasures, though not among palaces, and their home, which is still kept intact by the inhabitants of the quaint old place, although "homely" indeed, to modern eyes, must have been quite fine enough in its day. The Payne family held a high position, and the children had the advantage of cultured society abroad as well as at home. The family moved to Boston, where the father became an eminent teacher. John Howard was a leader in sports and lessons too. He raised a little military company, which he once marched to general training, where Major-General Elliot extended a formal invitation to the gallant young captain, who led his troop into the ranks to be reviewed with the veterans of the Revolution.

Mr. Payne was a fine elocutionist, and in the "speaking," which formed a prominent part of the school programme, his son, John Howard, soon excelled. Literary tastes cropped out also, and he published boyish poems and sketches in the *The Fly*, a paper edited by Samuel Woodworth.

When thirteen years old, Payne became clerk in a mercantile house in New York. He secretly edited a little paper called the *Thespian Mirror*. Dr. Francis, in his "Old New York," says of him at this period: "A more engaging youth could not be imagined; he won all hearts by the beauty of his person, his captivating address, the premature richness of his mind, and his chaste and flowing utterance." A benevolent gentleman, who learned the fact, and saw indications of great promise, sent young Payne to Union College at his own expense. His career there was suddenly closed by the death of his mother and pecuniary losses of his father. He decided to try the stage in hopes of assisting the family, and when seventeen years old he achieved a wonderful success as Young Norval, at the Park Theatre, in New York. He then played in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and was acting in his old home, Boston, when his father died. He soon sailed for England, and appeared in Drury Lane Theatre, when but twenty years of age. In 1826 he edited a London dramatic paper, called *The Opera Glass*, and for twenty years he experienced more than the ordinary mingling of pleasant

and evil fortune. Payne was much praised, but on the whole his life was sorrowful and hard. He wrote several successful dramas, and his tragedy of "Brutus," which was written for Edmund Kean, is still played occasionally. While Charles Kemble was manager of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1823, he bought a quantity of Payne's writings. Among them was a play entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan." Payne was almost starving in an attic in the Palais Royal, Paris, when at Kemble's request, he altered this play into an opera, and introduced into it the words of "Home, Sweet Home." It contained two stanzes—a third and fourth—which have since been dropped. Miss Tree, elder sister of Mrs. Charles Kean, was the prima donna of the opera, and sang the song. It won for her a wealthy husband, and enriched all who handled it, while the author did not receive even the £25 which he reckoned as the share that this opera should count in the £230 for which he sold his manuscripts. One hundred thousand copies of the song were sold in a single year, and it brought the original publisher two thousand guineas (over $10,000) within two years from its publication. Payne returned to this country in 1832, and nine years later he received the appointment of American Consul at Tunis. The brief sketches of Payne's life in the usual sources of information are silent about any removal from this office, but here are his own words: "How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing or hand-organs playing 'Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head! The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread." With due consideration for the sorrows of his career, we cannot forget that the carefully educated youth forsook his old home and associations and voluntarily attached himself to the fortunes of a class of literary adventurers who lived by their wits. He died at Tunis, April 10, 1852. The singular antithesis between his fame and his fate has often been pathetically dwelt upon, but never better expressed than by *William H. C. Hosmer*, in these lines:

Unhappy Payne!—no pleasure-grounds were thine,
With rustic seats o'ershadowed by the vine;
No children grouped around thy chair in glee,
Like blossoms clinging to the parent tree;
No wife to cheer thy mission upon earth,
And share thine hours of sorrow and of mirth,
Or greet thy coming with love's purest kiss—
Joy that survives the wreck of Eden's bliss.
Hands of the stranger, ring the mournful knell—
Homeless the bard who sang of home so well!

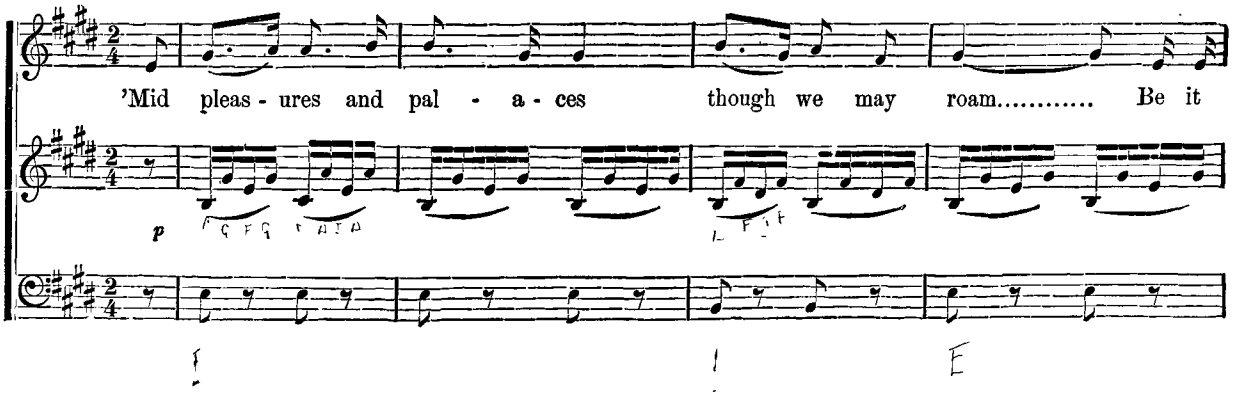
In 1883 Payne's remains were brought to the United States. They lay in state in New York, and were then taken to Washington and entombed, with appropriate ceremonies. The incident recalled to an old concert-goer a scene in that city in December, 1850, when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home," with Payne in a front seat.

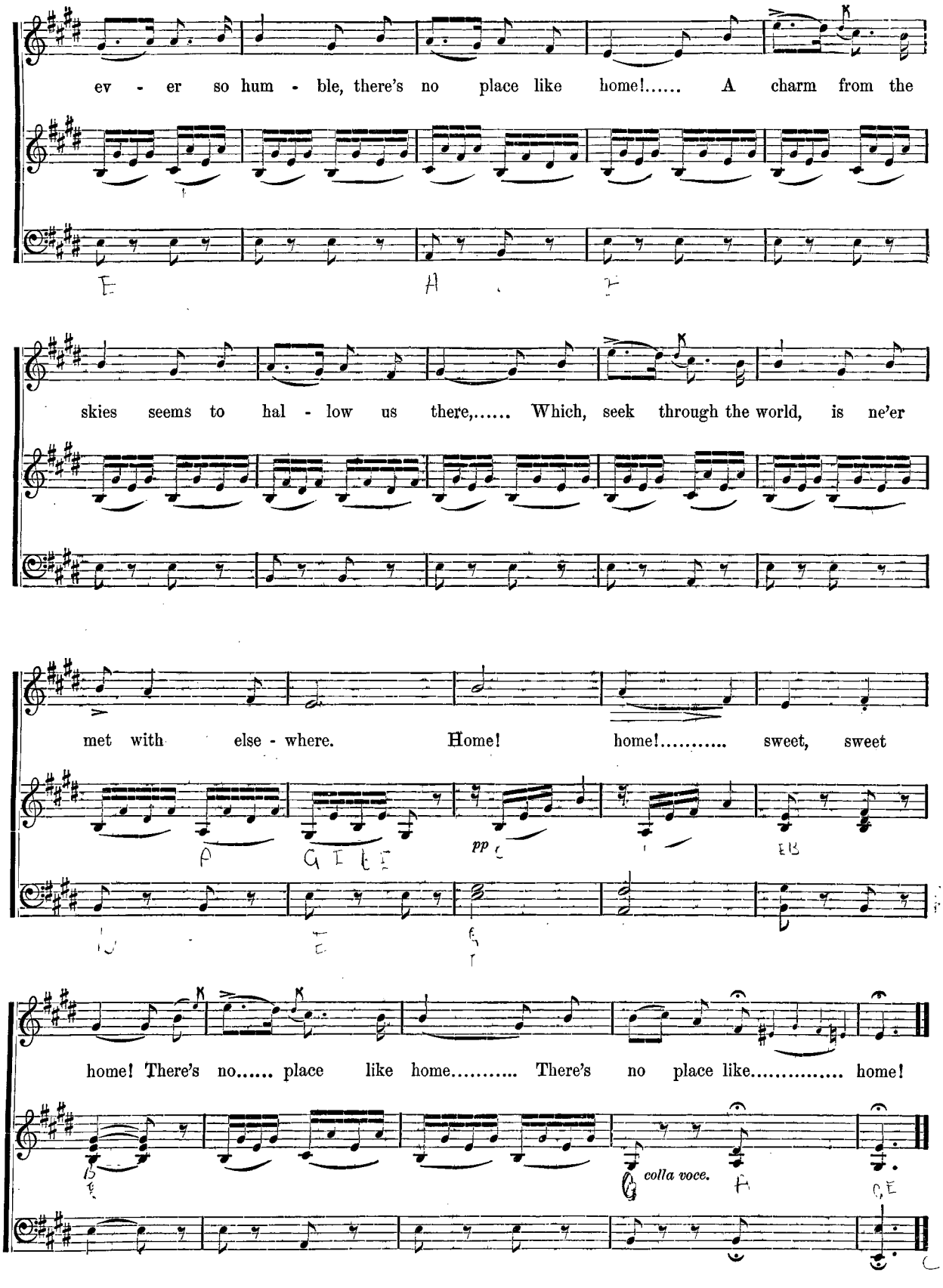
Payne wrote two additional stanzas to "Home, Sweet Home" for an American lady in London. They are unfamiliar, and unworthy of notice as poetry; but for that matter, what can we say of the real merit of the original? If we did not love it, we should laugh at it. Here are the lines:

To us, in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears;
From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says with a sigh,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home!

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow;
But mine has been checkered with many a woe!
Yet, tho' different our fortunes, our tho'ts are the same,
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home!

Parke, in his "Musical Memoirs," says that the air to which "Home, Sweet Home" is set, is from a German opera; but all other authorities agree in calling it a Sicilian air adapted by SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP. Donizetti introduced a slightly altered form of the air into his opera of "Anna Bolena," at the suggestion of Madame Pasta, the celebrated singer.



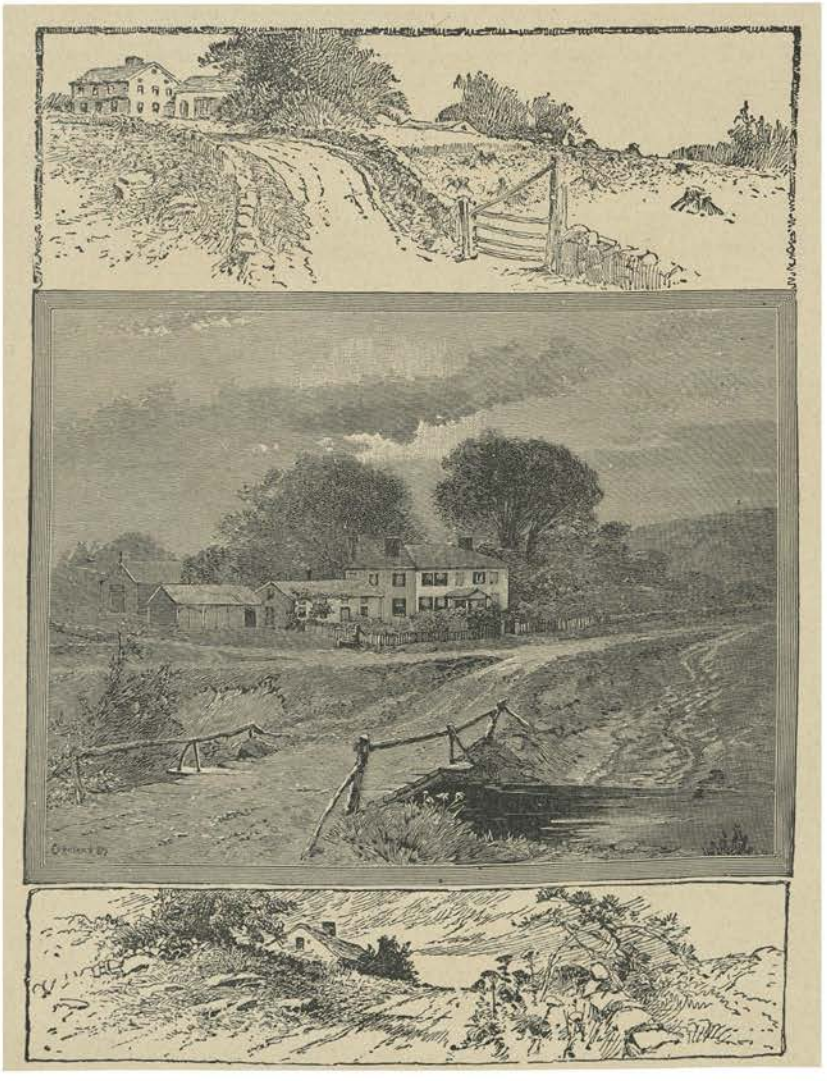

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home!..... A charm from the
skies seems to hal - low us there,..... Which, seek through the world, is ne'er
met with else - where. Home! home!..... sweet, sweet
pp
home! There's no..... place like home..... There's no place like..... home!
colla voce.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return, over-burdened with care.
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.



A SERENADE.

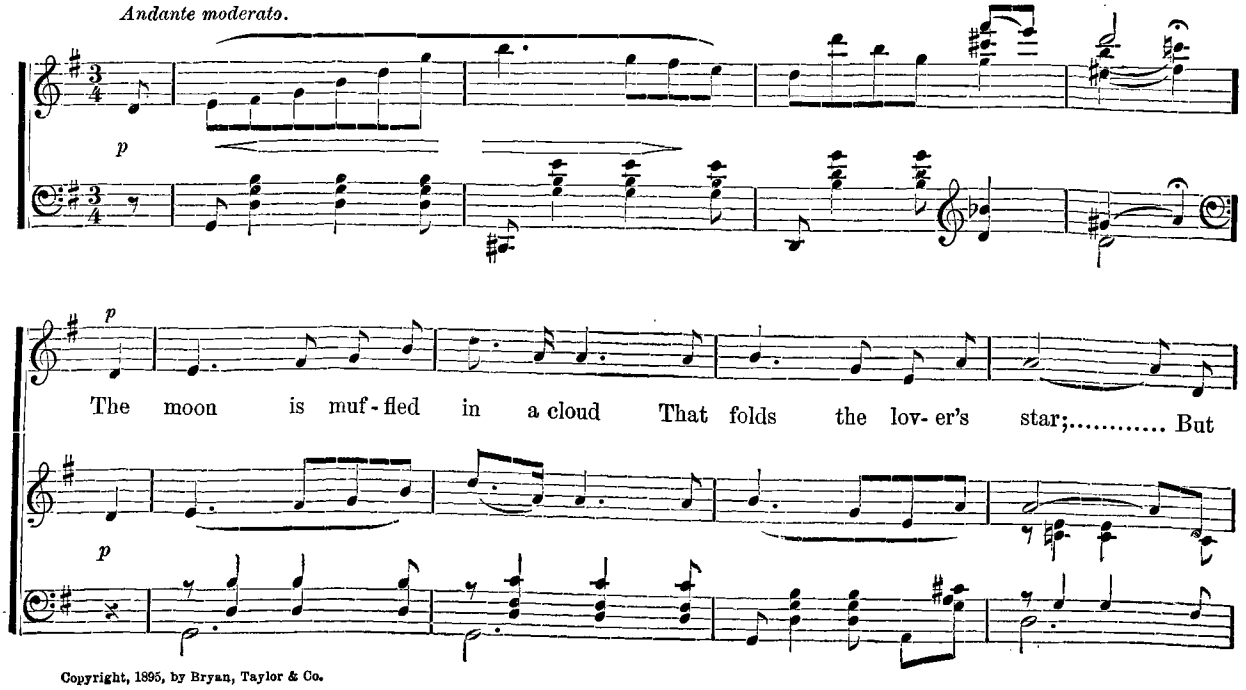
SONG FOR TENOR.

A FAMILIAR adage is seldom so perfectly exemplified in a single instance as is the saying, "A poet is born, not made," in the career of RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Recognized as a true poet by Dr. Rufus N. Griswold, who was the literary dictator of a former generation, he came to the writing of poetry through an uncontrollable instinct that asserted itself against conditions wholly adverse. Born in Hingham, Mass., in 1825, and coming in early youth to New York with a widowed mother, he found it necessary after brief instruction in the public schools to earn his bread by the work of his hands, and opportunity for this he found only in an iron foundry. Only his dominating passion for higher things diverted his career from the common-place direction thus indicated. The drudgery of the smithy he offset with continuous reading of the best authors, with a mind so open to their influence that even while he was yet a moulder of iron his creative literary talent found frequent expression in creditable verse.

In his twenty-fifth year (1849) he published his first poems in a volume entitled "Foot-prints," but he so rapidly outgrew the celebrity this brought him that he withdrew and destroyed the edition, copies of which are now among the rarities for which collectors pay great prices. His talents brought him into friendly intimacy with the leading literary men of his time, his closest friend being Bayard Taylor. He contributed to the magazines and brought out successive volumes of poetry of a high order—"Songs of Summer," "The King's Bell and Other Poems," "The Book of the East," "In Memoriam," and "The Lion's Cub" being the most widely known of these; while of his single poems those on "Abraham Lincoln," "History," and the Centennial Ode of 1876 are the most highly appreciated. An industrious literary worker, he produced many works in other fields than poetry and edited many books, including "Poets of America" and the "Bric-a-Brac Series." Like Hawthorne, he entered the public service, Hawthorne himself procuring him a post in the Custom House (1852) to which sundry minor offices succeeded. Since 1870 he has contributed to current literary criticism, as book reviewer of the *World* and the *Mail and Express*.

His poetry is characterized by forcible directness and marked simplicity, both of thought and expression. Thoroughly original in his conceptions; scholarly and masterful in the poetic art; skillful to excite the emotions and to satisfy the intellect; appealing to the learned and also to those who know only the essential truths of life; writing prose that Bryant praised for its purity, and verse of an absolutely spontaneous felicity; he rises above the merely skilled maker of verses through the possession of the divine in-born qualities of a sincerely poetic nature. His variety is such that, although he is essentially reflective, dicactic and descriptive, he is also truly lyrical, and much of his verse can be fitly married to music.

The music for this song was composed by LOUIS R. DRESSLER.



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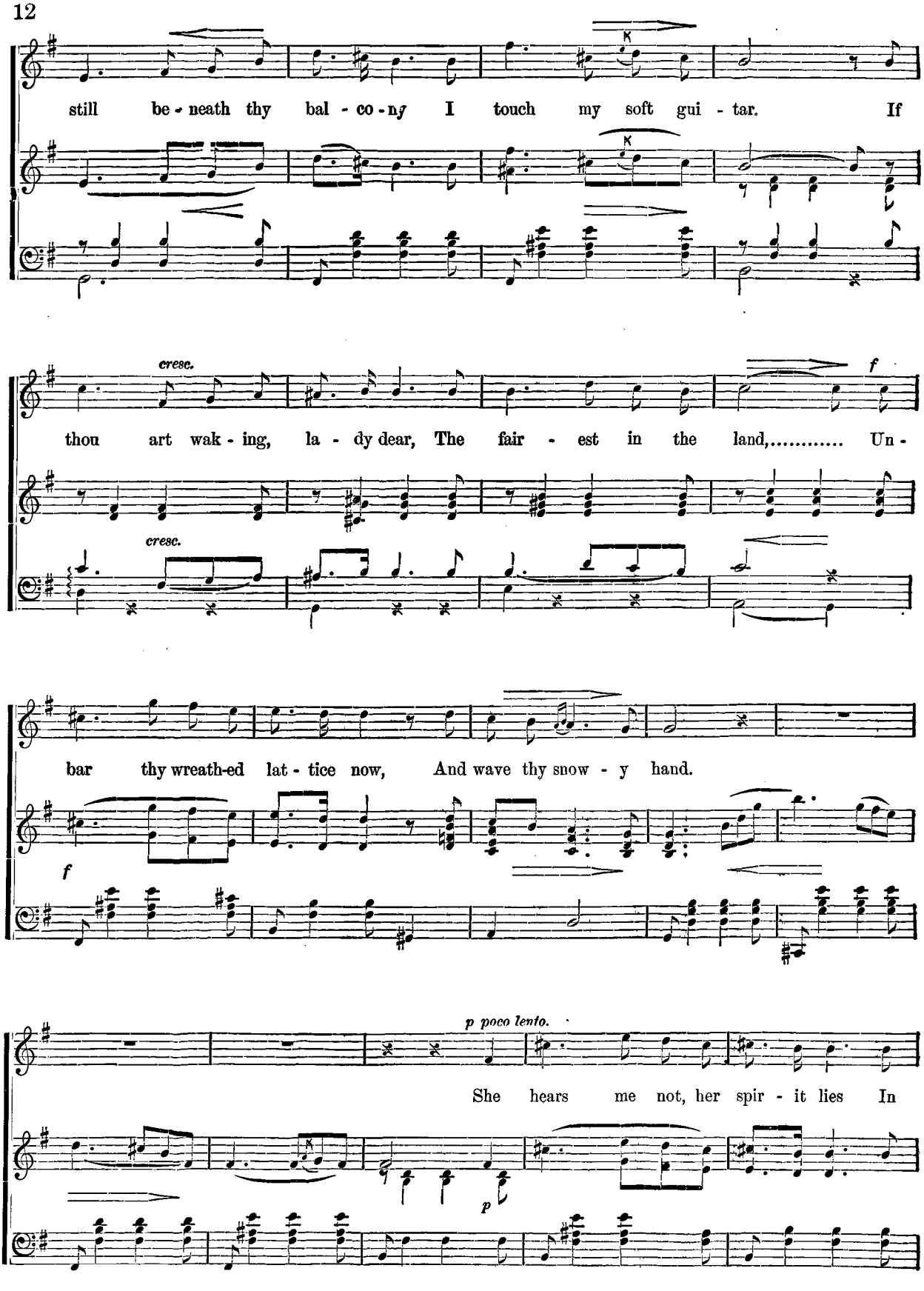
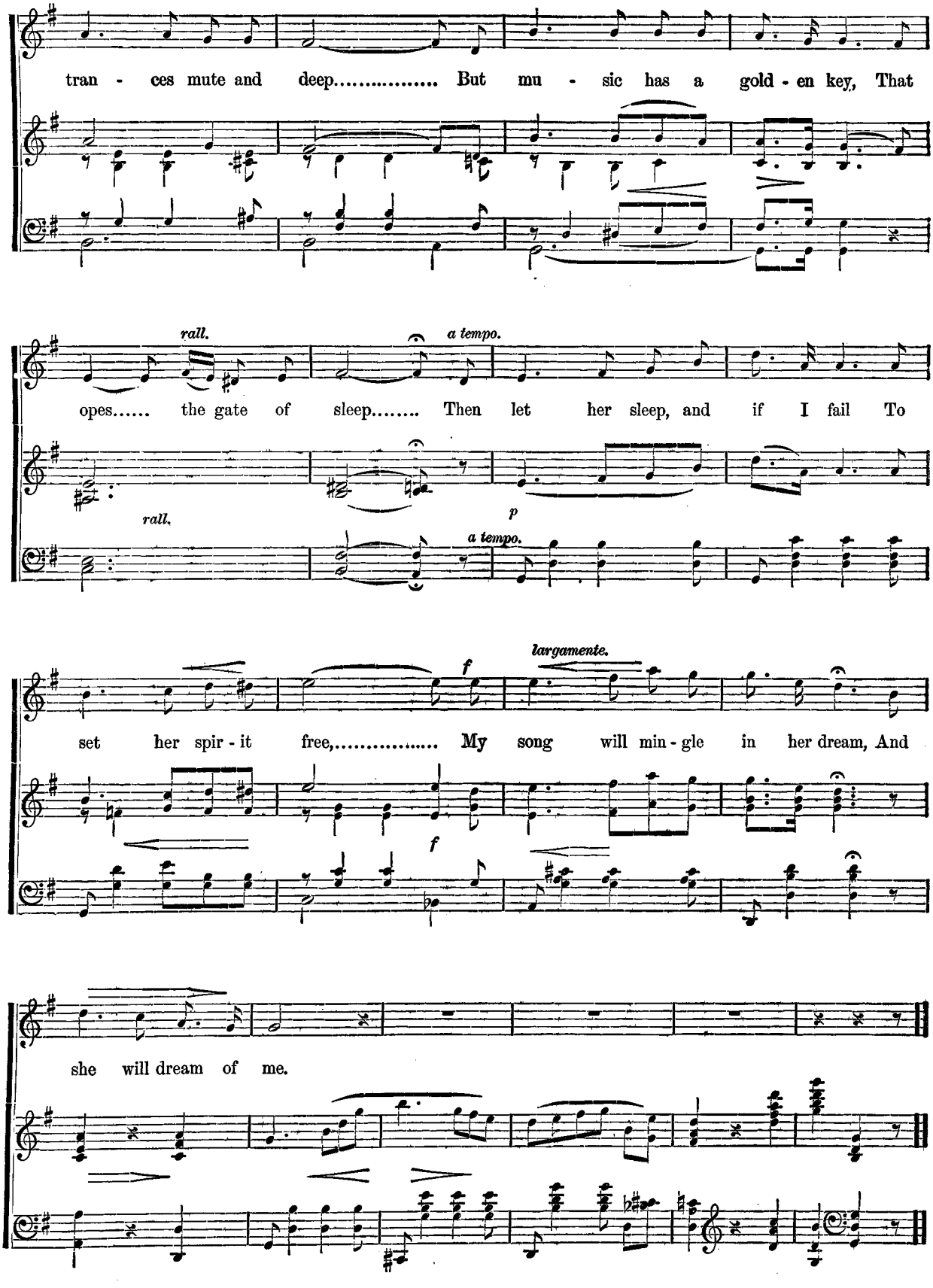
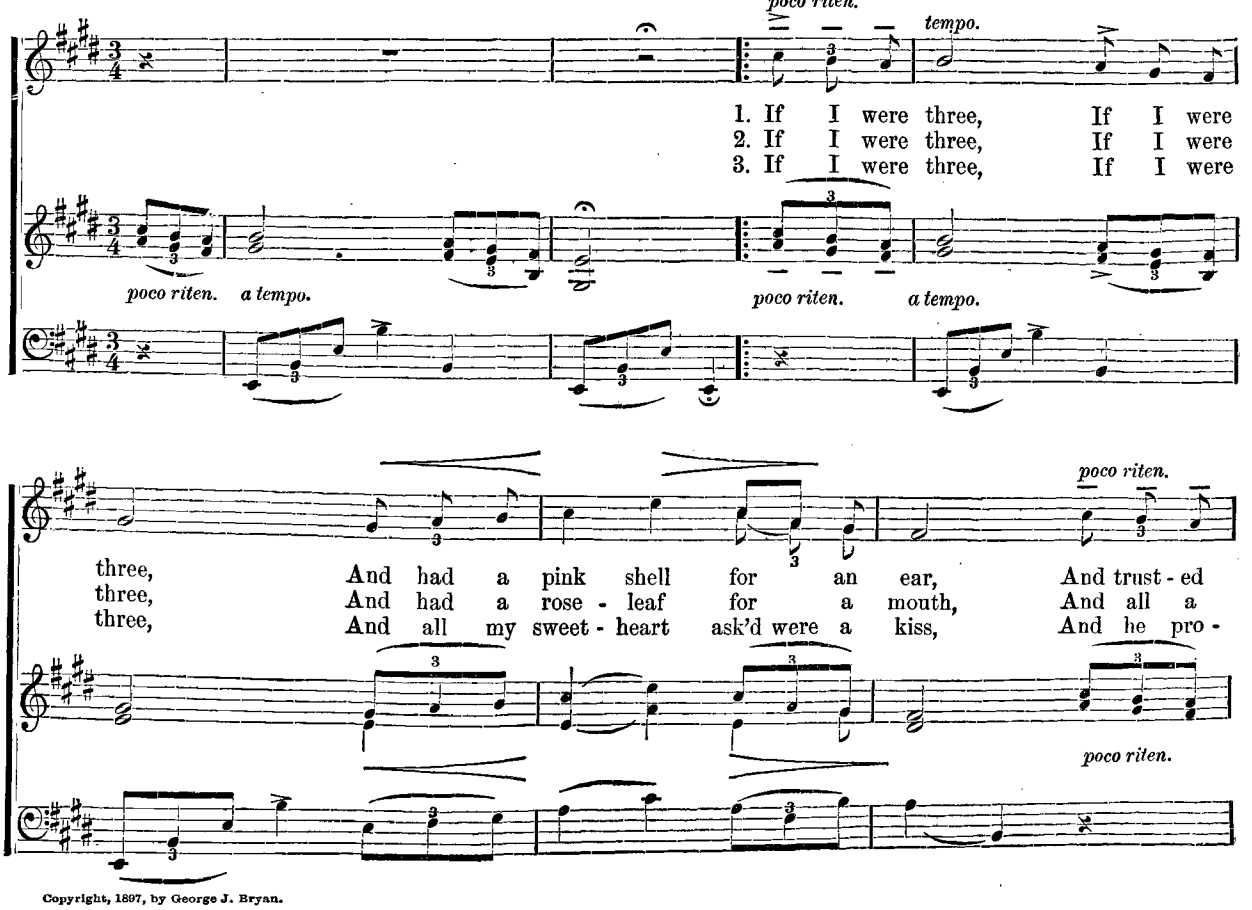

still be - neath thy bal - co - ny I touch my soft gui - tar. If
cresc.
f
thou art wak - ing, la - dy dear, The fair - est in the land,..... Un -
cresc.
bar thy wreath-ed lat - tice now, And wave thy snow - y hand.
f
p poco lento.
She hears me not, her spir - it lies In
p


tran - ces mute and deep..... But mu - sic has a gold - en key, That
rall.
a tempo.
opes..... the gate of sleep..... Then let her sleep, and if I fail To
rall.
p
a tempo.
largamente.
f
set her spir - it free,..... My song will min - gle in her dream, And
f
she will dream of me.

A KISS.

DR. GERRIT SMITH, the composer of this song, received his degree of Doctor of Music from Hobart College, where he was graduated. His ancestors were among the earliest Dutch settlers of this country, his great grandfather having been the partner of John Jacob Astor in the fur trade. It was from the lofty eminence of his great great grandfather's farm, whose name he now bears, at Tappan that Major Andre met his fate. Dr. Smith was born at Hagerstown, Md. He developed an early talent for music, which was carefully cultivated, and served as boy chorister while at school and as organist while at college. His choice of music as a profession was made during his post-graduate studies abroad, at Stuttgart, which included both music and architecture. Returning to America, he placed himself under the instruction of Samuel P. Warren, organist of Grace Church, NewYork, and then went as musical director to St. Paul's Cathedral in Buffalo, where he continued his studies under the eminent American musicians, Dr. Eugene Thayer and William H. Sherwood. In 1880 he went to Berlin, to study organ and counterpoint under Haupt and theory with Rhode and was in Dresden with Merkel and in Magdelburg with Dr. Ritter. During this absence he came into personal relations with many distinguished German and American musicians, an acquaintance which his numerous trips abroad since that time have enabled him to renew. On his way home from Germany he played in many of the larger continental and English cities. Settling in Albany, N. Y. as organist of St. Peter's Church, he did much to popularize good music there by giving many free organ recitals. He has continued such organ recitals, now numbering over two hundred, in New York since 1885, when he came to New York to take the position of organist and choirmaster at the South Church, and has enlisted the active interest of the most distinguished foreign and American composers for the organ, who have contributed special manuscript works for these recitals. To Dr. Smith's efforts is due much of the interest in American composers, works which he has steadily produced. He organized and for seven years has been president of the Manuscript Society, was formerly the director of the Composer's Club, and the first warden of the American Guild of Organists incorporated in 1896, president of the New York State Music Teacher's Association, and Professor of Music in Union Theological Seminary. Dr. Smith's compositions were chiefly songs, of which he has written many beautiful examples, but they include also "King David," a cantata in large form; piano pieces, part songs, church music in its varied forms, all of a high degree of merit.

Dr. Smith's reputation as a writer of short and graceful songs is especially well known, and of such "The Kiss" is an excellent example.


poco riten.
tempo.
1. If I were three, If I were
2. If I were three, If I were
3. If I were three, If I were
poco riten. a tempo.
poco riten. a tempo.
poco riten.
three, And had a pink shell for an ear, And trust - ed
three, And had a rose - leaf for a mouth, And all a
three, And all my sweet - heart ask'd were a kiss, And he pro -
poco riten.

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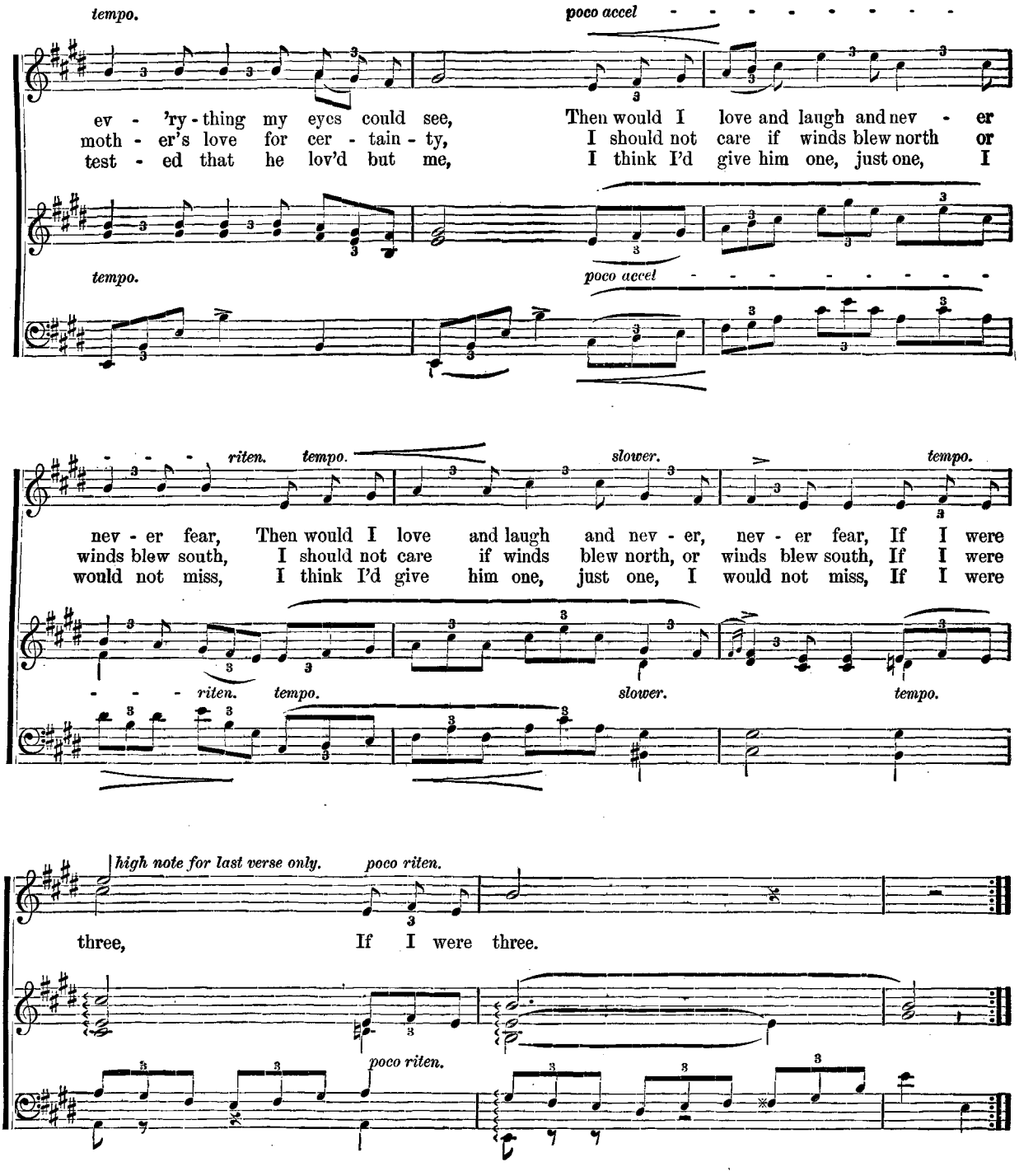

tempo.
poco accel
ev - 'ry - thing my eyes could see, Then would I love and laugh and nev - er
moth - er's love for cer - tain - ty, I should not care if winds blew north or
test - ed that he lov'd but me, I think I'd give him one, just one, I
tempo.
poco accel
riten. tempo.
slower.
tempo.
nev - er fear, Then would I love and laugh and nev - er, nev - er fear, If I were
winds blew south, I should not care if winds blew north, or winds blew south, If I were
would not miss, I think I'd give him one, just one, I would not miss, If I were
riten. tempo.
slower.
tempo.
high note for last verse only.
poco riten.
three, If I were three.
poco riten.

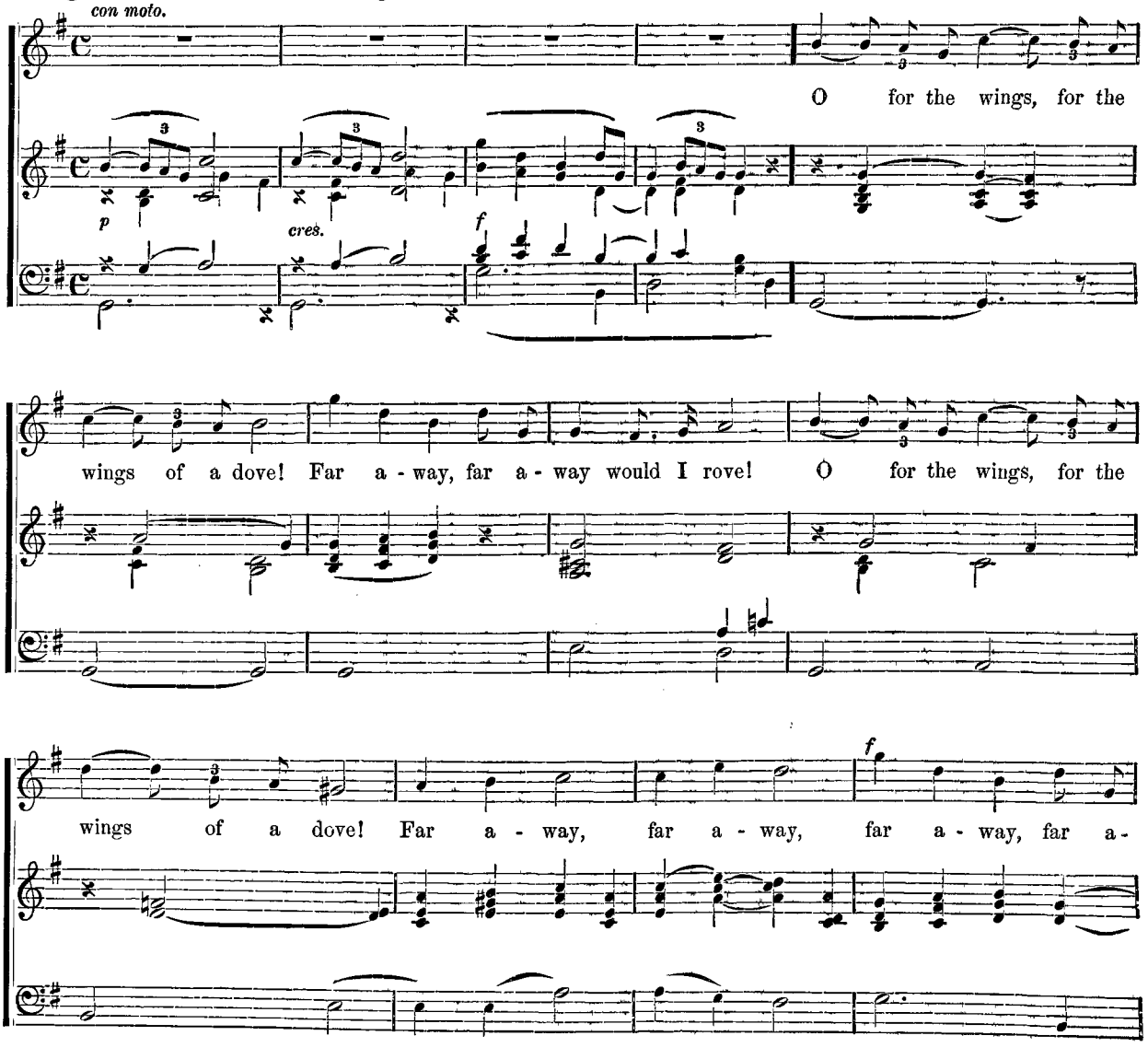
If I were three, if I were three,
And had a pink shell for an ear,
And trusted everything my eyes could see,
Then would I love and laugh and never, never fear.
If I were three, if I were three.

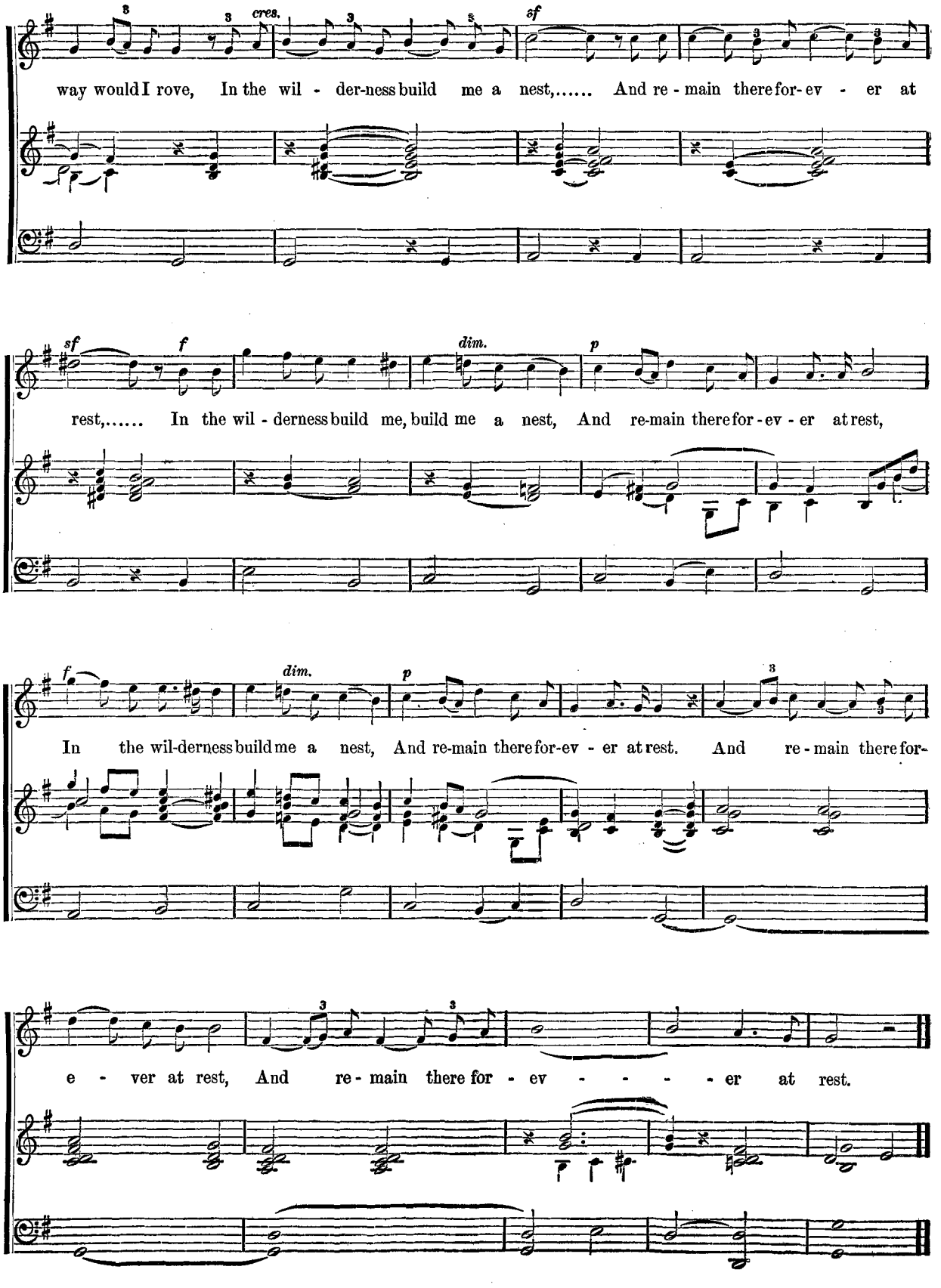
If I were three, if I were three,
And had a roseleaf for a mouth,
And all a mother's love for certainty,
I should not care if winds blew north, or winds blew south,
If I were three, if I were three.

If I were three, if I were three,
And all my sweetheart asked were a kiss,
And he protested that he loved but me,
I think I'd give him one, just one, I would not miss,
If I were three, if I were three.

O FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE!

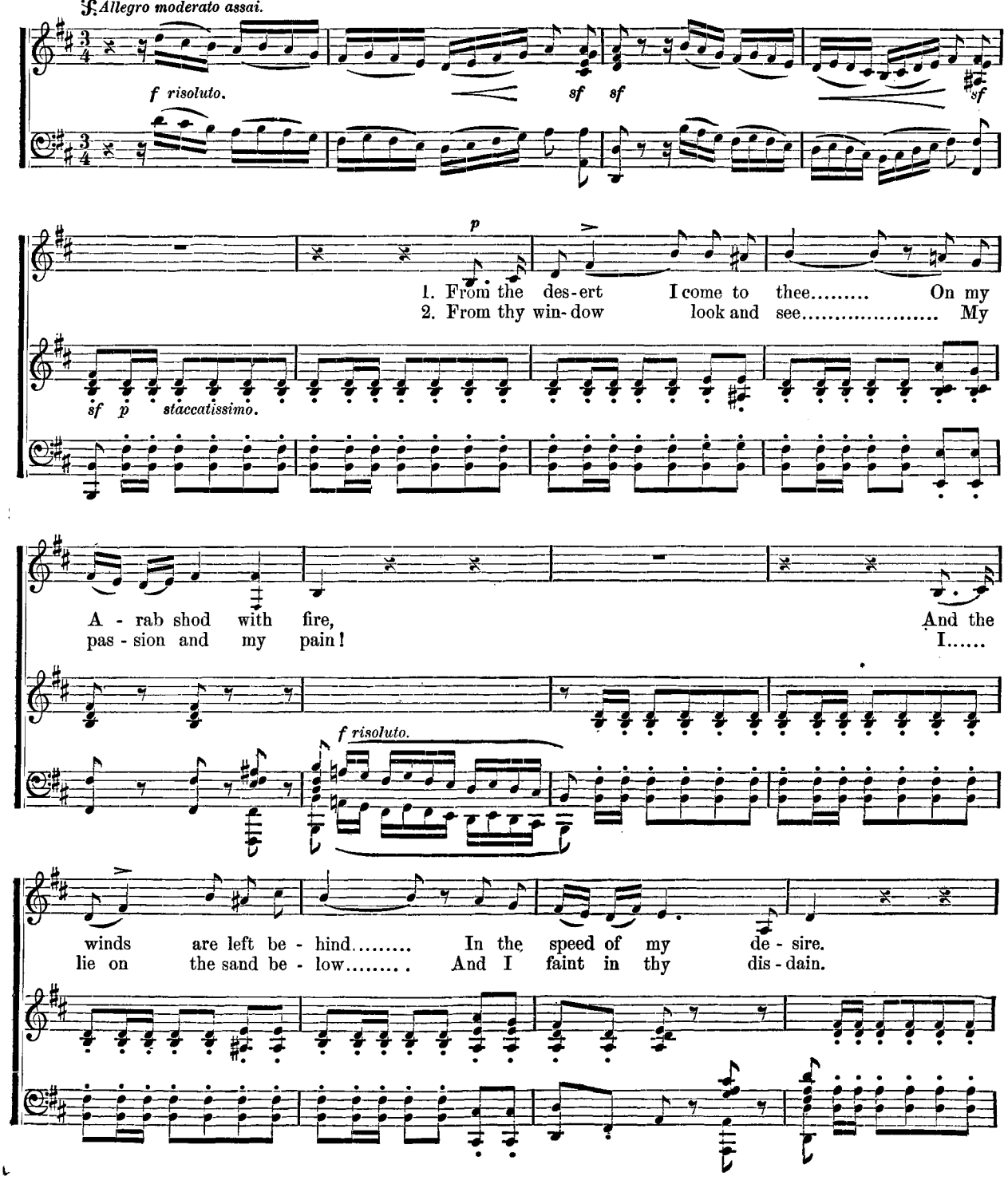
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, the composer of this beautiful song, is one of the famous musicians of the world. Born on Friday, February 3rd, 1809, and dying on Thursday, November 4th, 1847, he had less than 39 years to live and work, and yet he has given us in his short life some of the sweetest strains ever penned by composer. Mendelssohn's grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn, was a noted writer on philosophy, and had made the name famous throughout Europe and in some parts of Asia. He was the first to use the name Mendelssohn, his father's name being Mendel. Felix's father was by no means as brilliant a man as either his father or his son, and he once made this happy remark about himself—"I used to be known as my father's son, but now I am known as my son's father." Mendelssohn's music is noted for its simplicity and purity of style. Bach was his pattern, and the best poets of the day were his inspiration. Mendelssohn was never compelled to fight poverty and knew but little of the trials of some of his fellow-workers in composition. His music is melodic and graceful, but lacking at times in passion and power. His "Songs Without Words" are famous. There are eight volumes in all with six numbers in each volume. The name was first used by the composer in a letter to his sister Fanny, dated December 8th, 1828. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" music was written when Mendelssohn was but seventeen. His oratorios of "St. Paul" and "Elijah" are known and loved by everyone who knows and loves oratorios. "St. Paul" was written in 1834, and was heard in New York four years later. "Elijah" was first given in England (1846,) having been written for the Birmingham Festival.

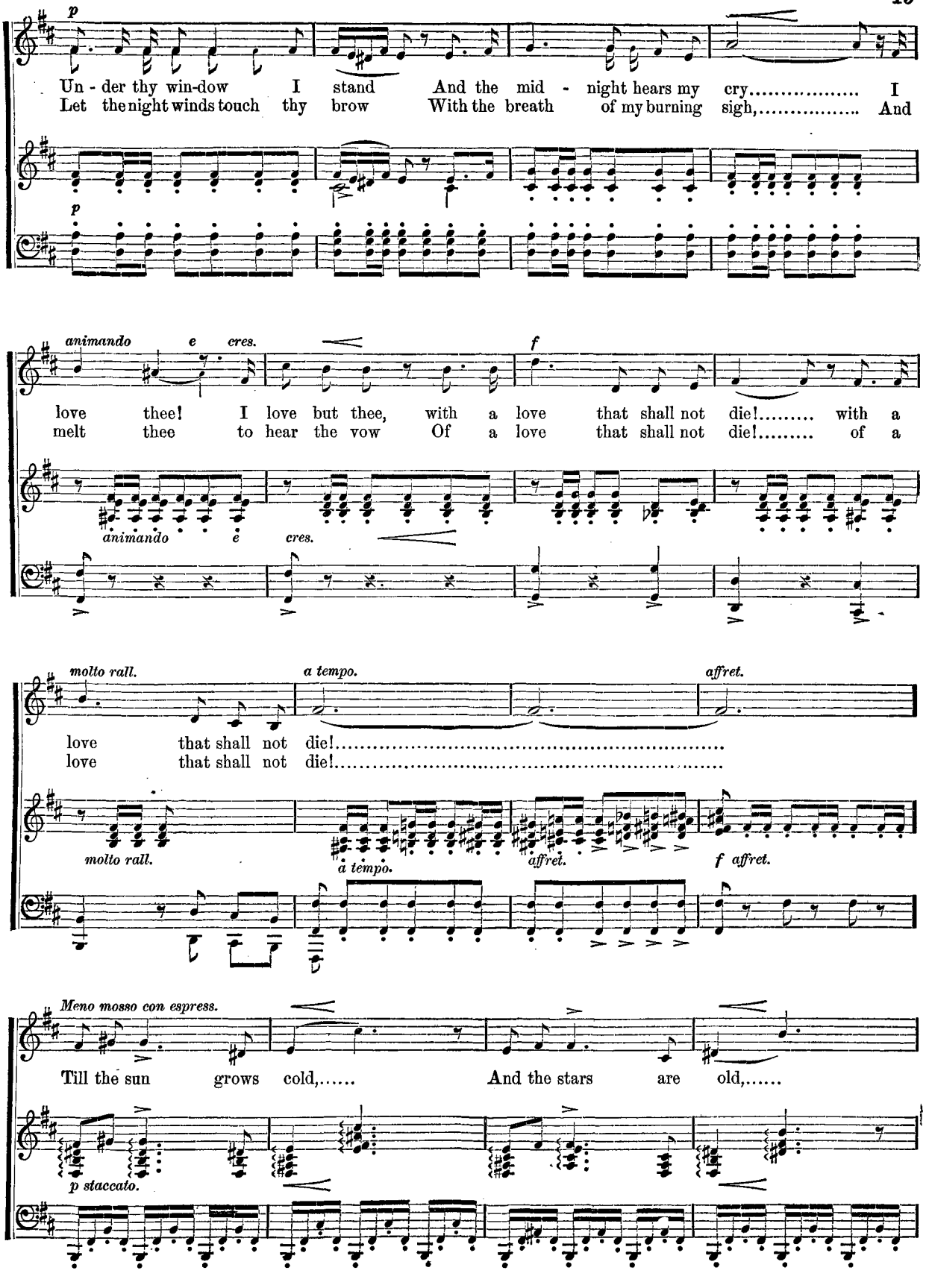

con moto.
O for the wings, for the
p
cres.
f
wings of a dove! Far a - way, far a - way would I rove! O for the wings, for the
f
wings of a dove! Far a - way, far a - way, far a - way, far a -

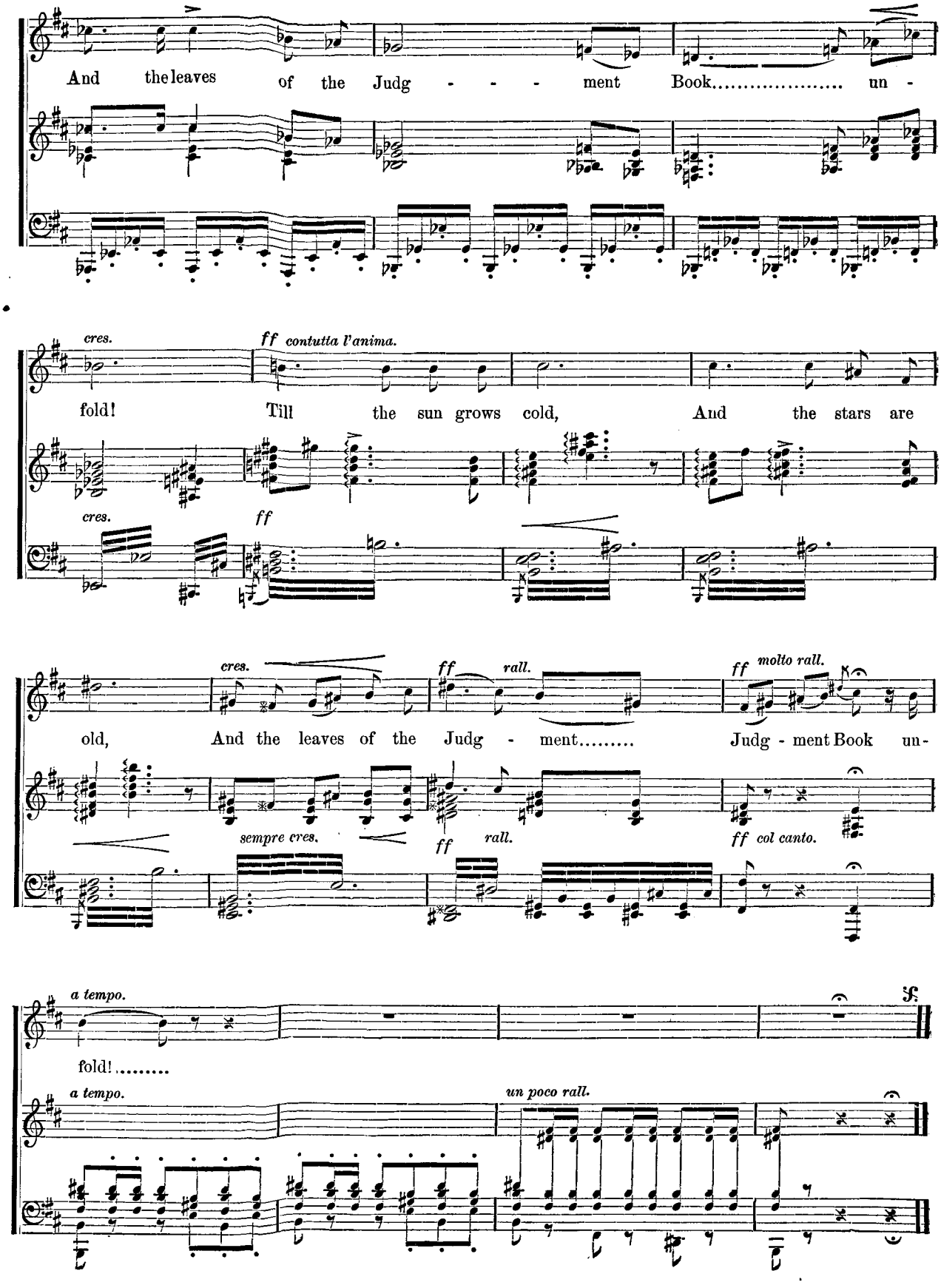

cres.
sf
way would I rove, In the wil - der-ness build me a nest,..... And re - main there for- ev - er at
sf
f
dim.
p
rest,..... In the wil - derness build me, build me a nest, And re-main there for - ev - er at rest,
f
dim.
p
In the wil-derness build me a nest, And re-main there for-ev - er at rest. And re - main there for-
e - ver at rest, And re - main there for - ev - - - - - er at rest.

BEDOUIN LOVE SONG.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S "Bedouin Love Song" has exercised a fascinating influence over the composers of songs, who have instinctively turned to it as a suitable vehicle for a spirited and yet tender musical conception. Dudley Buck among Americans, and several others among foreign composers, have found in the rapid, eager movement of the lines a most suggestive and impelling force to the composition of suitable melodies. Perhaps the following effort of CIRO PINSUTI may be regarded as among the most successful attempts to render in musical terms the vigorous sentimentality of one of the most celebrated lyric productions of one of the most thoroughly genuine of American poets.


Allegro moderato assai.
f risoluto.
sf
sf
sf
p
1. From the des-ert I come to thee..... On my
2. From thy win-dow look and see..... My
sf
p
staccatissimo.
A - rab shod with fire,
pas - sion and my pain!
And the
I.....
f risoluto.
winds are left be - hind..... In the speed of my de - sire.
lie on the sand be - low..... And I faint in thy dis - dain.


p
Un - der thy win-dow I stand And the mid - night hears my cry..... I
Let the night winds touch thy brow With the breath of my burning sigh,..... And
animando e cres.
f
love thee! I love but thee, with a love that shall not die!..... with a
melt thee to hear the vow Of a love that shall not die!..... of a
molto rall.
a tempo.
affret.
love that shall not die!.....
love that shall not die!.....
f affret.
Meno mosso con espress.
Till the sun grows cold,..... And the stars are old,.....
p staccato.


And the leaves of the Judg - - - ment Book..... un -
cres.
ff contutta l'anima.
fold! Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are
cres.
ff
cres.
ff rall.
ff molto rall.
old, And the leaves of the Judg - ment..... Judg - ment Book un-
sempre cres.
ff rall.
ff col canto.
a tempo.
fold!.....
a tempo.
un poco rall.

AN APRIL GIRL.

M. M. D.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

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Allegro.

mf *cres.* *f*

1. The girl that's born on an A - pril day, Has a right to be mer - ry, light-some, gay; And
2. The girls of March love noise and fray; And sweet as blos-soms are the girls of May; But
3. Heigh - o! hur - rah! for an A - pril day, Its cloud, its spark-le, its skip and stay! I

piu lento.

that is the rea - son I dance and play, And frisk like a mote in a sun - ny ray, Would n't you Do it,
I re - joice in a sun - ny spray Of smiles and tears and hap - a - day,—Would n't you Do it,
mean to be happy whenev - er I may, And cry when I must; for that's my way. Would n't you Do it,

piu lento.

a tempo. *cres.*

too, If you had been born on an A - pril day, If you had been born on an A - pril day?

a tempo. *cres.* *f*

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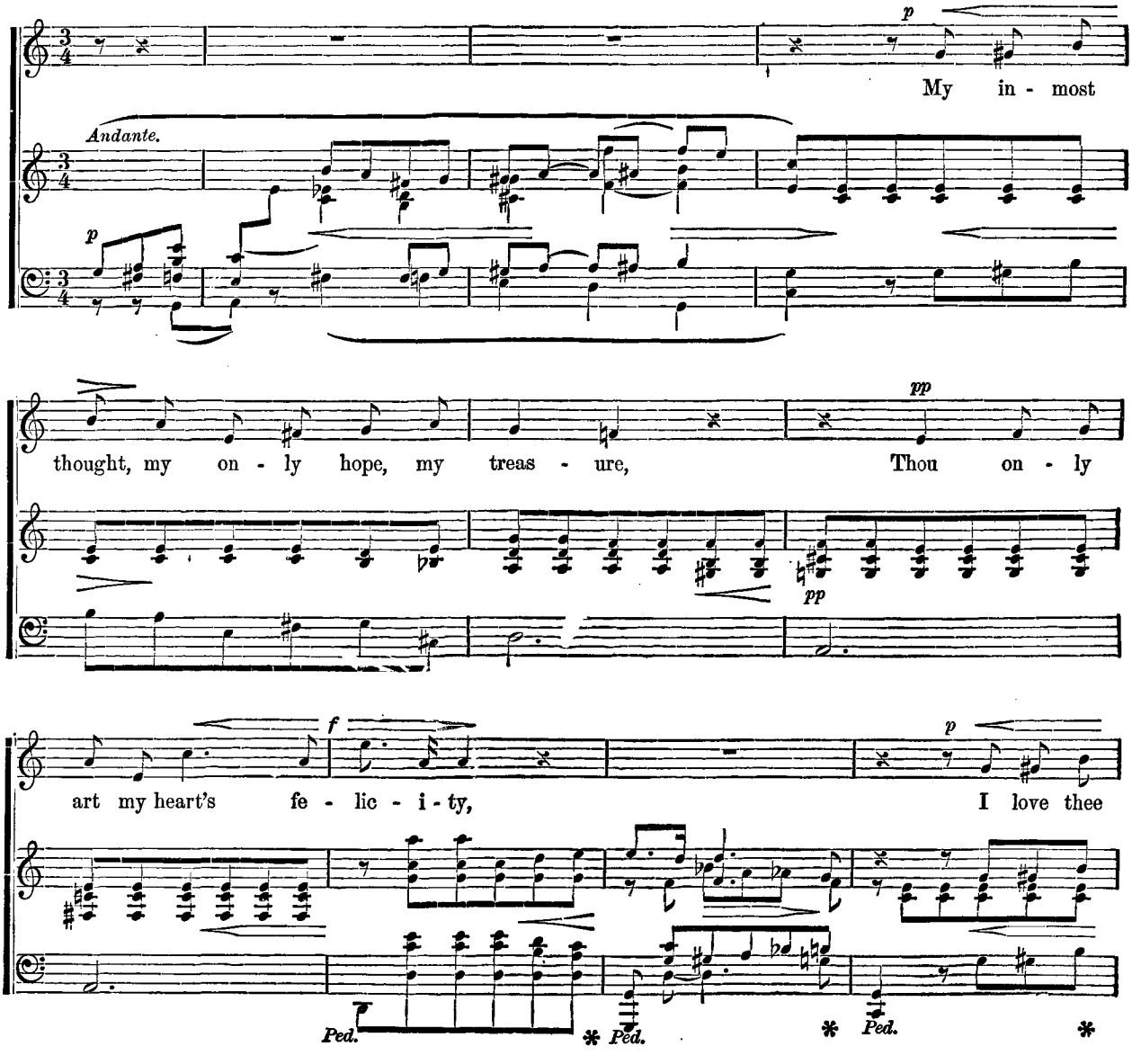
"I LOVE THEE."

THE words of this song are by HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, one of the greatest of story-tellers, and especially famous in child literature. He early discovered a talent for poetry. This talent afterward found expression in many directions—in drama, in story, and in song. The song here presented has attained a wide celebrity in many languages. In early life Andersen was known in his native place as the "Comedy-writer." He tried to become a singer, but the quality of his physical organs was found inefficient for the purpose. The "Dying Child" was among the first of his poems received favorably.

He had to contend against poverty, but was assisted in his struggles by sympathetic admirers, although at the outset ridiculed by his critics. The King of Denmark pensioned him, which enabled him to travel. Finally in his "Improvisation" public opinion throughout Europe acknowledged his merits. Andersen's imaginative powers attain great success in his Picture-book without pictures.

His poem "I Love You" lives in the heart of the people. It was set to music by EDWARD GRIEG, a Norwegian composer, and pianist, who was a thorough and enthusiastic student of music under the best masters. He was a pupil of Moscheles in piano-playing. But his tendencies finally inclined him to Danish, Swedish and Norwegian dance-music and songs. In the music to "I Love You" we have a fine example of his musical bent.



far a - bove all earth - ly pleas - ure I love but thee, I

love but thee, Thro' time I love thee and e - ter - ni - ty, Thro'

cres. sempre.

ff

cres. sempre.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

ritard.

time I love thee and e - ter - ni - ty!

ff *ritard.*

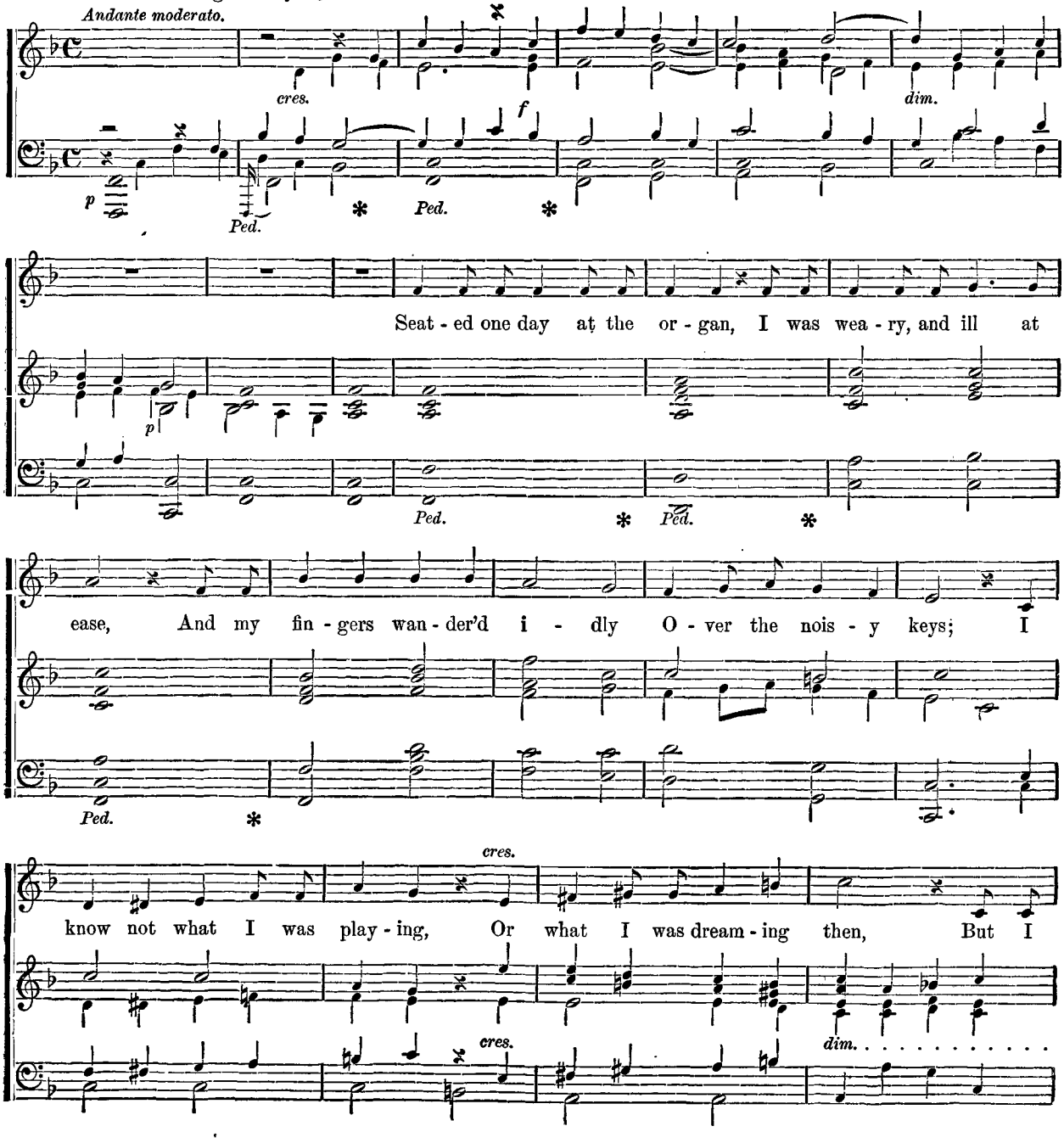
Ped. * *Ped.* *

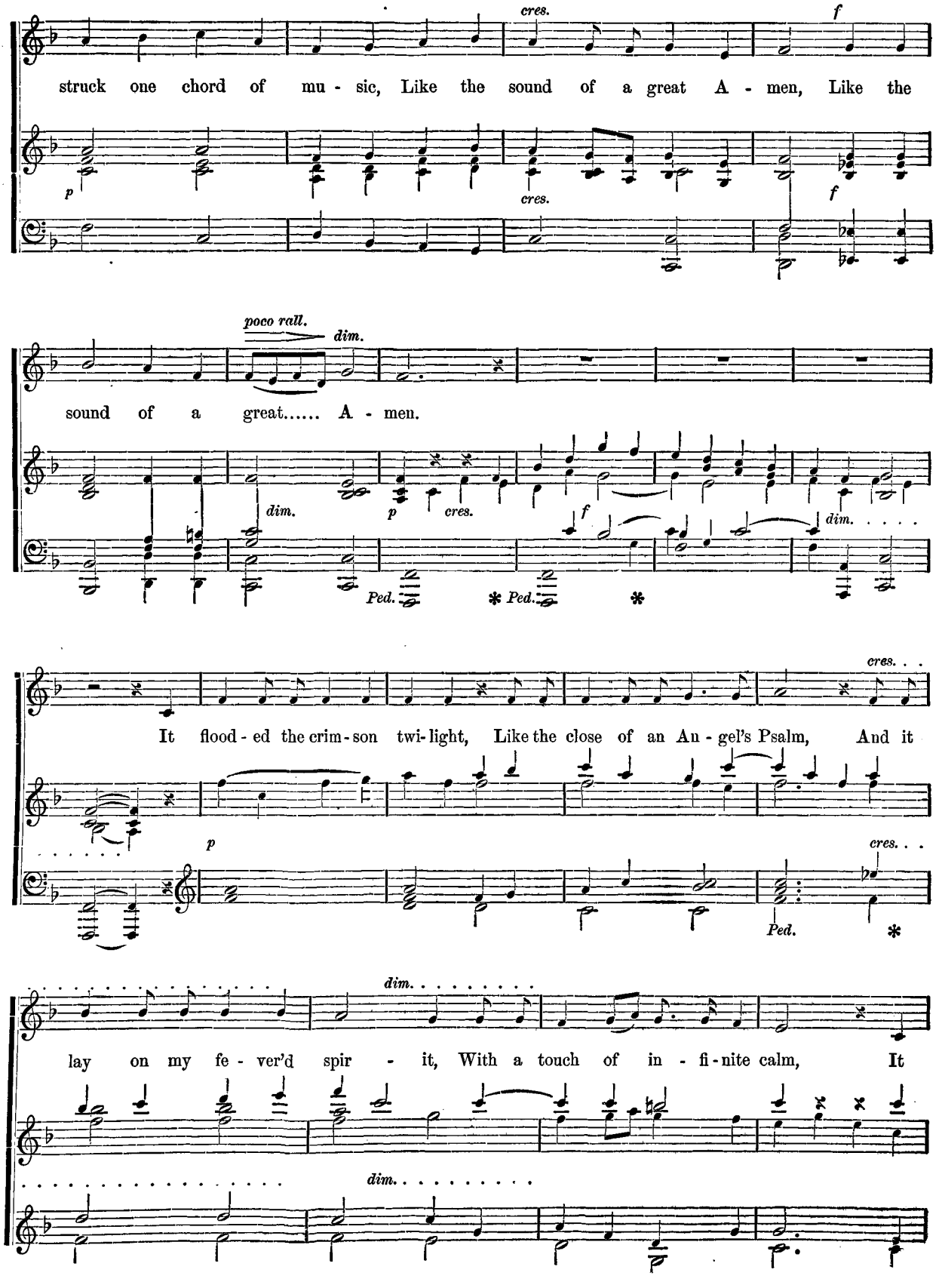
dim. *pp*

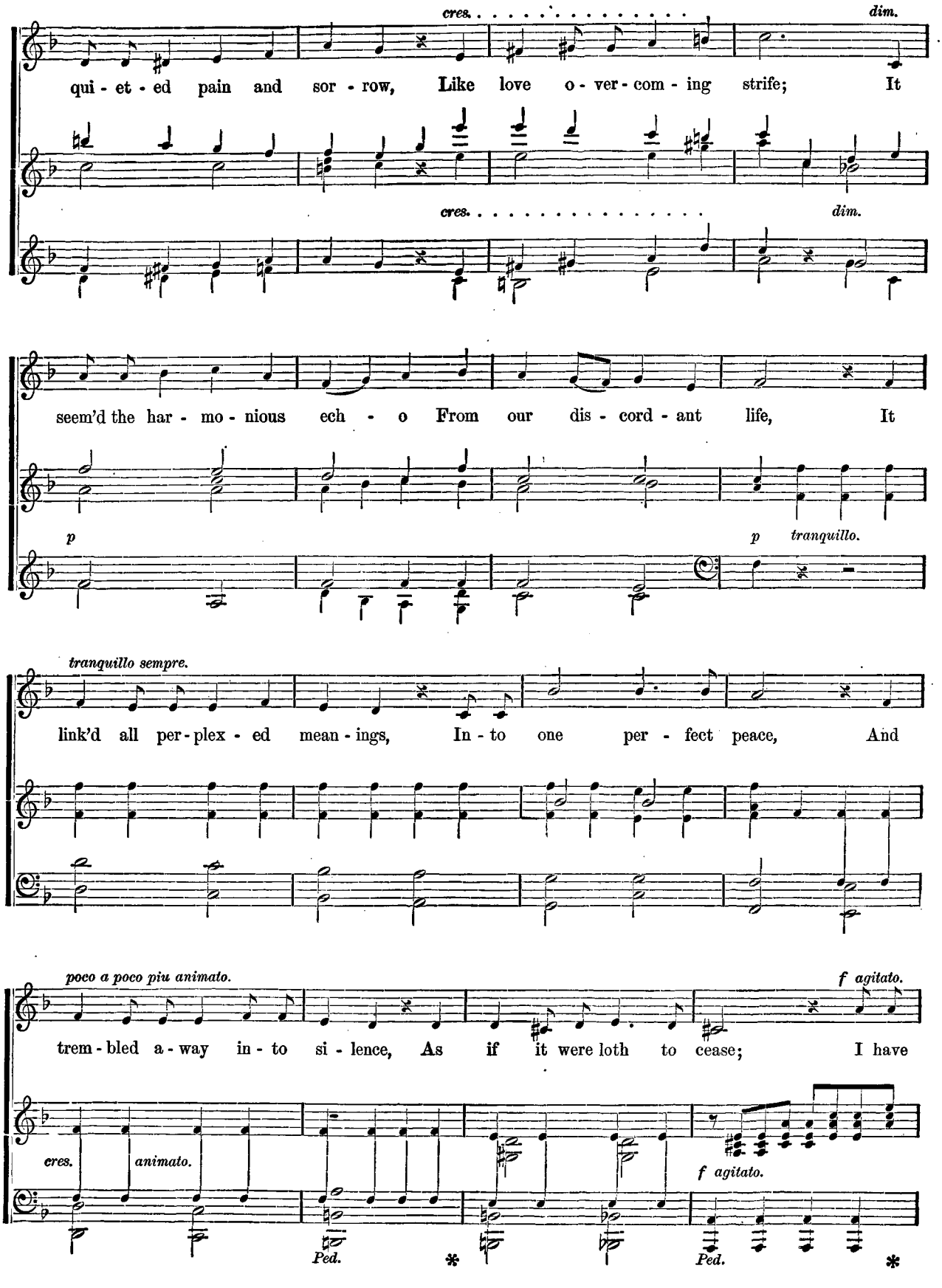
THE LOST CHORD.

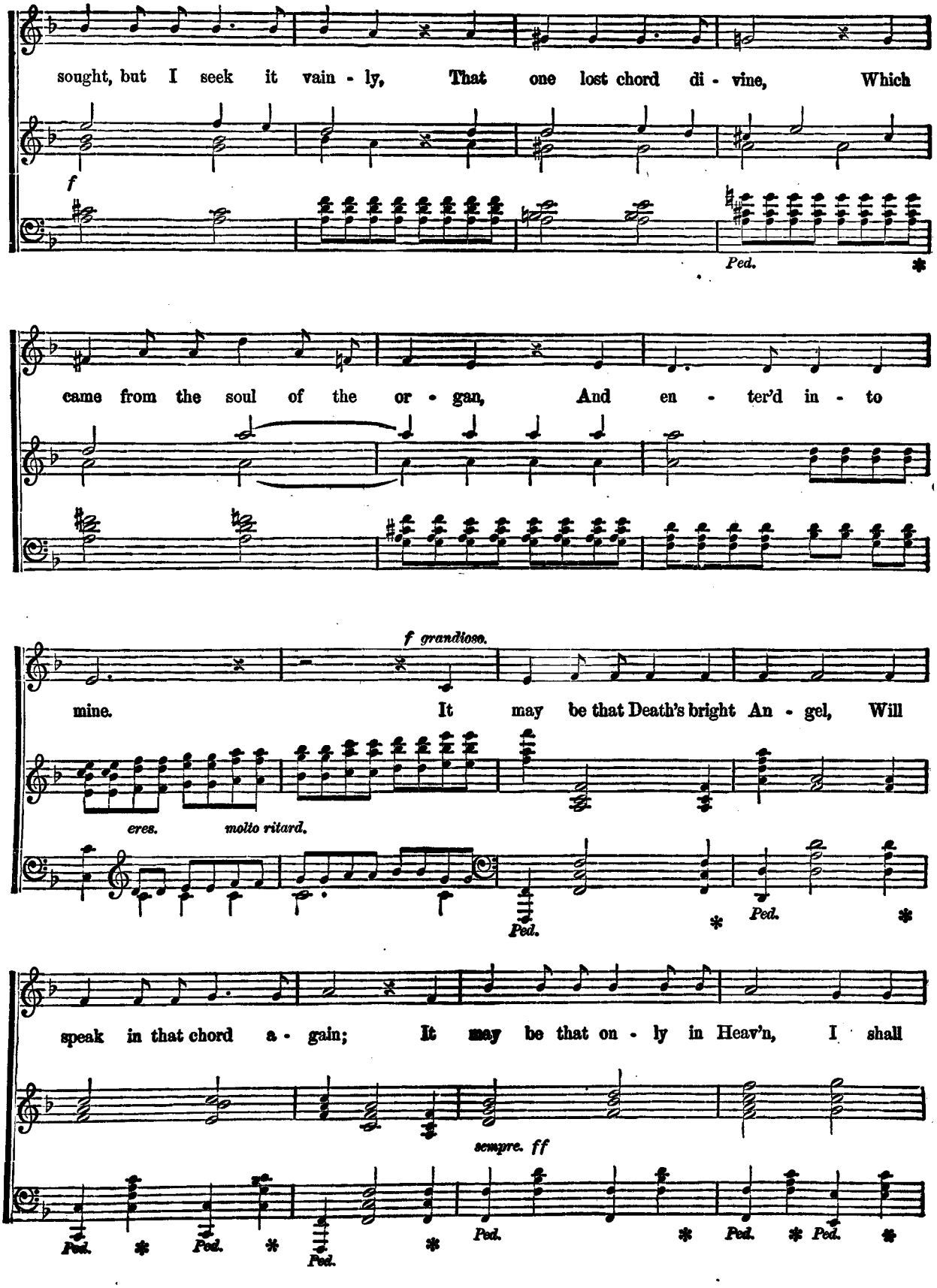
THE author of the words of this very beautiful and popular song, ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR, was the daughter of Bryan Waller Proctor, (better known in poetical literature under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall). She was born in London in 1825 and died in 1864. Miss Proctor published in succession two volumes of "Legends and Lyrics." These were afterward (1865) published in a single volume with an introduction by Charles Dickens.

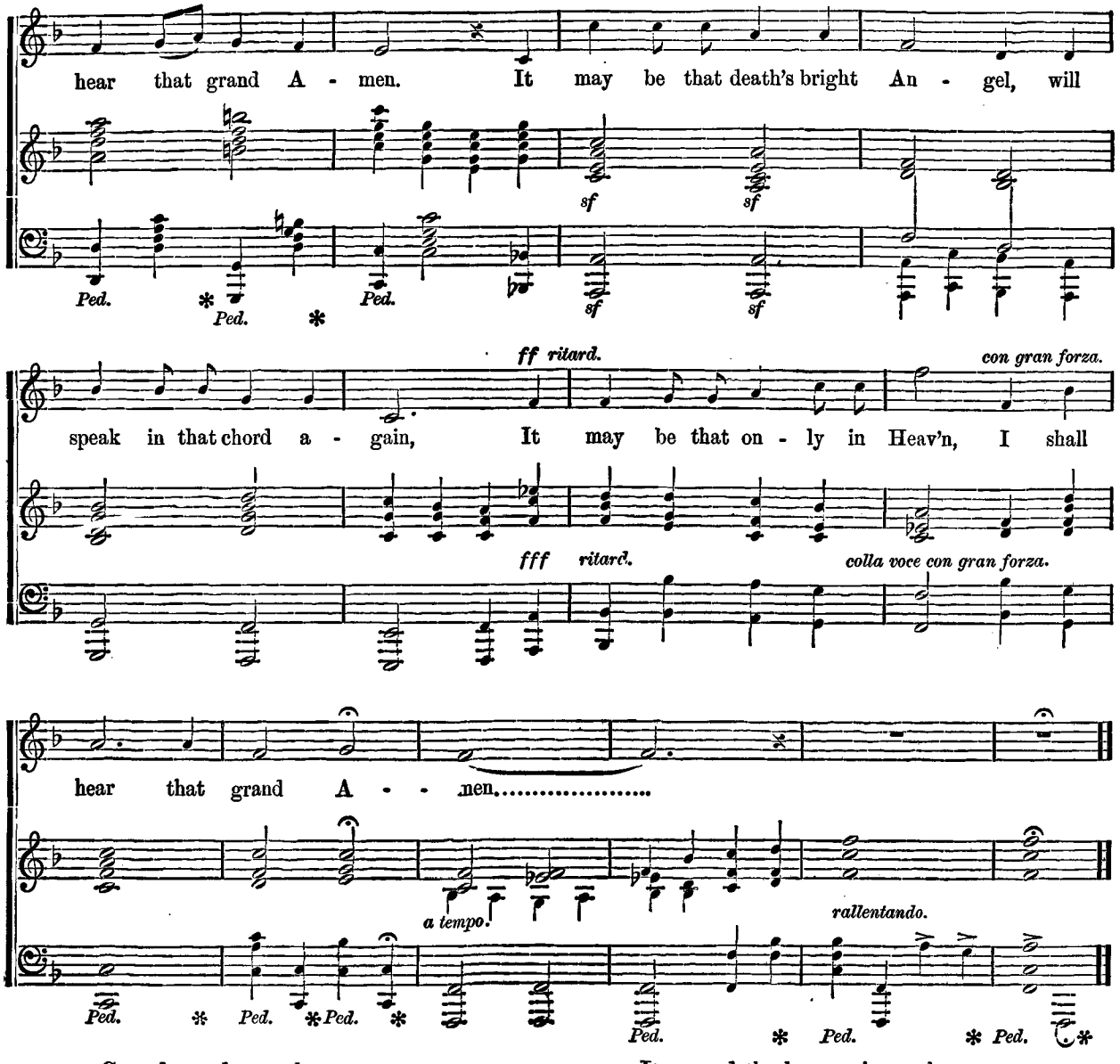
Much interest attaches to the name of the composer of the music of this song, Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who was the son of a London band-master. Distinguished as a dramatic composer, he is most famous as the author of comic operettas and songs, among the former "The Pirates of Penzance" and the "Mikado," and among the latter "Will he Come" and "The Lost Chord," the words of both songs being poems by Miss Proctor. The song compositions of Sullivan were almost always pathetic—tender and sentimental. His music, whatever, the theme, is always refined. Even in comic opera it does not degenerate into coarseness. Mr. Sullivan was knighted by Queen Victoria.


Andante moderato.
cres.
f
dim.
p
Ped.
Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea - ry, and ill at
ease, And my fin - gers wan - der'd i - dly O - ver the nois - y keys; I
know not what I was play - ing, Or what I was dream - ing then, But I
cres.
dim.


cres.
f
struck one chord of mu - sic, Like the sound of a great A - men, Like the
p
cres.
f
poco rall.
dim.
sound of a great..... A - men.
dim.
p
cres.
f
dim.
Ped.
* Ped.
*
cres. . .
It flood - ed the crim - son twi - light, Like the close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it
p
cres. . .
Ped.
*
dim.
lay on my fe - ver'd spir - it, With a touch of in - fi - nite calm, It
dim.


cres.
dim.
qui - et - ed pain and sor - row, Like love o - ver - com - ing strife; It
cres.
dim.
seem'd the har - mo - nious ech - o From our dis - cord - ant life, It
p
p tranquillo.
tranquillo sempre.
link'd all per - plex - ed mean - ings, In - to one per - fect peace, And
poco a poco piu animato.
f agitato.
trem - bled a - way in - to si - lence, As if it were loth to cease; I have
cres.
animato.
f agitato.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*


sought, but I seek it vain - ly, That one lost chord di - vine, Which
f
Ped.
came from the soul of the or - gan, And en - ter'd in - to
mine. It may be that Death's bright An - gel, Will
f grandioso.
eres.
molto ritard.
Ped.
Ped.
speak in that chord a - gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n, I shall
sempre. ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.



Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary, and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys;

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm,

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life,

It linked all perplexed meanings,
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease;

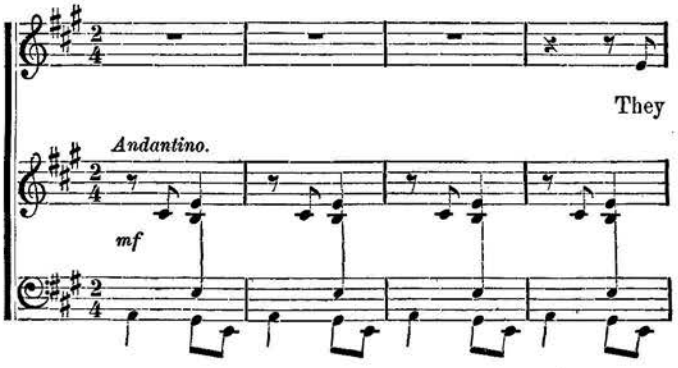
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

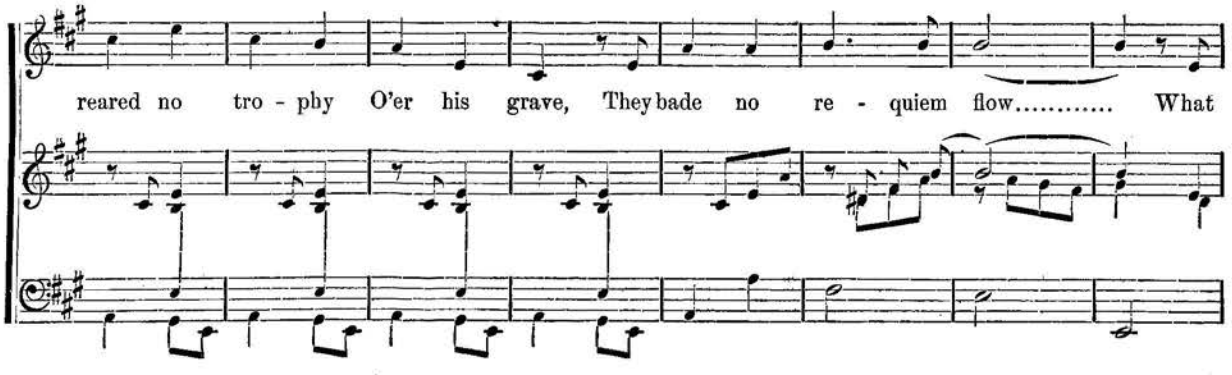
It may be that Death's bright Angel,
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven,
I shall hear that grand Amen.

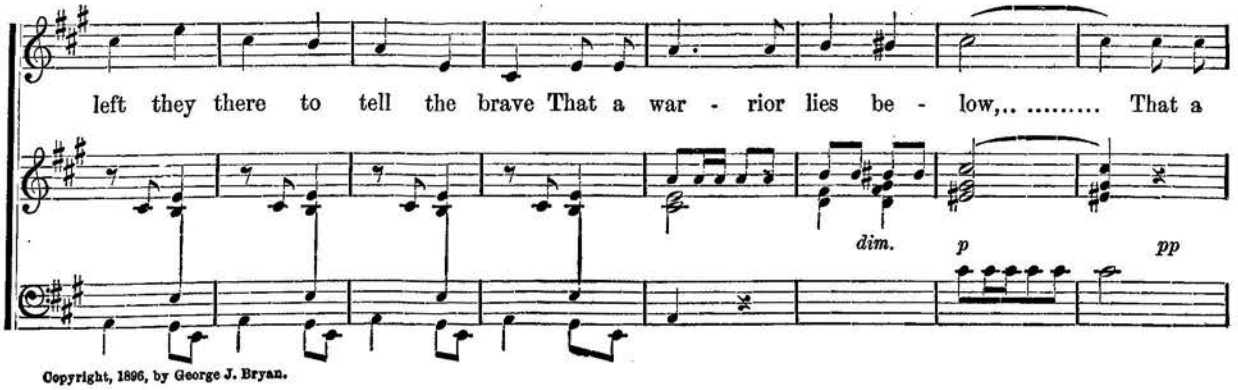
TROUBADOUR SONG.

WENZEL RABOCH.

MR. WENZEL RABOCH, the composer of this song, is an Austrian by birth, having been born in Vienna in 1854. He may, however, be considered an American composer, as he came to this country at nine years of age, and his musical education for the most part was received in this country. Mr. Raboch studied the violin under Wenzel Kopta of Prague, the organ with John White, harmony and counterpoint with Joseph Pedross. In 1876 he became organist of St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church and has held the position of organist successively in St. Chrysostom's Chapel, and Shaaray Tafila. Mr. Raboch has composed many violin and piano pieces and a number of popular songs, among which the "Troubadour Song" ranks high.







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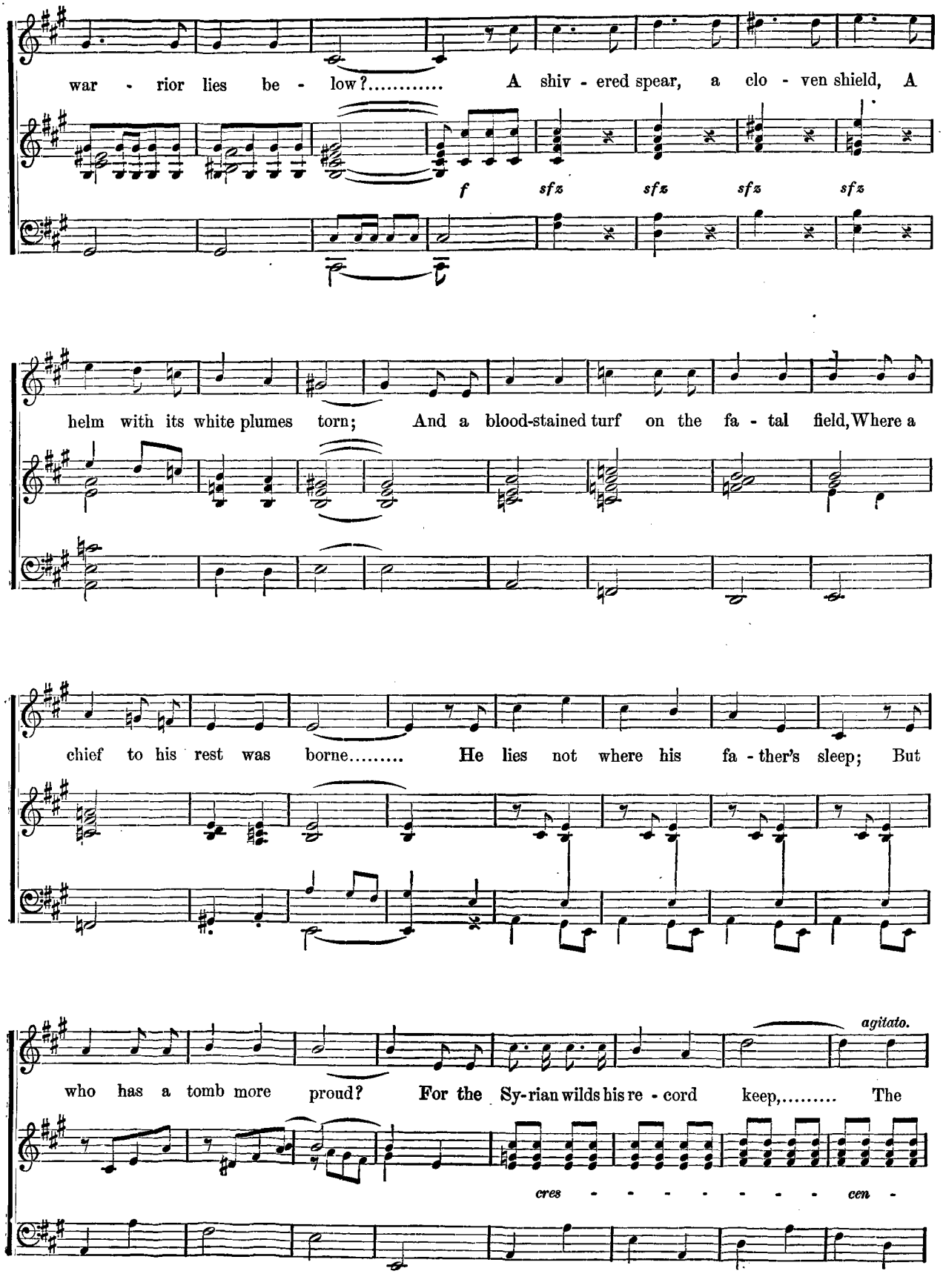

war - rior lies be - low?..... A shiv - ered spear, a clo - ven shield, A
f sfz sfz sfz sfz
helm with its white plumes torn; And a blood-stained turf on the fa - tal field, Where a
chief to his rest was borne..... He lies not where his fa - ther's sleep; But
agitato.
who has a tomb more proud? For the Sy-rian wilds his re - cord keep,..... The
cres - - - - - - - - cen -

Sy- rian wilds his re - cord keep,..... The Sy- rian wilds his re - cord keep,

do

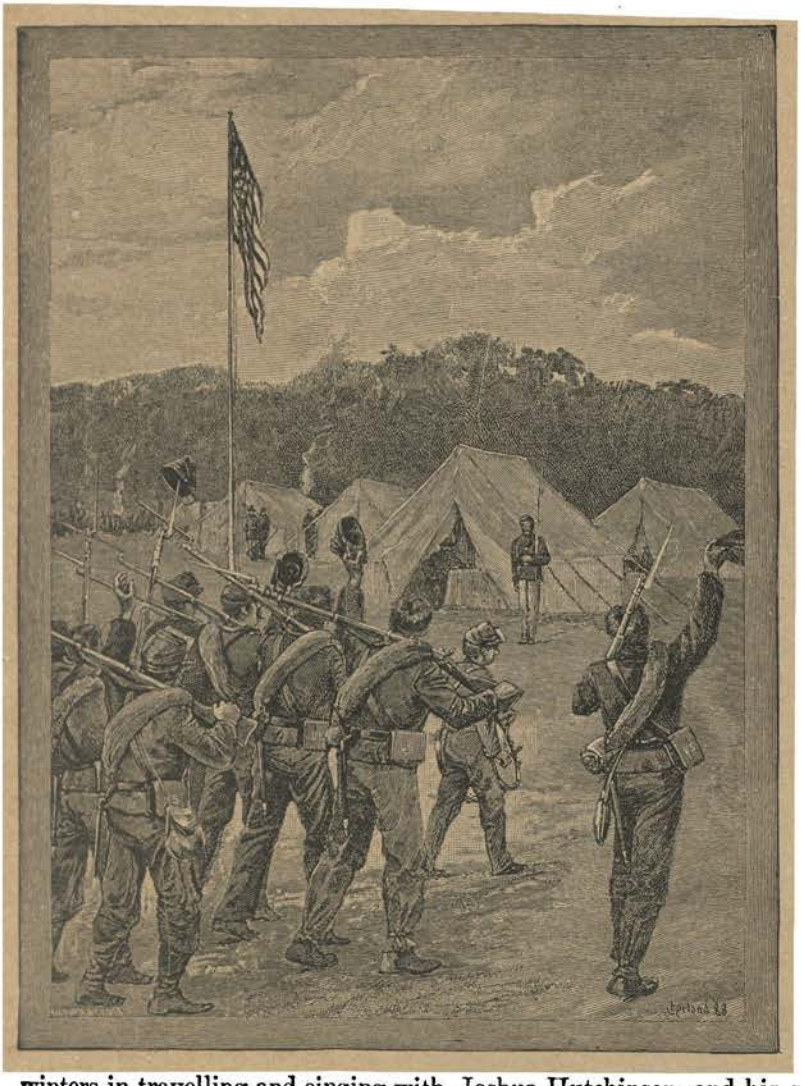
And a ban - ner is his shroud.

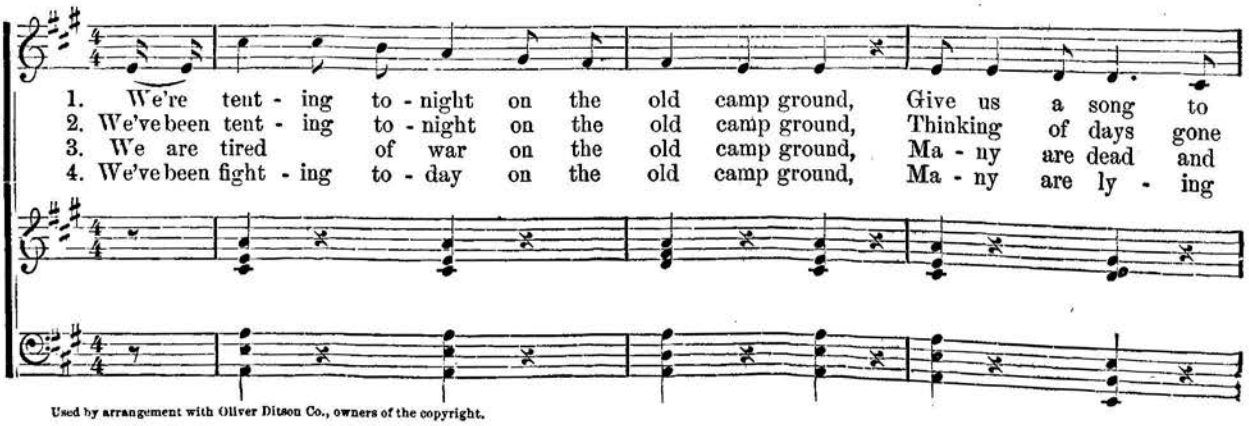
f *dim - - - in - u - en - do.*

Ped. ✻

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WALTER KITTREDGE was born in the town of Merrimack, Hillsboro Co., New Hampshire, October 8, 1832. His father was a farmer, and Walter was the tenth of eleven children. His education was received at the common school. He showed a strong predilection for music at a very early age, but never had a teacher in that art. He says in one of his letters: "My father bought one of the first seraphines made in Concord, N. H., and well do I remember when the man came to put it up. To hear him play a simple melody was a rich treat, and this event was an important epoch in my child life." Kittredge began giving ballad concerts alone in 1852, and in 1856 in company with Joshua Hutchinson, of the well know Hutchinson family. In the first year of the civil war he published a small, original, Union song-book. In 1862 he was drafted, and while preparing to go to the front, he wrote in a few minutes both words and music of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Like so many other good things in literature and art, this song was at first refused publication; but an immense popularity sprang at once from the author's own rendering of it, so that a Boston publisher employed somebody to write a song with a similar title, and in no long time the Messrs. Ditson brought out the original. Its sale has reached the hundred thousands, and it is still selling. Mr. Kittredge has written numerous other songs. He spent his winters in travelling and singing with Joshua Hutchinson, and his summers at his pleasant home of Pine Grove Cottage, near Reed's Ferry, New Hampshire, during the latter part of his life.




1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to
2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and
4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing

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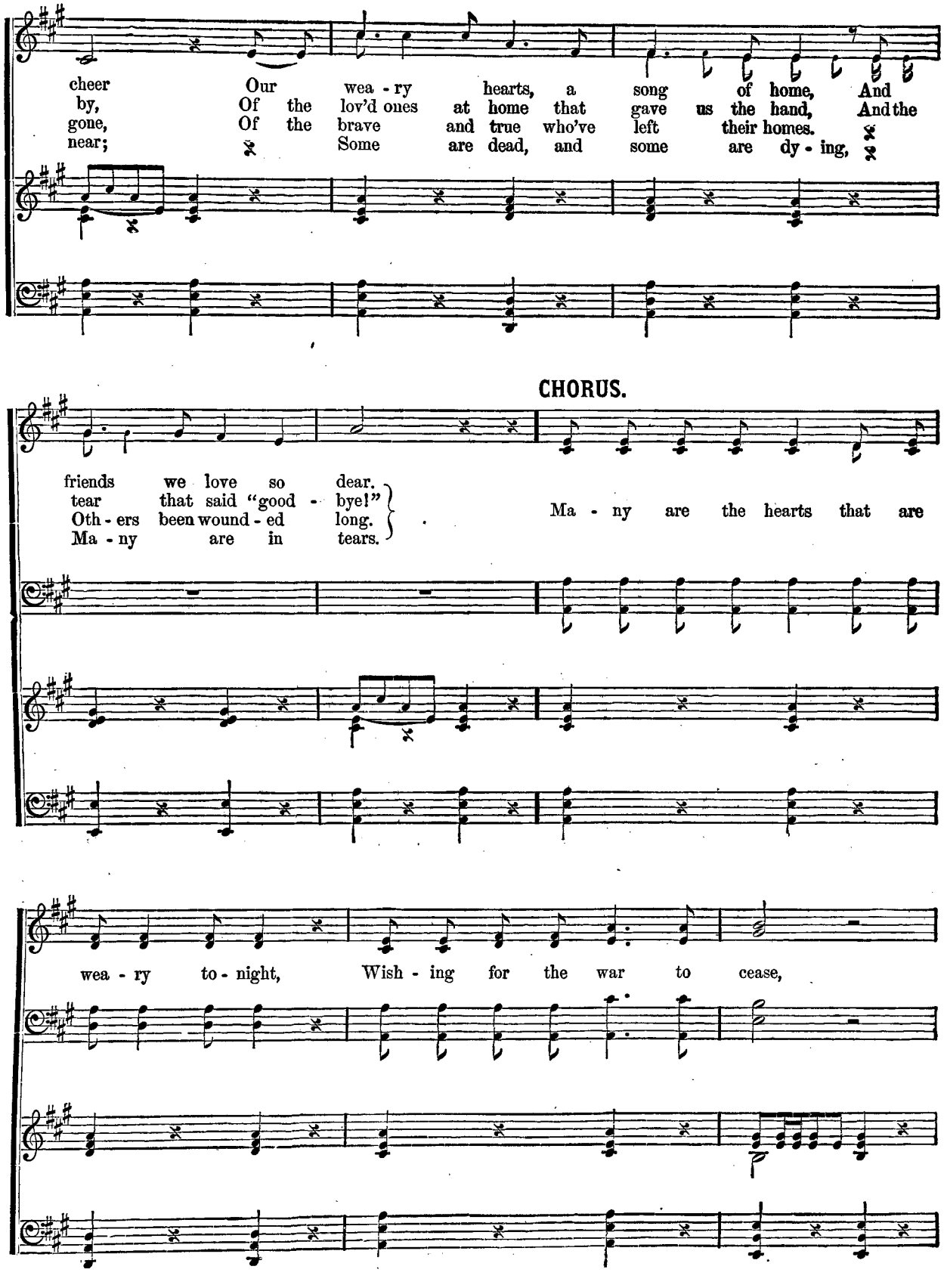

cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And
by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the
gone, Of the brave and true who've left their homes.
near; Some are dead, and some are dy - ing,
CHORUS.
friends we love so dear.
tear that said "good - bye!"
Oth - ers been wound - ed long.
Ma - ny are in tears.
Ma - ny are the hearts that are
wea - ry to - night, Wish - ing for the war to cease,

Ma - ny are the hearts look - ing for the right, To see the dawn of

peace. Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing to - night,
last v. Dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing to - night,

Verses 1. 2. 3. *D.C.*

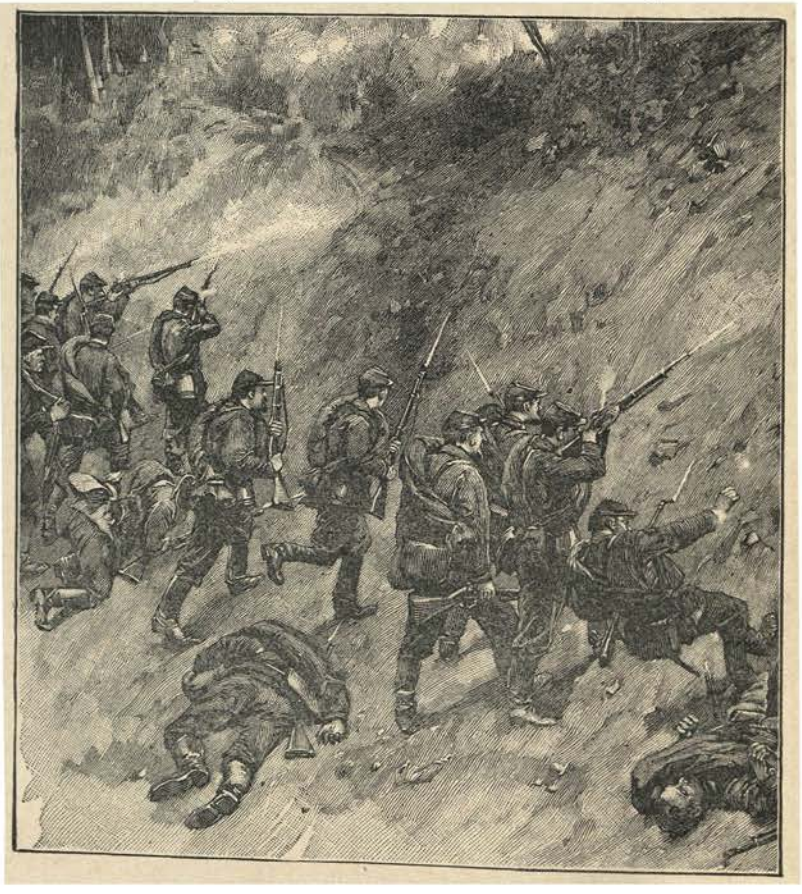
Tenting on the old camp ground.

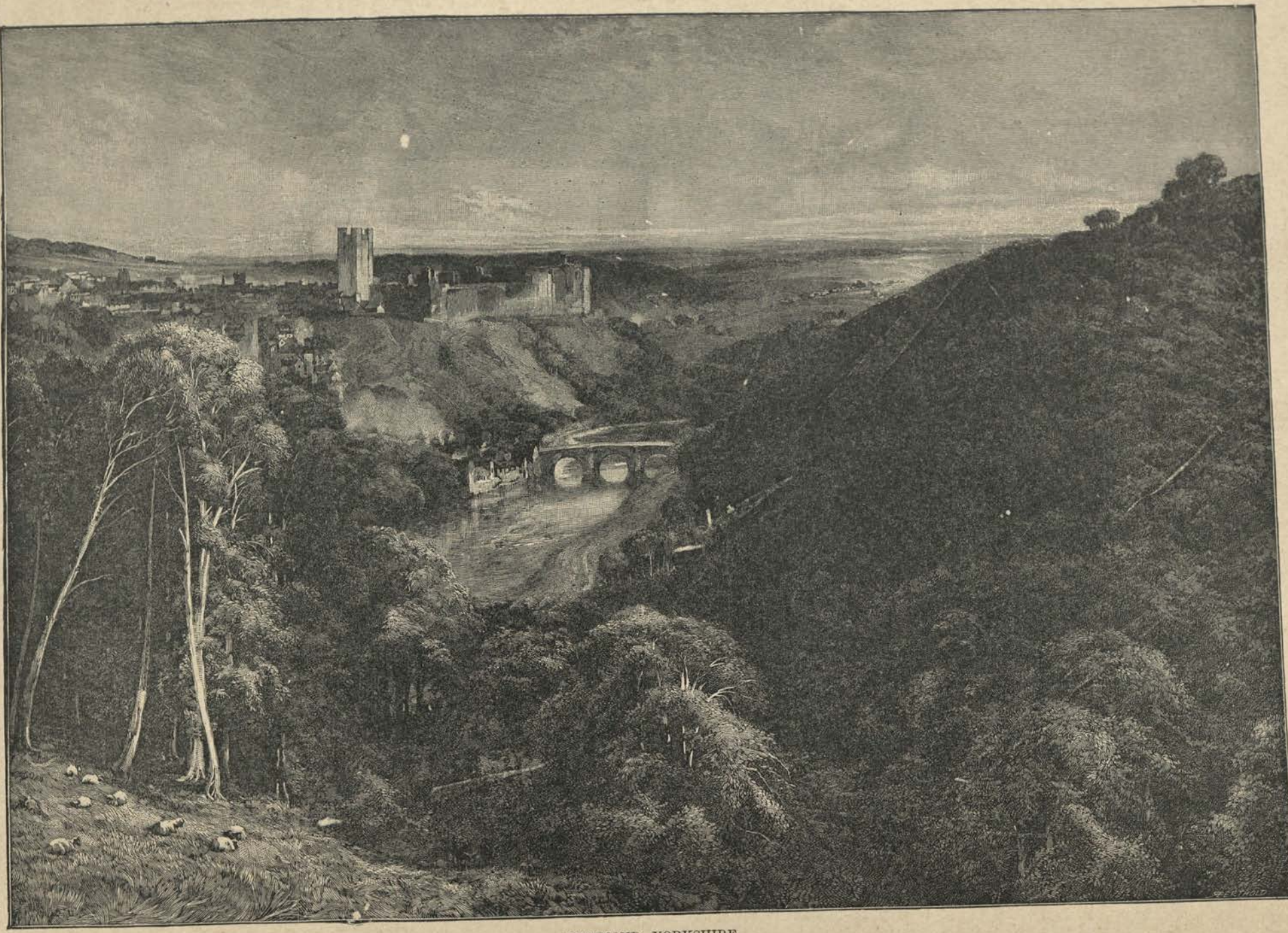
D.C.

Last time ppp

Dying on the old camp ground.

pp *ppp*





RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

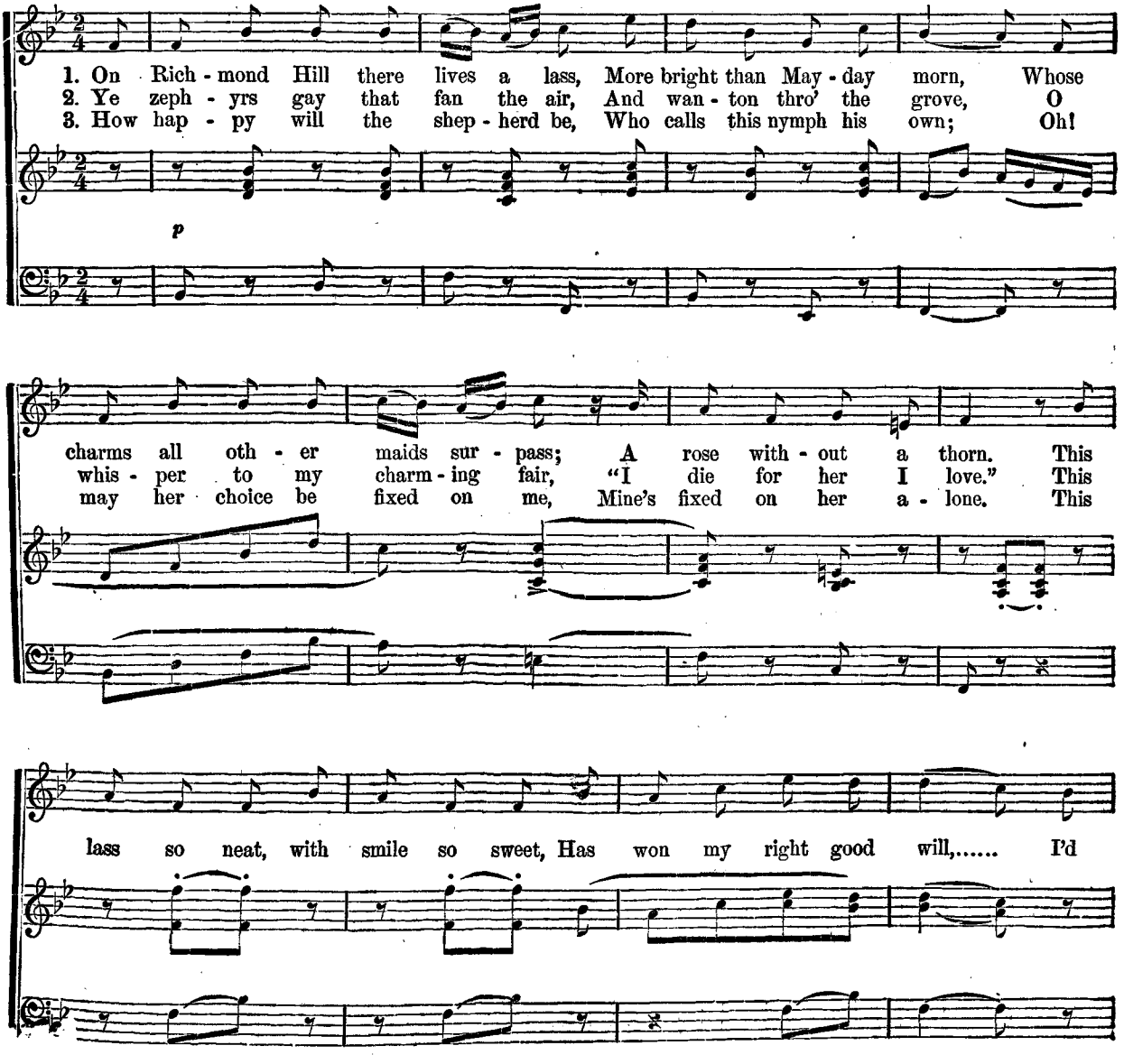
THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

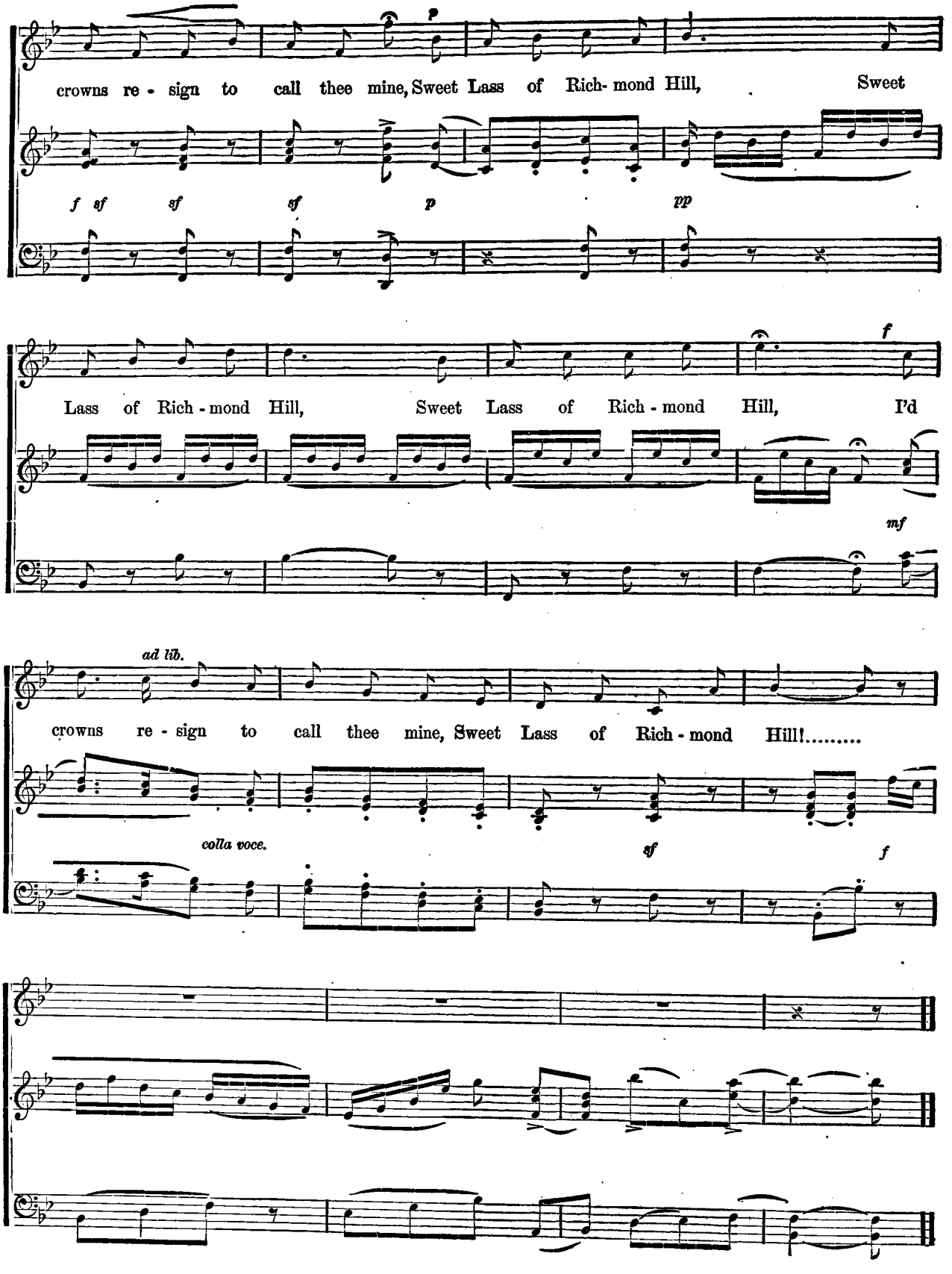
In the memoirs of Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, Lord Stourton says that her beauty was celebrated in a popular song, which refers to the addresses of the heir apparent.

"I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

A letter published in the London *Times*, and dated from the Garrick Club, March 30, 1856, signed "The Grandson of the Lass of Richmond Hill," says: Lord Stourton is wrong. This popular song was written by LEONARD MCNALLY (born September 27, 1752,) a man of some repute in his day, as a barrister as well as an author. 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' was written in honor of Miss Janson, the daughter of Mr. William Janson, of Richmond Hill, Leybourne, Yorkshire, a lady to whom he was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 16th of January, 1787. In addition to 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' Leonard McNally wrote various ballads and romances of great merit."

The music of this song, which was long popularly ascribed to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., is the composition of Mr. Hook, father of Theodore Hook. The tune was in vogue when Handel was in London, and many have observed the similarity between it and the first passage of "The Heavens are Telling." The song was a favorite with George III.


1. On Rich - mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May - day morn, Whose
2. Ye zeph - yrs gay that fan the air, And wan - ton thro' the grove, O
3. How hap - py will the shep - herd be, Who calls this nymph his own; Oh!
p
charms all oth - er maids sur - pass; A rose with - out a thorn. This
whis - per to my charm - ing fair, "I die for her I love." This
may her choice be fixed on me, Mine's fixed on her a - lone. This
lass so neat, with smile so sweet, Has won my right good will,..... I'd


crowns re - sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Rich- mond Hill, Sweet
f sf sf sf p pp
Lass of Rich - mond Hill, Sweet Lass of Rich - mond Hill, I'd
f
mf
ad lib.
crowns re - sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Rich - mond Hill!.....
colla voce.
sf
f

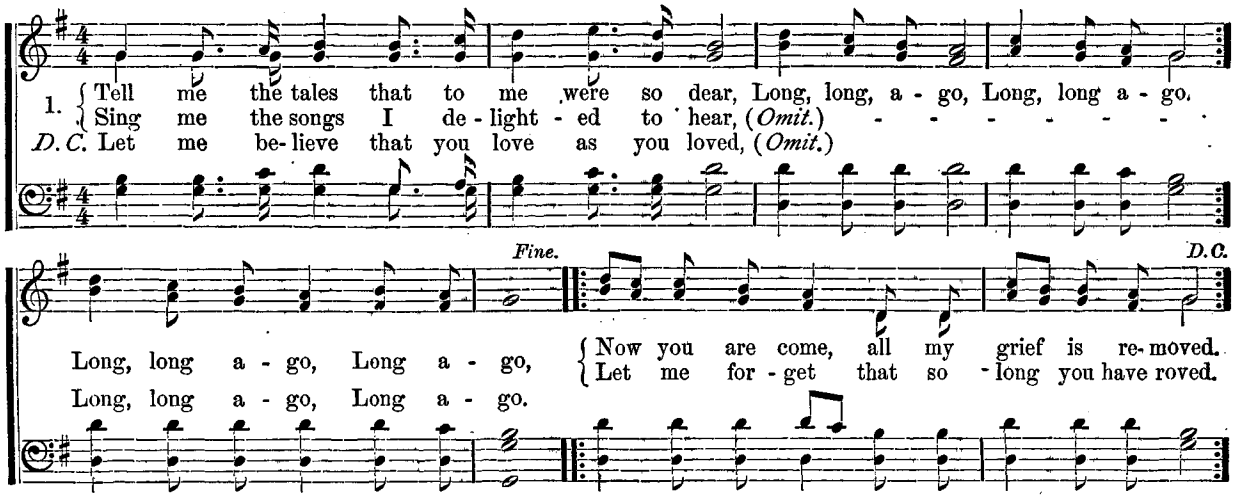
THE LONG AGO.

THE author of "The Long Ago" was a dramatist, novelist, and poet, but was preëminently successful as a writer and composer of sweet and singable songs. His verse is tuneful and tender, his airs musical and delicate, and both are pervaded by a spirit of purity.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY was born at Bath, England, on the 13th of October, 1797, and was the only child of wealthy parents. At the age of seven he delighted an admiring circle of titled relations by writing rhymes, which were unusually good. As a schoolboy the young poet was a comparative failure, if judged by the debits and credits of the teacher's record; he loved only to dramatize his history lessons and rhyme the rules of his arithmetic.

At seventeen, he resisted his father's attempt to make him a lawyer, and after several years of home life, during which he produced literary work that gained popular favor to some extent, he went to Oxford to study for the church. But the theological student proved as wayward as the schoolboy, and the deeper romance of love took the place of his early rhymings. Mr. Bayly married a wealthy and gifted lady, and for six years they lived in a charming country house, when their little boy was taken from them, and they were overwhelmed by financial ruin. The poet's health was shattered by these disasters; and when the exercise of his pen, which had been a pastime, became a necessity, it would not move with its accustomed freedom. They had two daughters, and the constant fear that he should lose entirely the power to compose the little songs of love and pathos and social life, which now furnished their support, so wrought upon him that the worst was realized. He was attacked by brain fever, from which he rallied only to sink beneath another painful disease. The beauty of his soul shone forth amid the sufferings of mind and body, and the loving spirit of one of England's sweetest song-writers rested in peace and joy when he was but forty-two years of age, April 22d, 1839.

Mr. Bayly's poems were first collected in this country, and edited by Rufus W. Griswold (Philadelphia, 1843). The edition was incomplete, but it was a long time before his own country possessed one as good. Many of the songs were written originally for publishers or composers who held the copyright. Mrs. Bayly finally published her husband's poems, with a biography, in two volumes.


1. { Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long, a - go, Long, long a - go.
{ Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, (Omit.) - - - - - - - -
D. C. Let me be- lieve that you love as you loved, (Omit.)
Fine.
D.C.
Long, long a - go, Long a - go,
{ Now you are come, all my grief is re- moved.
{ Let me for - get that so - long you have roved.
Long, long a - go, Long a - go.

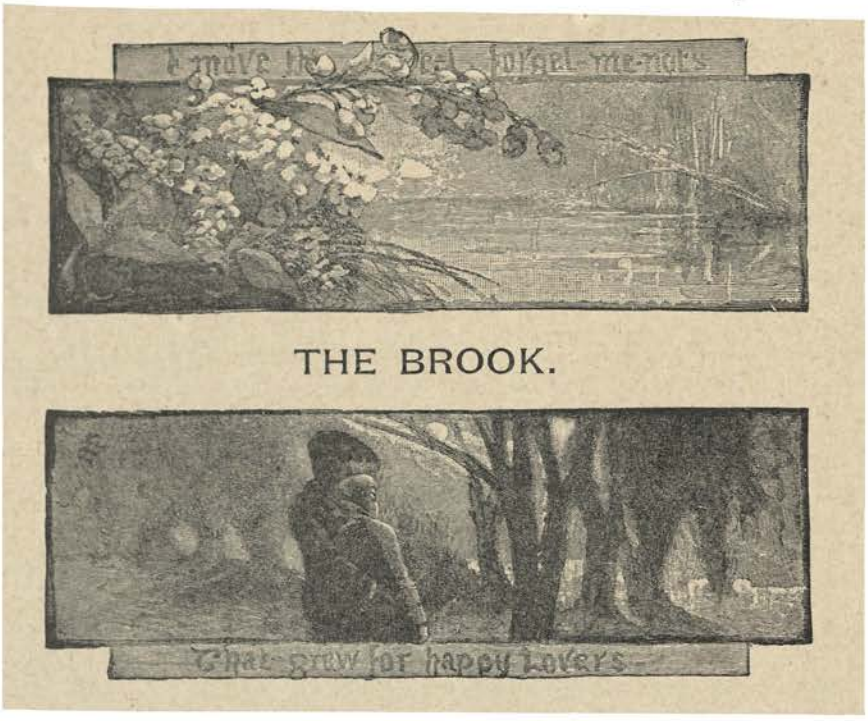
2 Do you remember, the path where we met,
Long, long ago, Long, long ago.
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others, my smile you preferred,
Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word.
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

3 Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd,
Long, long ago, Long, long ago.
You, by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago, long ago,
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest, as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

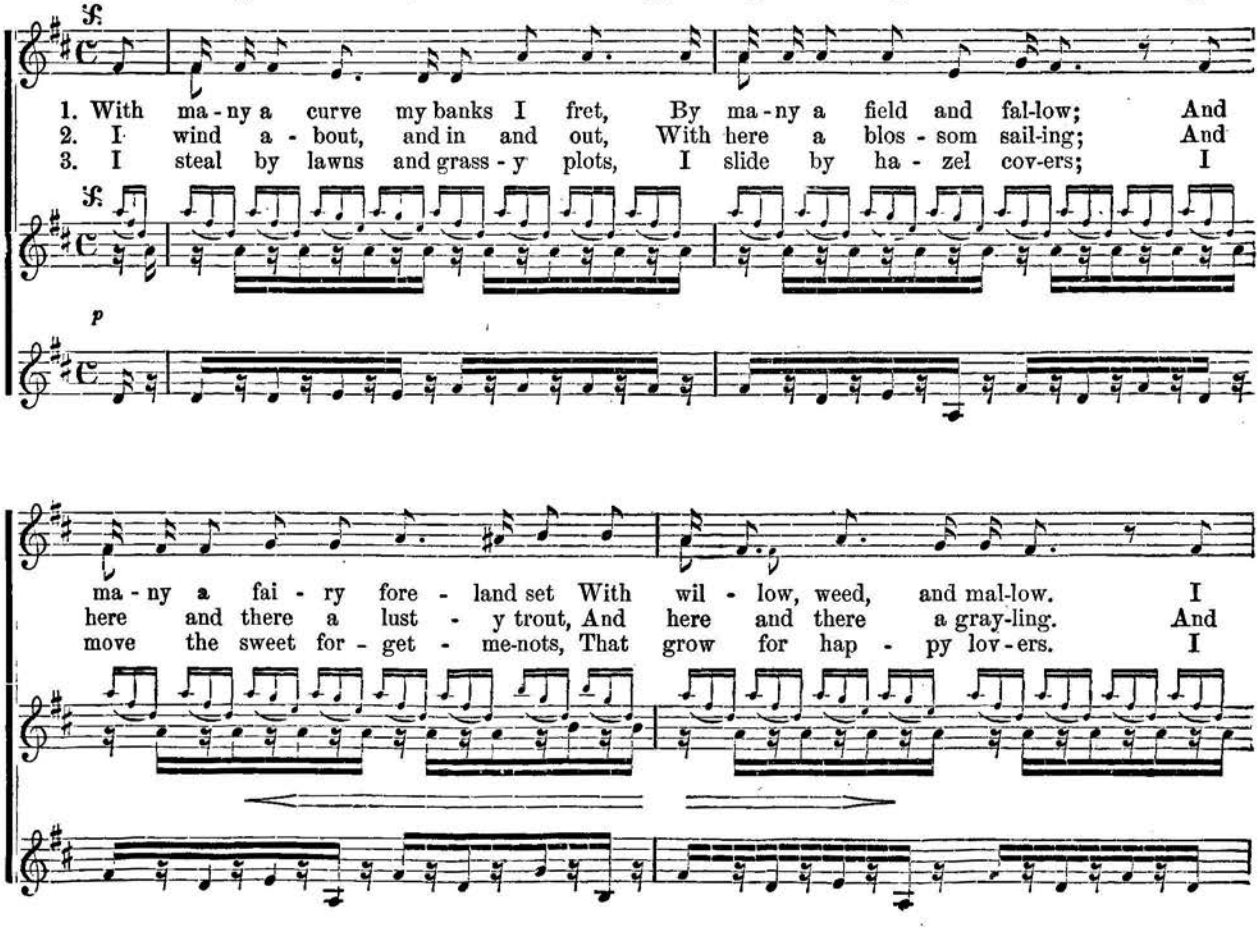
There is another familiar set of words which seems to be altered from Mr. Bayly's, and is sung to the same air.

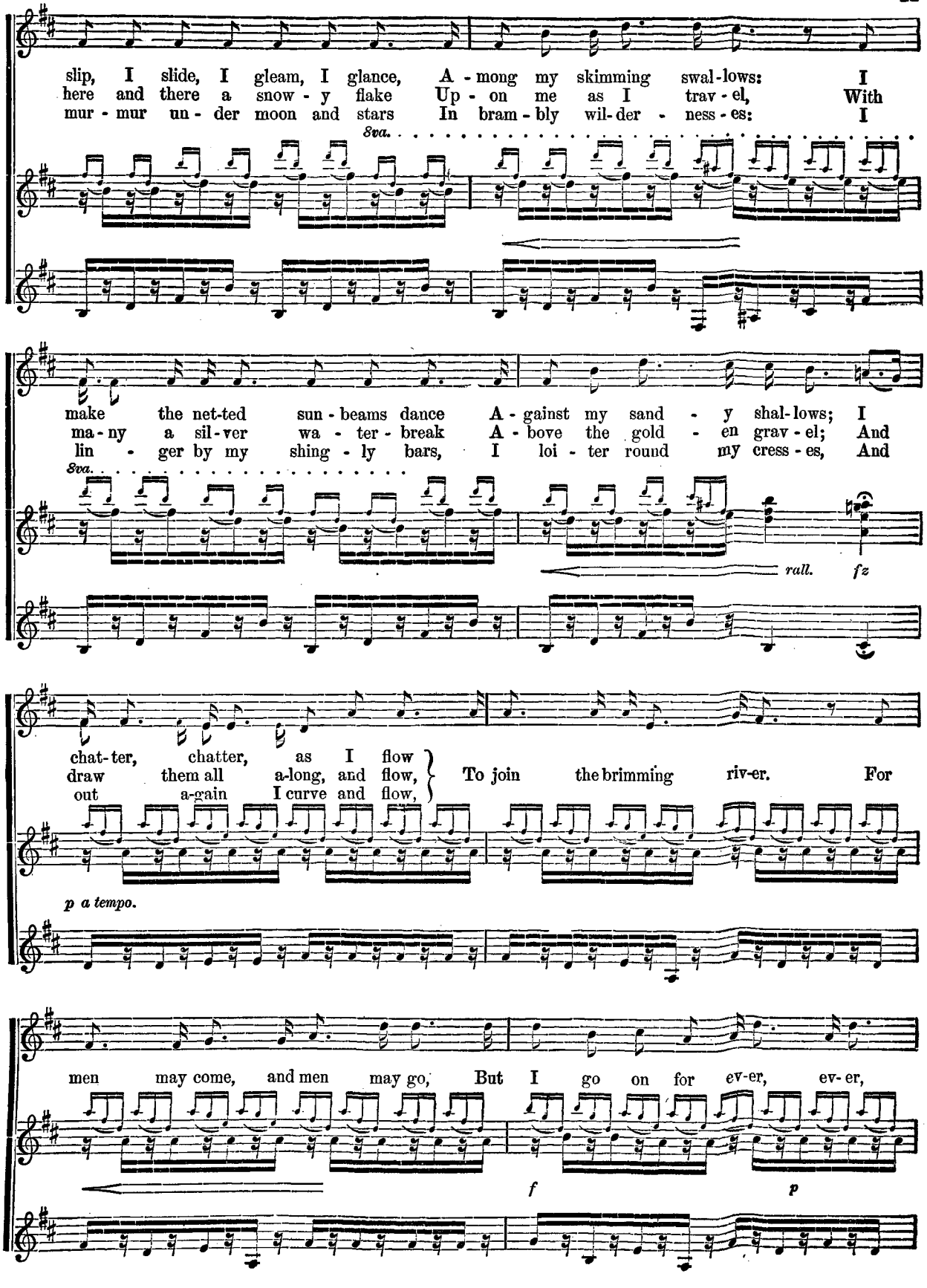
Tell me the tale of the friends you have loved,
Long, long ago, long ago,
Tell me of those by whose side you have roved,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Say were your playmates as blithe and as gay,
Joyous as those I have been with to-day?
Who were the children you met in your play,
Long, long ago, long ago?

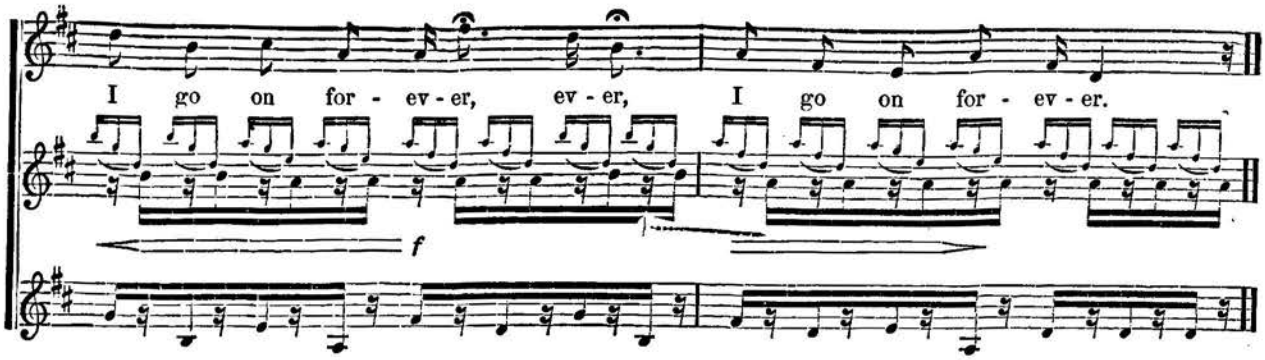
What were the pleasures you gathered at home,
Long, long ago, long ago?
Where were the meadows enticed you to roam
Long, long ago, long ago?
Mother, sweet mother, why starteth that tear?
Tell me the tale you delighted to hear
Told by the friends that to you were so dear,
Long, long ago, long ago.



TENNYSON'S poem of "The Brook," has been set to music so appropriate, by an English lady, that it has become a drawing-room favorite, and I insert the song, although I cannot give the name of the composer.


1. With ma - ny a curve my banks I fret, By ma - ny a field and fal-low; And
2. I wind a - bout, and in and out, With here a blos - som sail-ing; And
3. I steal by lawns and grass - y plots, I slide by ha - zel cov-ers; I
ma - ny a fai - ry fore - land set With wil - low, weed, and mal-low. I
here and there a lust - y trout, And here and there a gray-ling. And
move the sweet for - get - me-nots, That grow for hap - py lov - ers. I


slip, I slide, I gleam, I glance, A - mong my skimming swal - lows: I
here and there a snow - y flake Up - on me as I trav - el, With
mur - mur un - der moon and stars In bram - bly wil - der - ness - es: I
8va.
make the net-ted sun - beams dance A - gainst my sand - y shal - lows; I
ma - ny a sil - ver wa - ter - break A - bove the gold - en grav - el; And
lin - ger by my shing - ly bars, I loi - ter round my cress - es, And
8va.
rall.
fz
chat - ter, chatter, as I flow
draw them all a-long, and flow, To join the brimming riv-er. For
out a-gain I curve and flow,
p a tempo.
men may come, and men may go, But I go on for ev-er, ev-er,
f
p



I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last, by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake,
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break,
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gleam, I glance,
Among the skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again, I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

THE incident with gave rise to the following song, by SAMUEL LOVER, has been the foundation of several other ballads, some of them translated from the ancient Irish. The story runs that Carolan, a blind harper, recognized his early love, Bridget Cruise, by the touch of her hand, although he had not met her for twenty years.

The old lover was playing by the water, when a ferry-boat drew near, and he chanced to assist the lady to alight. TURLOGH O'CAROLAN, the bard, was one of the characters of Ireland. He was born in Nobber, county Westmeath, in 1670, and was the last of the ancient race of Irish bards. He lost his eyesight at the age of sixteen. He made very beautiful words, but was chiefly noted for his exquisite melodies. Goldsmith, who had seen him in his boyhood, wrote in later life: "His songs may be compared to those of Pindar, they bearing the same flight of imagination."

1. "True love can ne'er for-get,
   Thus sung a min-strel gray,
2. "Long years are past and o'er,
   Scarce-ly the min-strel spoke,
3. Where min-strel sat a-lone,
   With lips whence bless-ing came,

Fond-ly as when we met,
His sweet, im-pass-ioned lay,
Since from this fa-tal shore,
When forth, with flash-ing stroke,
That la-dy-fair hath gone;
He kissed with tru-est flame

FINE.

Dear-est I love thee yet, My darl-ing one!"
Down by the o-cean's spray, At set of sun.
Cold hearts and cold winds bore My love from me."
Light oars the si-lence broke, O-ver the sea.
In his hand she placed her own— He bowed his knee.
Her hand, and named *her* name, He could not see.

With-ered was the min-strel's sight,
Soon up-on her na-tive strand
True love can ne'er for-get;

D. C.

Morn to him was dark as night; Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be-gun:
Doth a love-ly la-dy land, While the min-strel's love-taught hand Did o'er his wild harp run.
Fond-ly as when they met, He loved his la-dy yet, His darl-ing one!

CRADLE SONG.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

F. G. ILSLEY.

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Andante.

p

1. To and fro,..... So soft and slow,
2. Lul - la - by!..... The crick - ets cry,

Swing-eth the ba - by's cra - dle O! Still he lies..... With laughing eyes,
The twink-ling stars are in the sky. Soft dews fall,..... While rob - ins call,

meno mosso.

And will not in - to Dream - land go. 3. Sleep, oh,... sleep!... In slum - ber
And home-ward swift the swall - lows fly.

deep..... Sweet dreams a - cross thine eyes..... shall creep,.....

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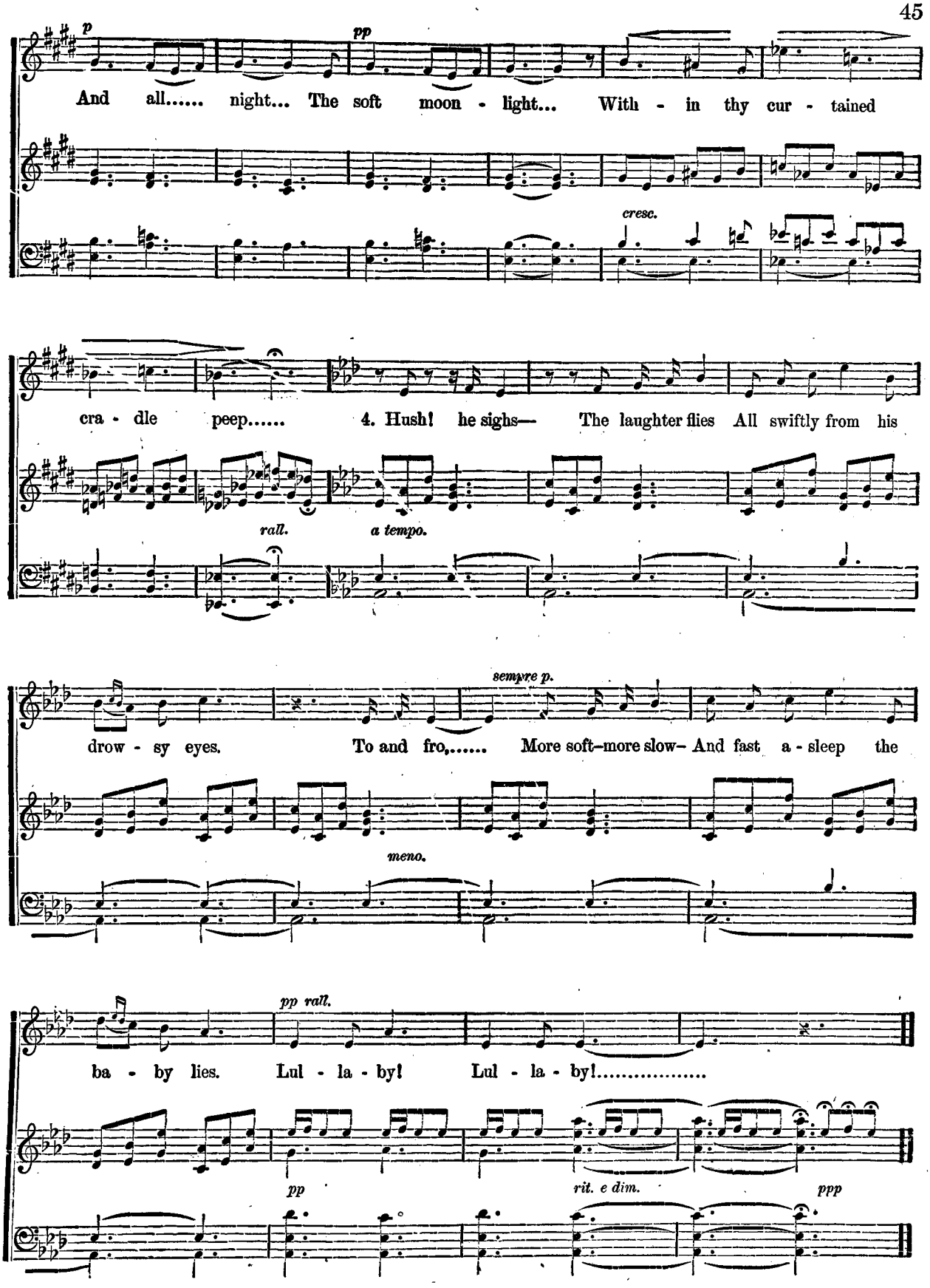
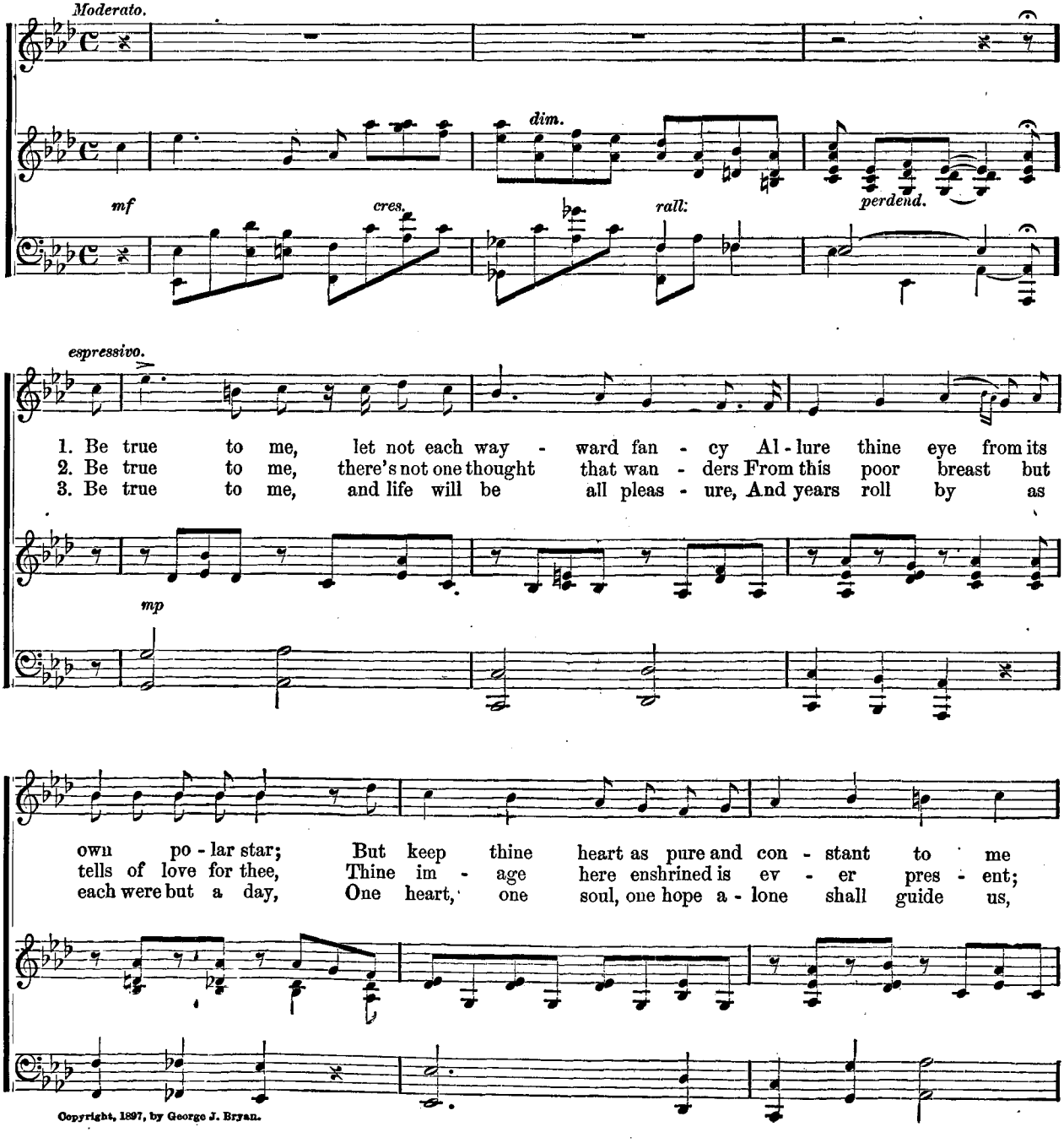

p
pp
And all..... night... The soft moon - light... With - in thy cur - tained
cresc.
cra - dle peep..... 4. Hush! he sighs— The laughter flies All swiftly from his
rall.
a tempo.
sempre p.
drow - sy eyes. To and fro,..... More soft–more slow– And fast a - sleep the
meno.
pp rall.
ba - by lies. Lul - la - by! Lul - la - by!.....
pp
rit. e dim.
ppp

BE TRUE TO ME.

THE opportunities for culture afforded by such a cosmopolitan experience as that enjoyed by J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB, in the most cultured centres of America and Europe, must appear in evidence in whatever he undertakes, and most especially in such work as the composition of music. The technical training of Paris and Florence must result in technical excellence and scholarly indications in his music scores; but the wide experience he has had in association with musical people and in listening to the best music in many countries must also show in any composition which passing under his own critical judgment is allowed by him to pass into currency by publication. Considered in this manner, the musical setting which he has given to the charming words of this song, written by ISAAC MOFFAT, bears out fully the expectation of decided excellence. Not less significant than its essential beauty and technical merit, is its close sympathy with the sentiment of the lines. The brief compass of the music adapts it well to voices of limited capacity, while at the same time its musical value renders it well worth the study necessary to its effective rendering.


Moderato.
dim.
mf
cres.
rall:
perdend.
espressivo.
1. Be true to me, let not each way - ward fan - cy Al - lure thine eye from its
2. Be true to me, there's not one thought that wan - ders From this poor breast but
3. Be true to me, and life will be all pleas - ure, And years roll by as
mp
own po - lar star; But keep thine heart as pure and con - stant to me
tells of love for thee, Thine im - age here enshrined is ev - er pres - ent;
each were but a day, One heart, one soul, one hope a - lone shall guide us,

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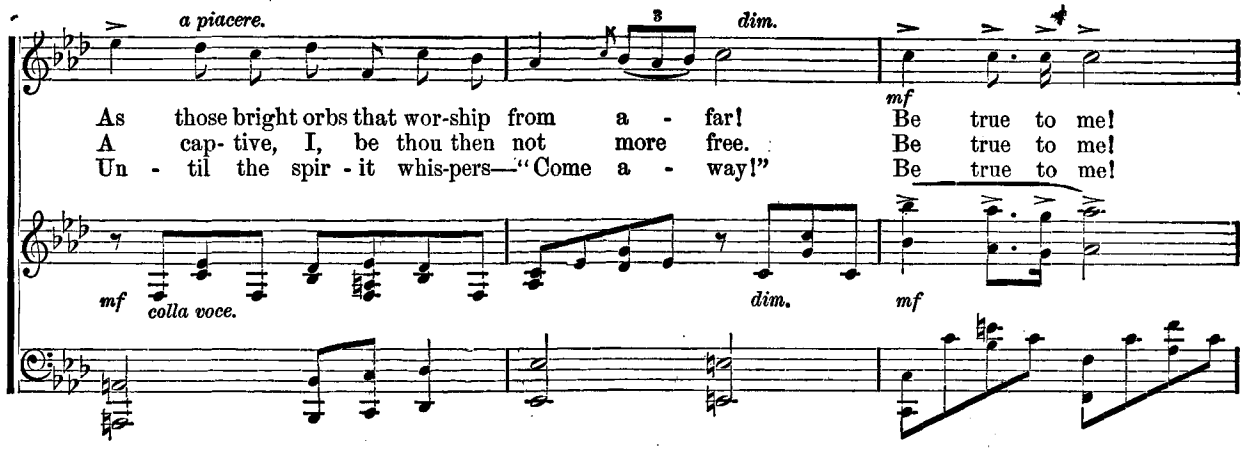
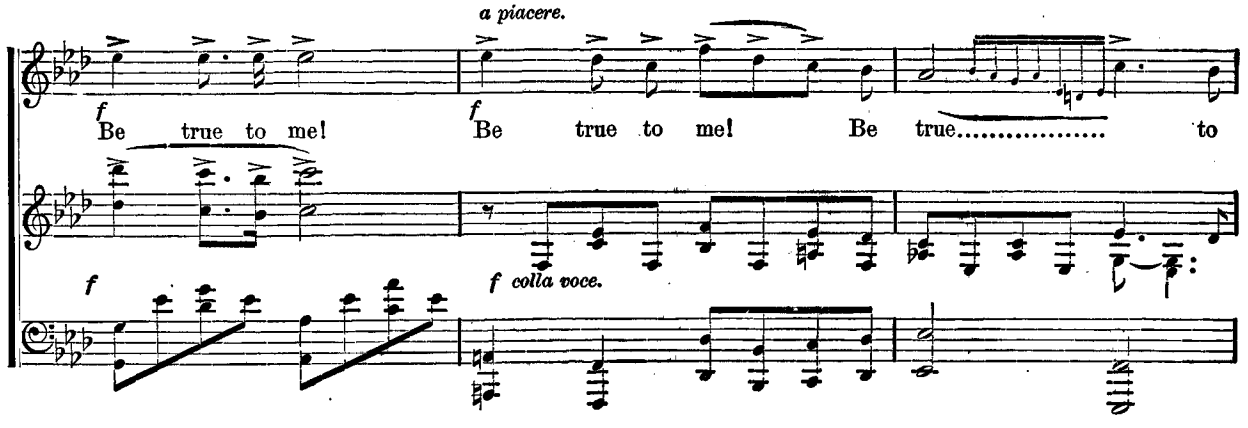
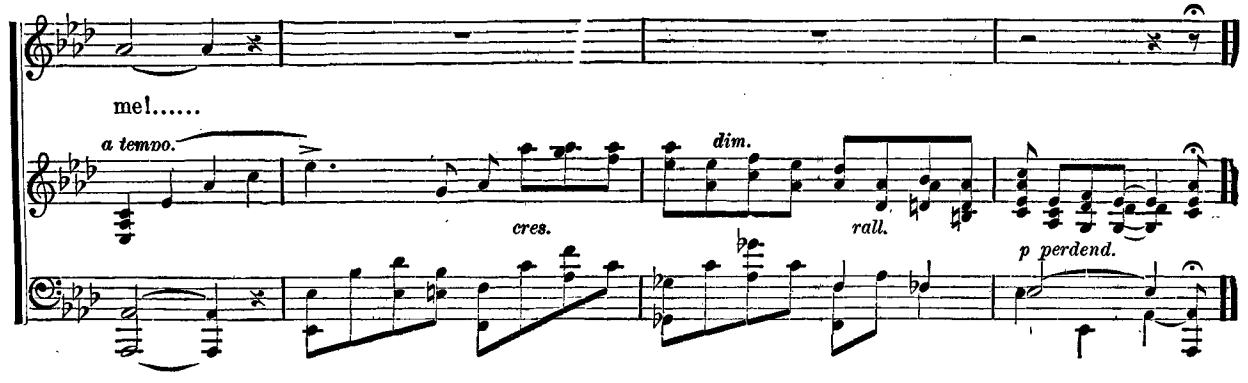

a piacere.
dim.
mf
As those bright orbs that wor-ship from a - far!
A cap- tive, I, be thou then not more free.
Un - til the spir - it whis-pers—"Come a - way!"
Be true to me!
Be true to me!
Be true to me!
mf
colla voce.
dim.
mf





Be true to me, let not each wayward fancy
Allure thine eye from its own polar star;
But keep thine heart as pure and constant to me
As those bright orbs that worship from afar!

Be true to me, there's not one thought that wanders
From this poor breast but tells of love for thee;
Thine image here enshrined is ever present;
A captive, I, be thou then not more free.

Be true to me, and life will be all pleasure,
And years roll by as each were but a day,
One heart, one soul, one hope alone shall guide us,
Until the spirit whispers—"Come away!"

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

FOR MALE VOICES.

Translated from the German, by L. C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1st & 2d TENOR.

p Andante. *poco riten.* *Crescendo e poco accel. al* - - - *f*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And then whate'er be-falls me, I
2. Ne'er more may I be- hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With spear and pen- non glancing, I
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll

1st & 2d BASS.

p *cres.* *f*

Tempo 1mo tranquillo e molto espress.

go where honor calls me.
see the foe ad-vanc-ing,
whis-per soft, while dy-ing,
} Fare-well, farewell, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

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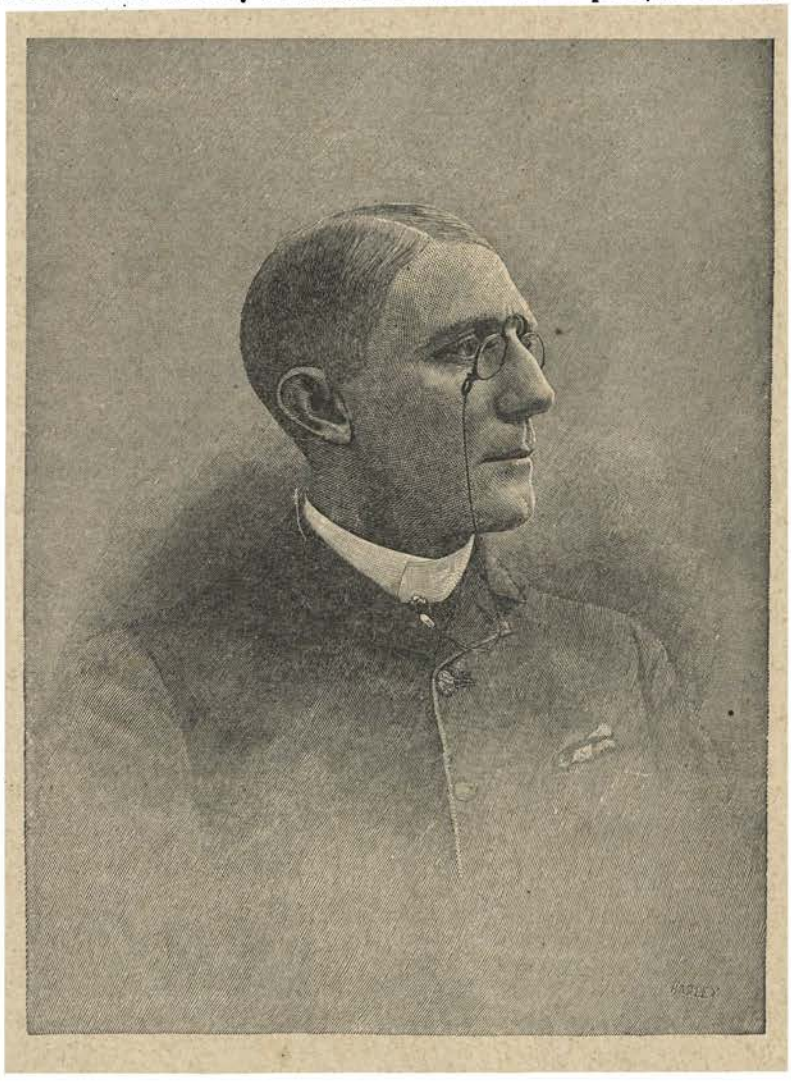
THE OLD TRUNDLE-BED.

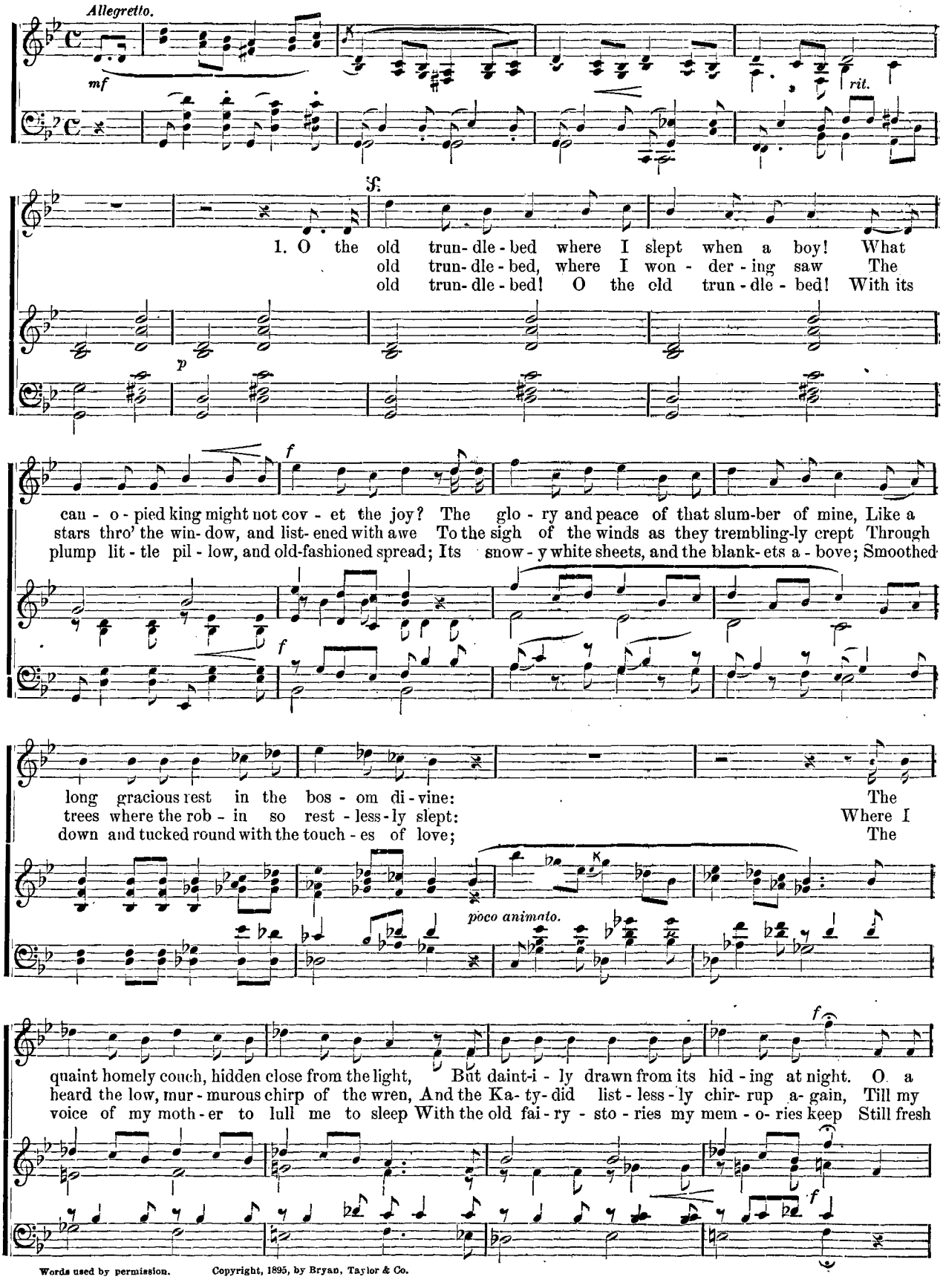
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was born at Greenfield, Indiana, in the year 1853. But, says an intimate friend and sympathetic writer, the significance of his birth lay not in accidents of time and place, but in the genius of the life that sprang into being equipped with the powers of the true singer and poet. Little is known of his youth—nothing foreshadowing the future. The schools of his birthplace reveal no records of their having done anything for his education. Fortunately their rigors and methods failed to cripple his genius, or warp the poetic tendencies of his nature, as possibly the benches and books of the schoolroom sometimes do with the quickening and impressible mind. Indeed the finest products of Riley's genius illustrate the fact that the true poet gathers that which stimulates and inspires from the open pages of nature and from human nature rather than from books. It was of no avail that his father, a lawyer, sought to make a lawyer of the young Riley, or that his teachers at school sought to fill his mind with "useful" knowledge. While yet a boy he fled from the bonds of such environments. He lived, at will, a nondescript life, travelling with a show, "Whither he went nobody knows. He does not know himself," for, times, places, and circumstances made no permanent impressions on his memory. At this time his natural love for music was cultivated in many directions and found active exercise and free play, and other signs of artistic leanings and tastes began to appear. They were doubtless urged into view in his efforts to support himself. His hands fell naturally into ways of doing anything agreeable to such tastes and inclinations, as his varying fancies led him on in his vagrant life, wandering through many states. His life thus grew up in a practical schooling, a true self-education, although at random. His intellectual passions did not lack a rougher, strengthening discipline. He found pleasure in doing the work of artisans—painting signs, and even picket-fences. But, as manhood approached, home and neighborhood ties asserted themselves, and drew him back to his native place. The "coffee like as mother made" was an inspiring recollection, and came to mind as a renewing experience.



James Whitcomb Riley.

The literary passion had been a growing fire throughout all the vicissitudes of his wandering life. Now he began "to write for the papers," and soon was an editor on a country newspaper. "There it was that he became a poet," says the intimate friend before mentioned. But not so, Riley was growing into his birthright of poetic genius long before. It is true that now he found a way of singing the songs already in his heart, and very soon other newspapers of larger growth and wider influence than his own gladly printed his poetry.

The musical setting of "The Old Trundle-Bed" was written by HOMER N. BARTLETT.


Allegretto.
mf
rit.
1. O the old trun- dle - bed where I slept when a boy! What
old trun- dle - bed, where I won - der - ing saw The
old trun- dle - bed! O the old trun - dle - bed! With its
p
f
can - o - pied king might not cov - et the joy? The glo - ry and peace of that slum-ber of mine, Like a
stars thro' the win- dow, and list- ened with awe To the sigh of the winds as they trembling-ly crept Through
plump lit - tle pil - low, and old-fashioned spread; Its snow - y white sheets, and the blank- ets a - bove; Smoothed
f
long gracious rest in the bos - om di - vine:
trees where the rob - in so rest - less - ly slept:
down and tucked round with the touch - es of love;
The
Where I
The
poco animato.
f
quaint homely couch, hidden close from the light, But daint-i - ly drawn from its hid - ing at night. O a
heard the low, mur - murous chirp of the wren, And the Ka- ty- did list - less - ly chir- rup a- gain, Till my
voice of my moth - er to lull me to sleep With the old fai - ry - sto - ries my mem - o- ries keep Still fresh
f

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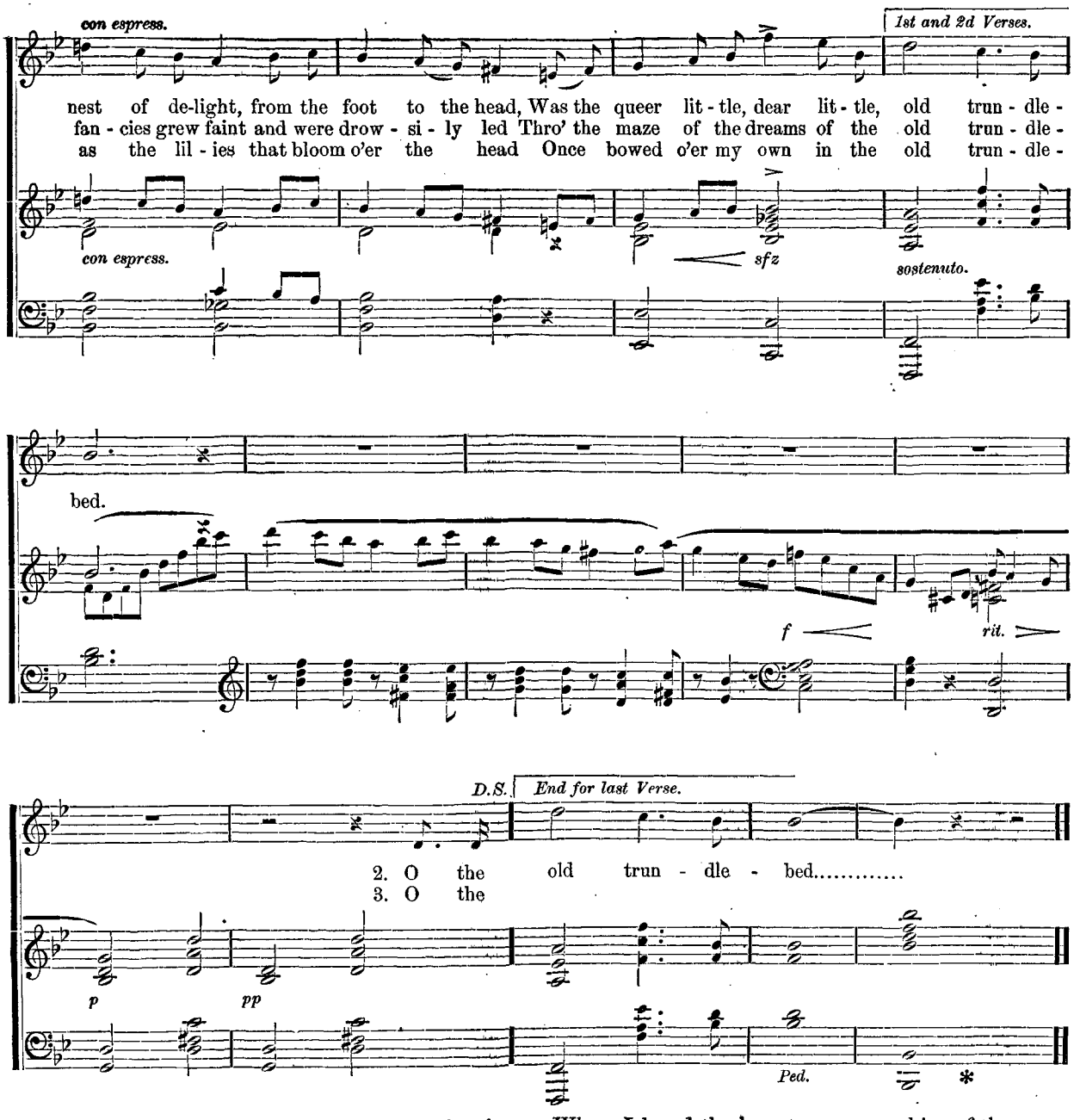

con espress.
1st and 2d Verses.
nest of de-light, from the foot to the head, Was the queer lit-tle, dear lit-tle, old trun-dle-
fan-cies grew faint and were drow-si-ly led Thro' the maze of the dreams of the old trun-dle-
as the lil-ies that bloom o'er the head Once bowed o'er my own in the old trun-dle-
con espress.
sfz
sostenuto.
bed.
f
rit.
D.S.
End for last Verse.
2. O the old trun-dle-bed.....
3. O the
p
pp
Ped.
*

O the old trundle-bed where I slept when a boy!
What canopied king might not covet the joy?
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,
Like a long, gracious rest in the bosom divine:
The quaint, homely couch, hidden close from the light,
But daintily drawn from its hiding at night.
O a nest of delight, from the foot to the head,
Was the queer little, dear little, old trundle-bed!

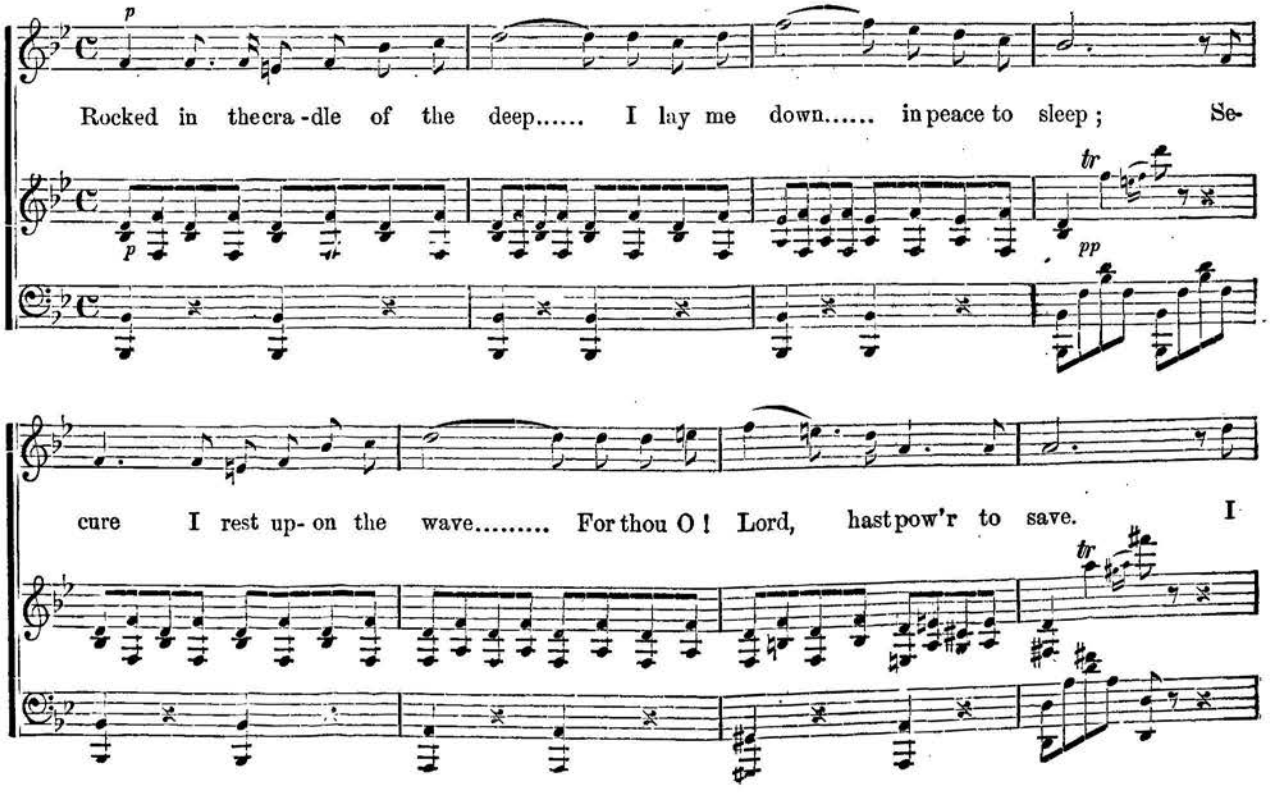
O the old trundle-bed, where I wondering saw
The stars through the window, and listened with awe
To the sigh of the winds as they tremblingly crept
Through the trees where the robin so restlessly slept:
Where I heard the low, murmurous chirp of the wren,
And the Katydid listlessly chirrup again,
Till my fancies grew faint and were drowsily led
Through the maze of the dreams of the old trundle-bed.

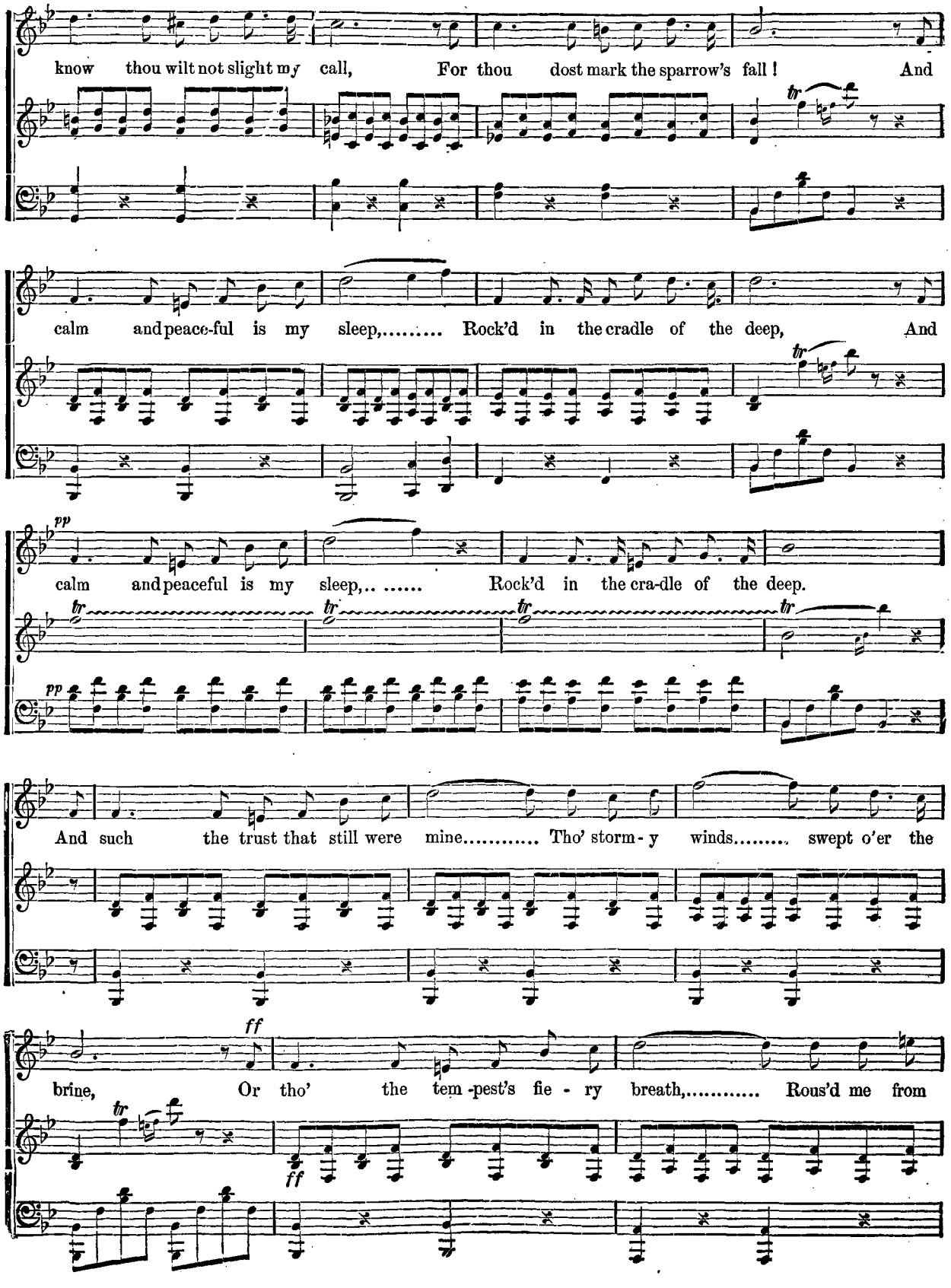
O the old trundle-bed! O the old trundle-bed!
With its plump little pillow, and old-fashioned spread;
Its snowy white sheets, and the blankets above,
Smoothed down and tucked round with touches of love;
The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep
With the old fairy-stories my memories keep
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head
Once bowed o'er my own in the old trundle-bed.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

MRS. EMMA WILLARD was an eminent teacher, and author of several well-known school-books. But everything she wrote seems already antiquated, except this noble song. Mrs. Willard's maiden name was Hart. She was born in Berlin, Connecticut, February 25, 1787, and died in Troy, New York, April 15, 1870. Dr. John Lord has written her biography, which is accompanied by two fine presentations of her striking face.

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" was written during Mrs. Willard's passage home from Europe, in 1832. The Duke de Choiseul was on board the vessel, and hearing her repeat the first two lines, urged her to finish the song. He composed music for it, but his air has been supplanted by the more appropriate melody of JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT, with which alone it is now associated. Mr. Knight is an Englishman, and has composed many fine songs, especially those that relate to the sea. He taught music in Mrs. Willard's school, and also in New York city, but fled the country in disgrace.




know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall! And
calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, And
pp
calm and peaceful is my sleep,.. ..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.
pp
And such the trust that still were mine..... Tho' storm-y winds..... swept o'er the
ff
brine, Or tho' the tem-pest's fie-ry breath,..... Rous'd me from
ff

sleep..... to wreck and death! In o - cean cave still safe with

Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty; And

calm and peaceful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep; And

calm and peaceful is my sleep,

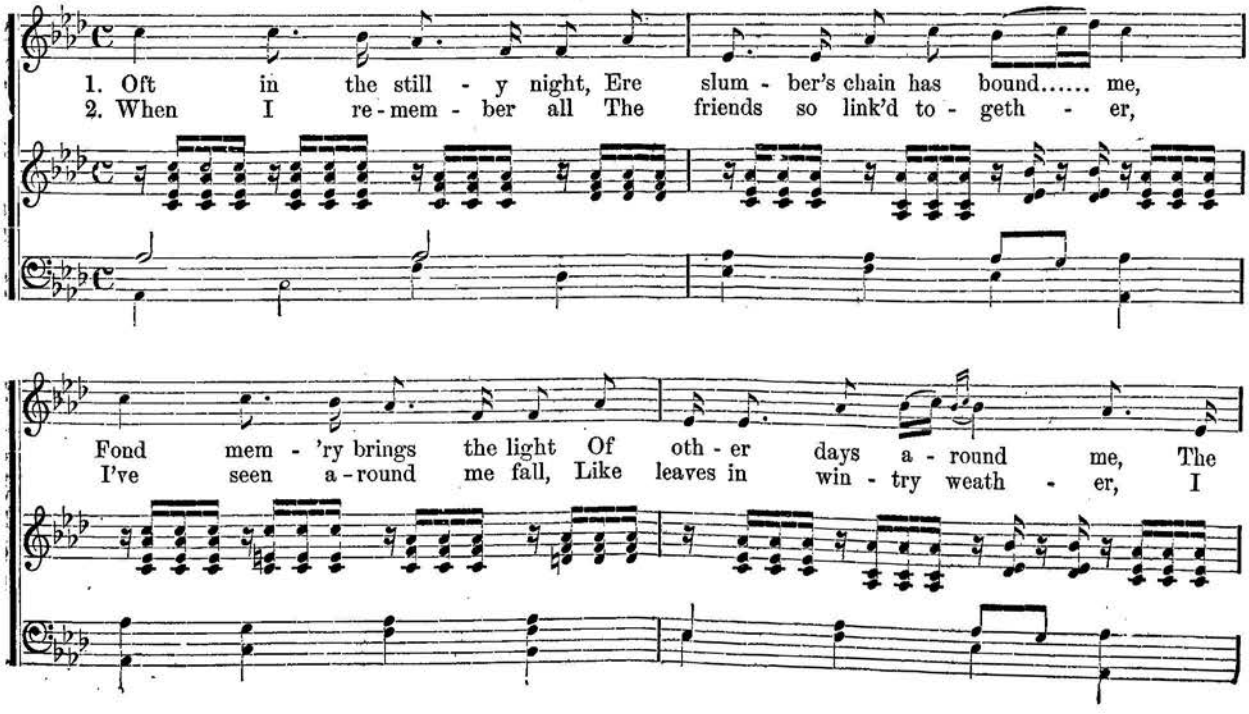
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

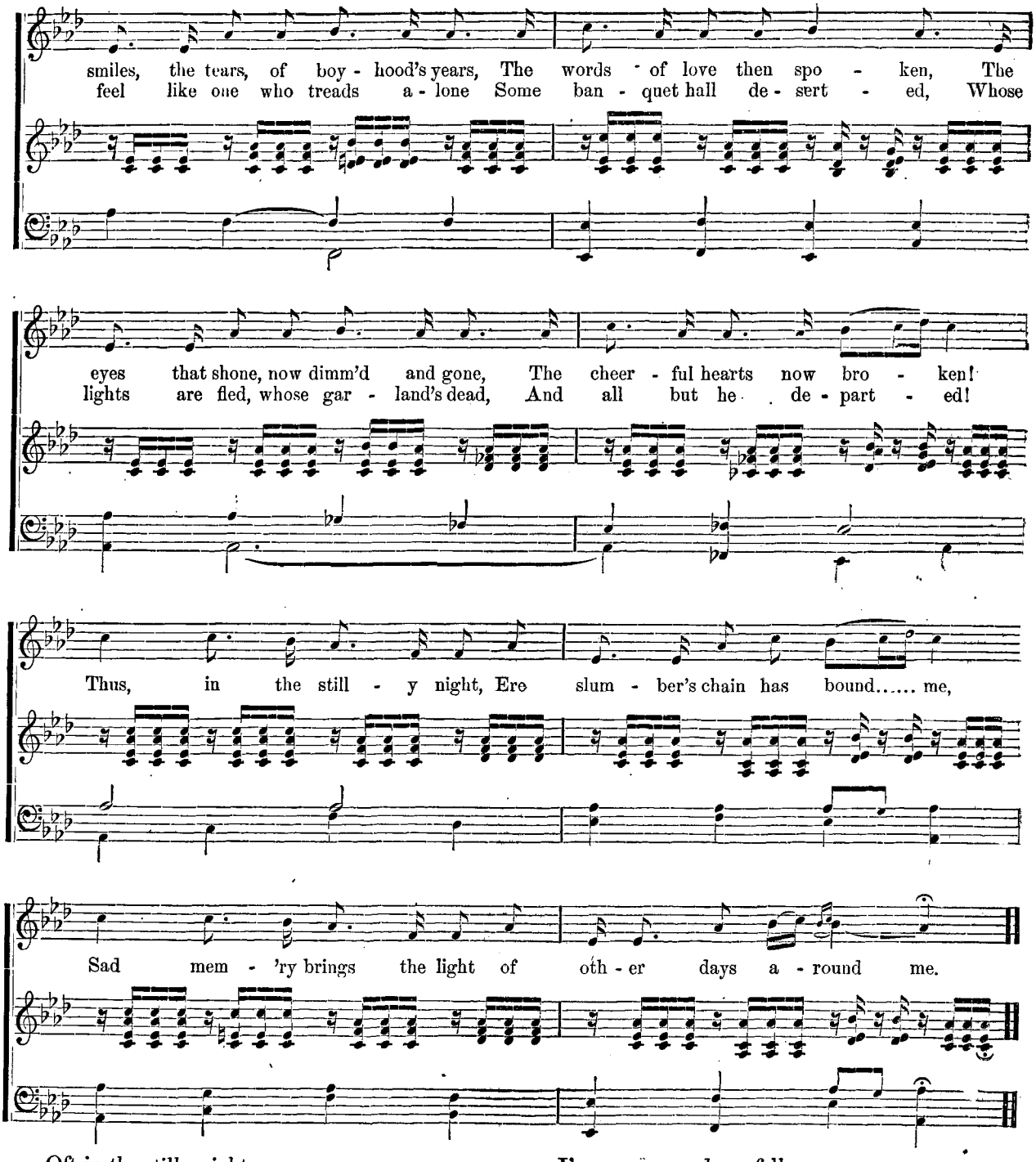
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE'S well-known life began in a corner-grocery, on Angier street, Dublin, May 28, 1779. His father carried on his traffic below stairs, while his mother, a woman of more than ordinary intellect and lovableness, tended her handsome baby up-stairs. To the close of her days she received the undiminished devotion of her gifted son, and when both had died, four thousand letters from him were found among his mother's papers. Moore's marriage to Miss Bessie Dyke, a young actress, was a happy one. Loved as he was, and courted by the great as he became, he used to say that no applause ever greeted his ear so pleasantly as that which was evoked by a young fellow, who planted himself on the quay, in Dublin, and called out in fine brogue, Byron's dictum, "Three cheers for Tommy Moore, the pote of all circles, and the darlint of his own." "The darlint" of all circles he was also, and funny stories are told of his never-ceasing blunders regarding his invitations. He was always popping in at my Lord's or my Lady's, on the days when he was not expected.

Moore's eldest son proved a renegade; his second son died young, and his only daughter met a tragic fate. She was kissing her hand down the stairs as her father was going out to dine, when she fell over the balusters, and was killed. Moore was as tender-hearted as he was genial and jovial, and after the death of his children he could never command himself enough to sing in public. "Oft in the Stilly Night," he sang with entrancing tenderness. The song has been unmercifully parodied, and "fond memory" has been invoked to call up all manner of nightmares; but the phrase is nevertheless as beautiful as ever, and this remains a perfect poem and a perfect song. Moore died at his home, Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Wiltshire, February 25th, 1852.


1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound..... me,
2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends so link'd to - geth - er,
Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me, The
I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try weath - er, I


smiles, the tears, of boy - hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken, The
feel like one who treads a - lone Some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose
eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken!
lights are fled, whose gar - land's dead, And all but he de - part - ed!
Thus, in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound..... me,
Sad mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

Cho.—Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

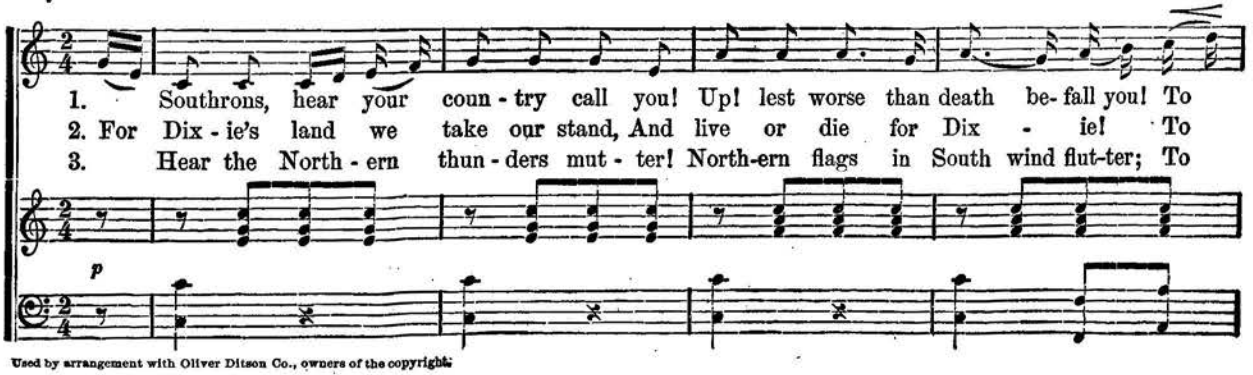
SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

DIXIE.

Albert Pike

THE only version of the famous song of "Dixie" which has the least literary merit is the original one we give, which was written by GENERAL ALBERT PIKE. It is worthy of notice that the finest Puritan lyric we have was written by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Hemans, and the most famous if not the finest Southern war-song was written by a native of Massachusetts. Albert Pike was born in Boston, December 29, 1809, but most of his boyhood was spent in Newburyport. He became a teacher, but in 1831 visited the then wild country of the Southwest with a party of trappers. He afterward edited a paper at Little Rock, and studied law. He served in the Mexican war with some distinction, and on the breaking out of the Rebellion enlisted, on the Confederate side, a force of Cherokee Indians, whom he led at the battle of Pea Ridge. After the war he edited the Memphis *Appeal* till 1868, when he settled in Washington as a lawyer. His "Hymns to the Gods," published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, gave him a place among the earlier American poets.

The original song of "Dixie" was the composition of Dan D. Emmett, of Bryant's minstrels, and was first sung in New York in 1860. A writer in the Charleston *Courier*, under date of June 11, 1861, says it is an old Northern negro air, and that the words referred to one Dix, or Dixy, who had an estate on Manhattan Island, now New York city. Another theory is, that the name Dixie's Land was suggested by Mason and Dixon's line, of which so much was said in the days of slavery agitation. The first words for the song in the South were from a poem entitled "The Star of the West," published in the Charleston *Mercury* early in 1861.


1. Southrons, hear your coun - try call you! Up! lest worse than death be- fall you! To
2. For Dix - ie's land we take our stand, And live or die for Dix - ie! To
3. Hear the North - ern thun - ders mut - ter! North-ern flags in South wind flut-ter; To
p

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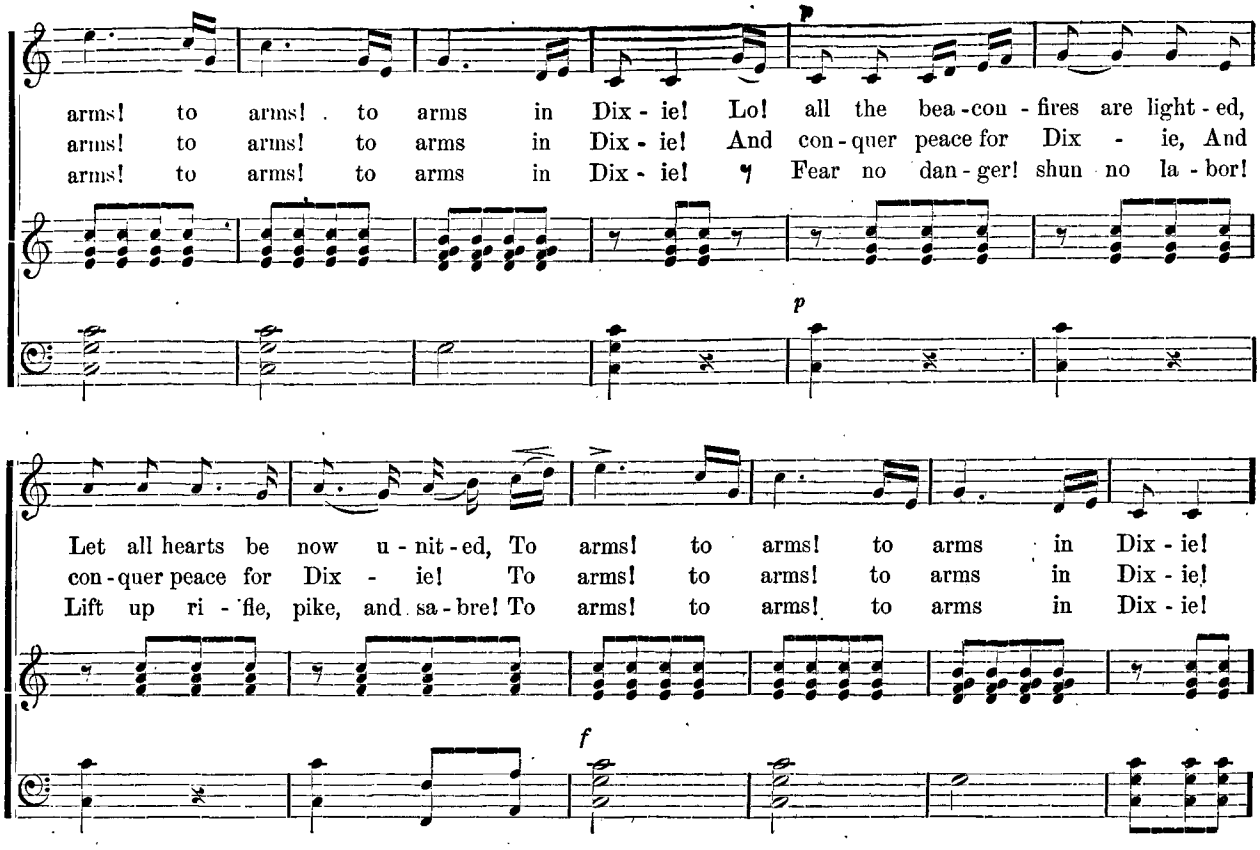
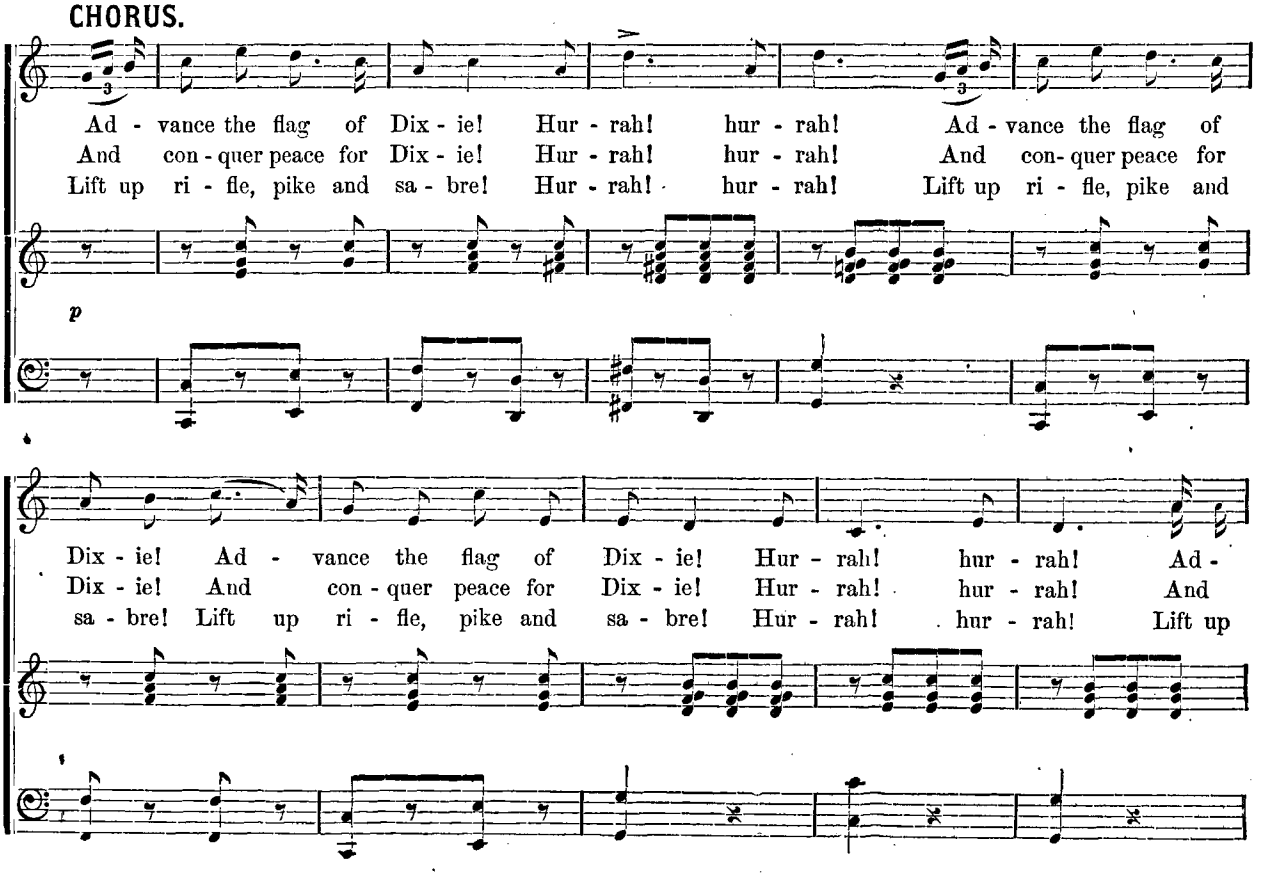
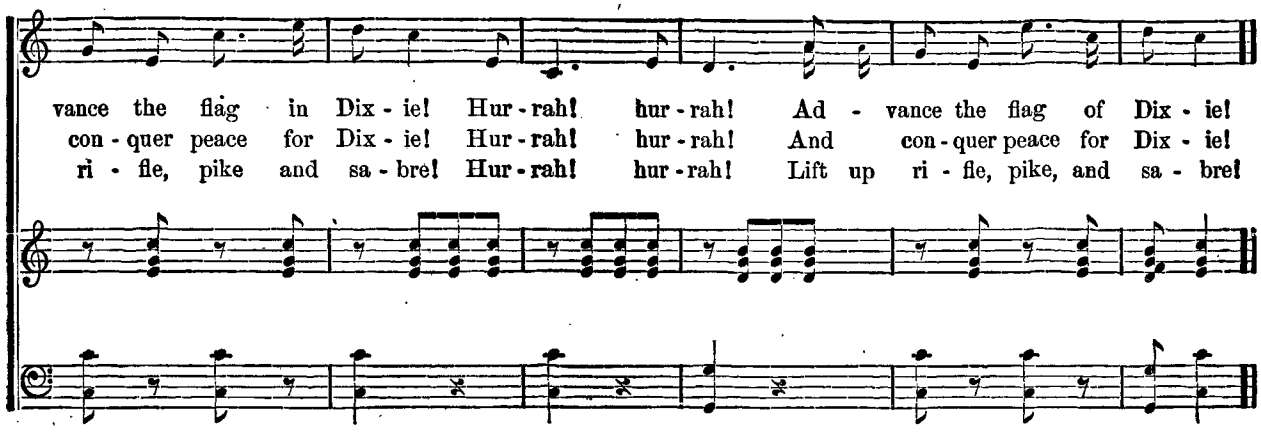

arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie! Lo! all the bea - con - fires are light - ed,
arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie! And con - quer peace for Dix - ie, And
arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie! Fear no dan - ger! shun no la - bor!
p
Let all hearts be now u - nit - ed, To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie!
con - quer peace for Dix - ie! To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie!
Lift up ri - fle, pike, and sa - bre! To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie!
f

CHORUS.


Ad - vance the flag of Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Ad - vance the flag of
And con - quer peace for Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! And con - quer peace for
Lift up ri - fle, pike and sa - bre! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Lift up ri - fle, pike and
p
Dix - ie! Ad - vance the flag of Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Ad -
Dix - ie! And con - quer peace for Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! And
sa - bre! Lift up ri - fle, pike and sa - bre! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Lift up


vance the flag in Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Ad - vance the flag of Dix - ie!
con - quer peace for Dix - ie! Hur - rah! hur - rah! And con - quer peace for Dix - ie!
ri - fle, pike and sa - bre! Hur - rah! hur - rah! Lift up ri - fle, pike, and sa - bre!

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up! lest worse than death befall you:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Lo! all beacon fires are lighted,
Let our hearts be now united:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in south wind flutter!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the cursed alliance!
To arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Fear no danger! shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoices,
At your cannon's ringing voices:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Swear upon your country's altar,
Never to give up or falter;
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed,
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

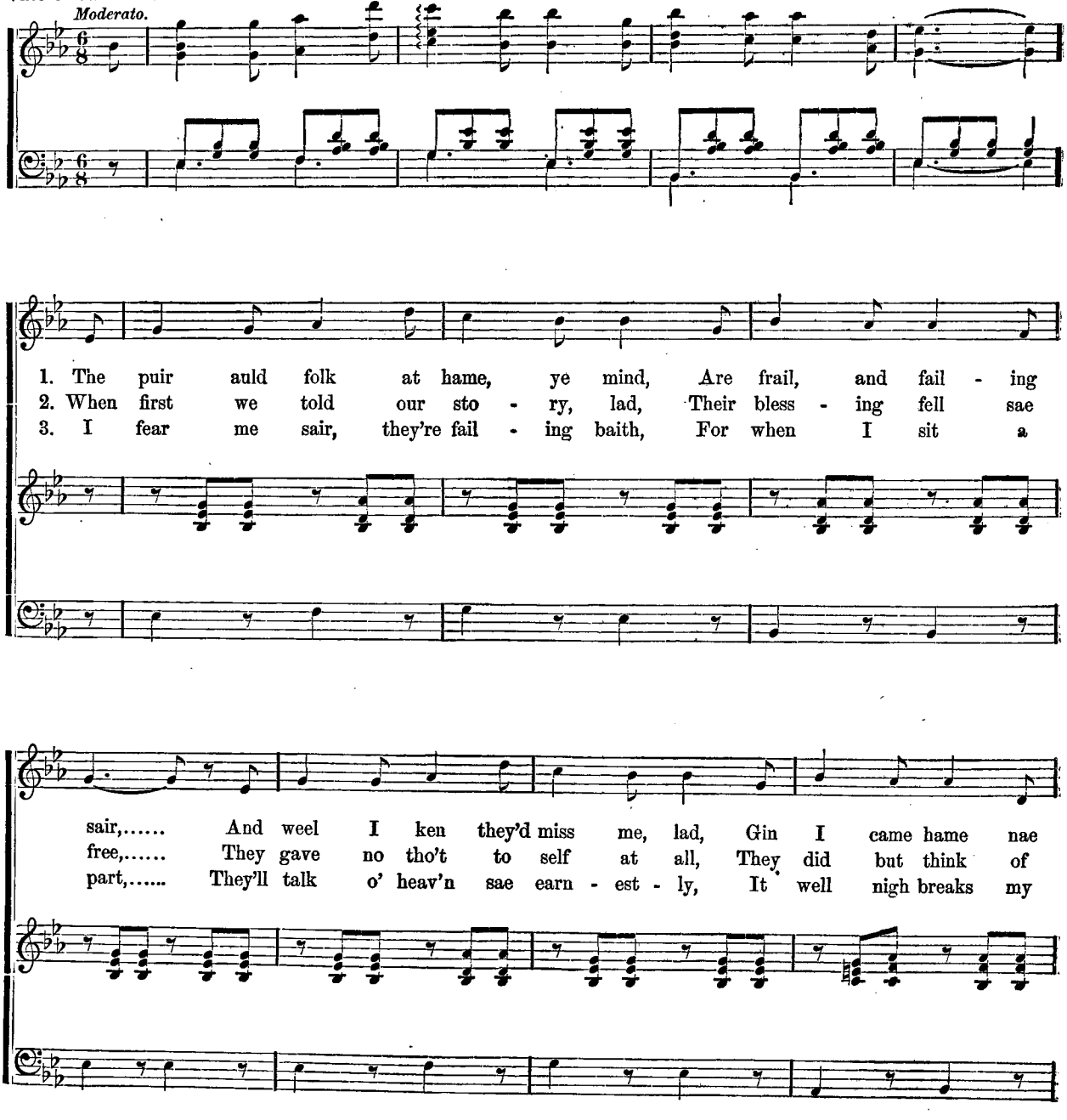
Halt not till our Federation,
Secures among earth's powers its station!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Then at peace, and crown'd with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

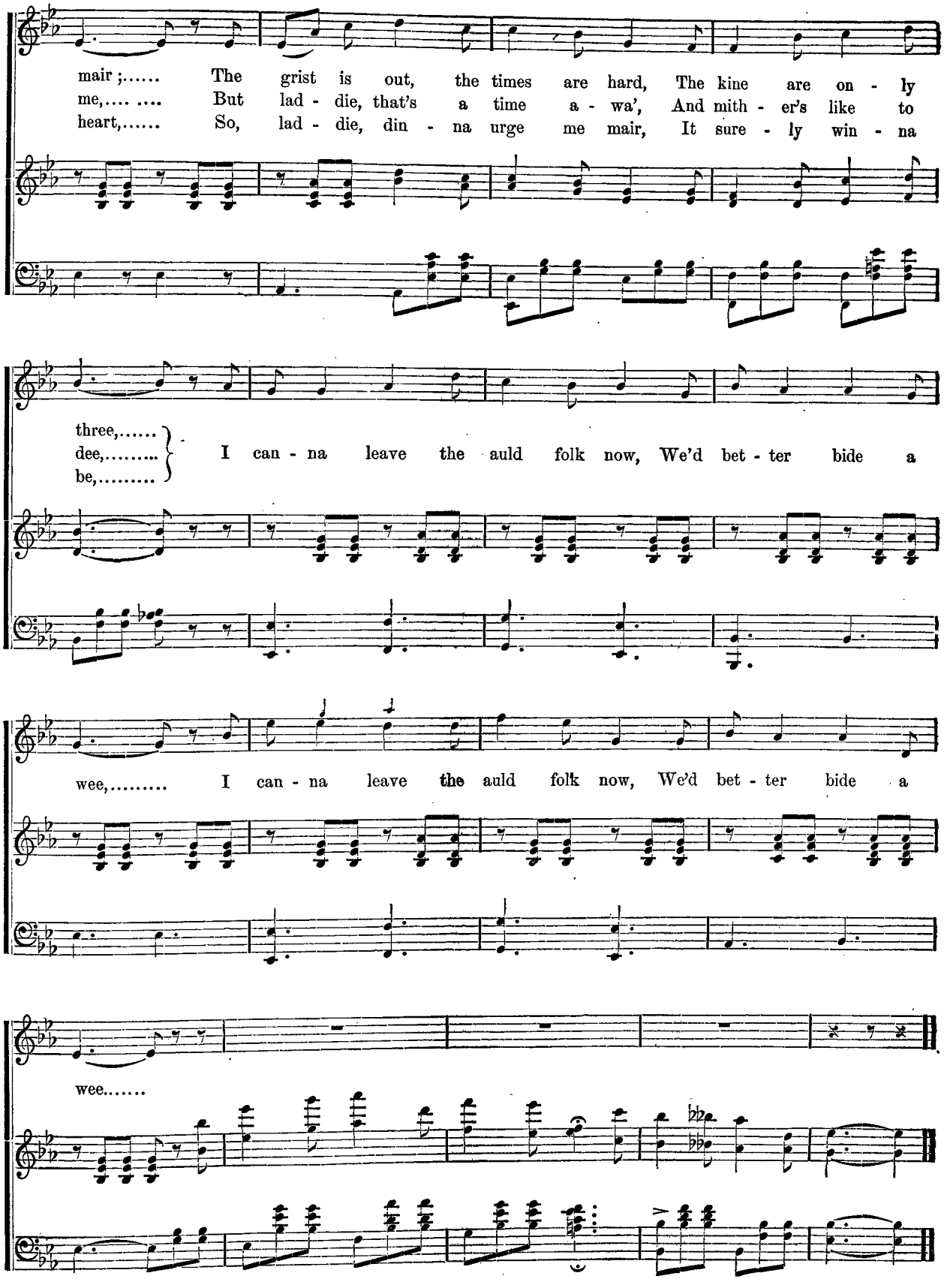
If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness.
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

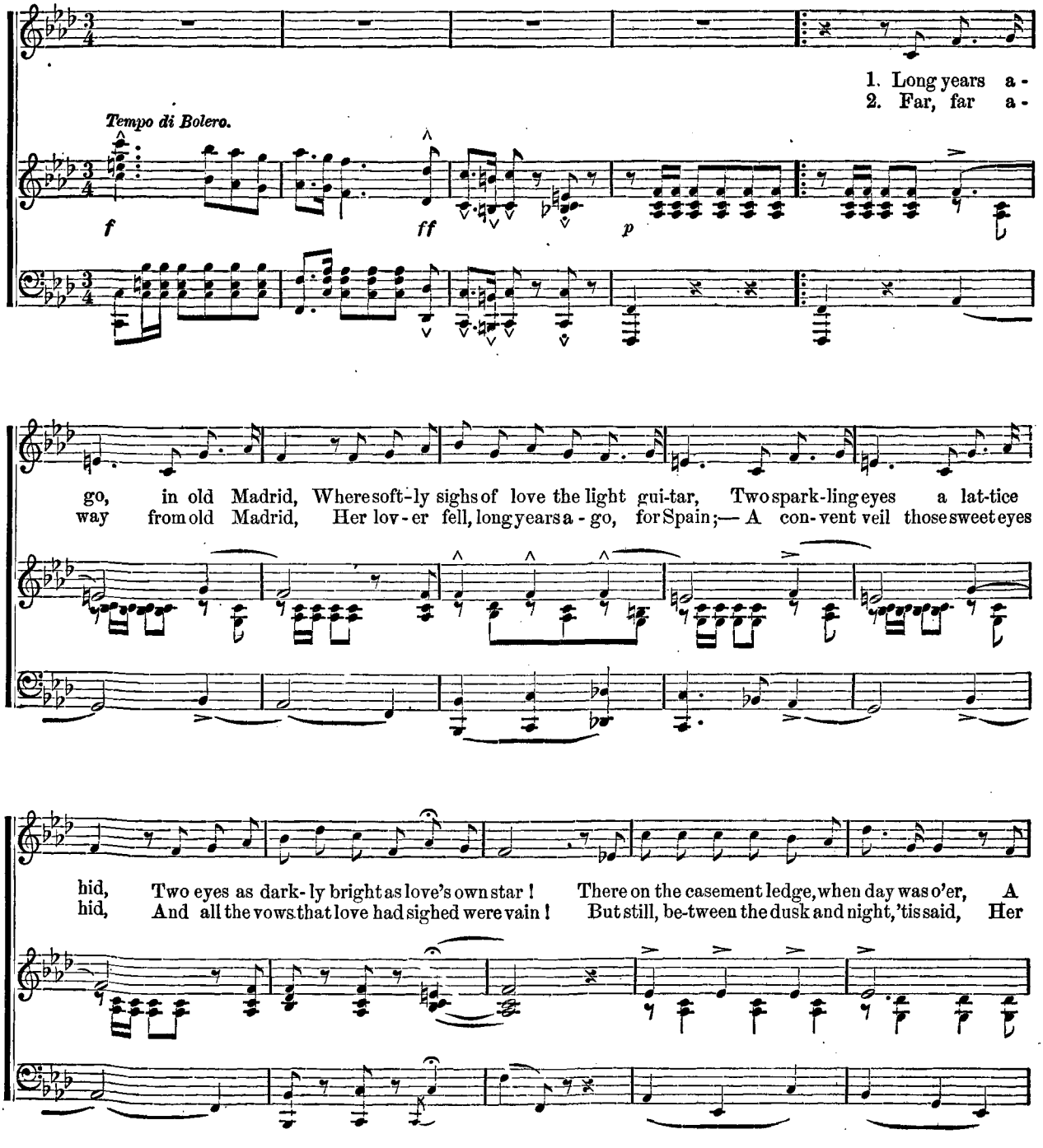
THE writer of this song, MRS. CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD, was at one time very popular as a song and ballad composer. She was born in England, in 1830, and in 1854 was married to Charles Cary Barnard. Four years after she began to compose under the pseudonym of "Claribel" the songs that made for her a wide reputation. In the science of Music she was a pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, pianist, himself a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music, and afterward a professor of Music. Mrs. Barnard was also a pupil of Parepa and Sainton Dolby, and of Mario and Campana. She generally wrote the words of her own compositions. She published a volume of "Thoughts, Verses and Songs;" also "Songs and Verses" for private circulation.

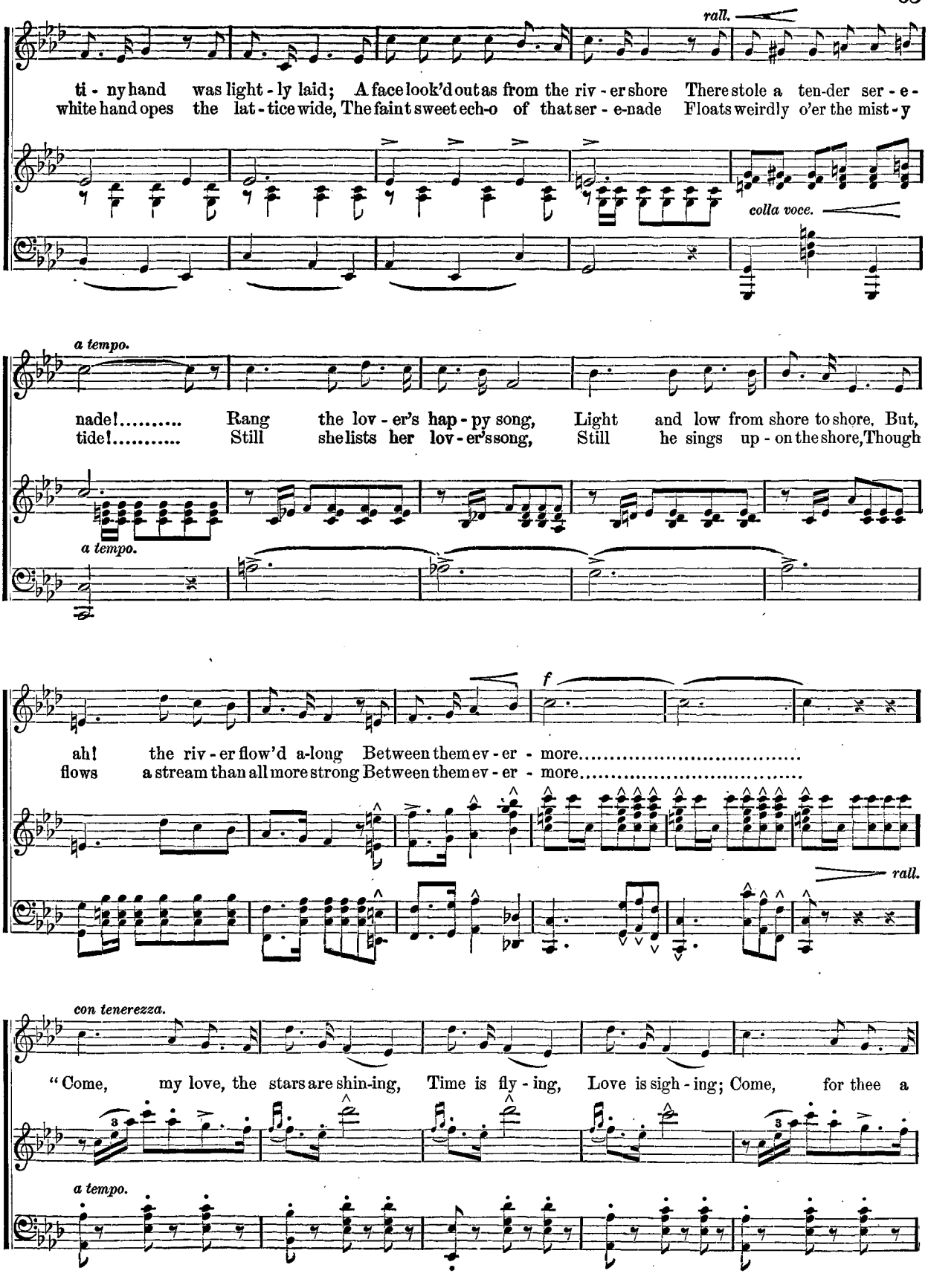

Moderato.
1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail, and fail - ing
2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless - ing fell sae
3. I fear me sair, they're fail - ing baith, For when I sit a
sair,..... And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae
free,..... They gave no tho't to self at all, They did but think of
part,..... They'll talk o' heav'n sae earn - est - ly, It well nigh breaks my

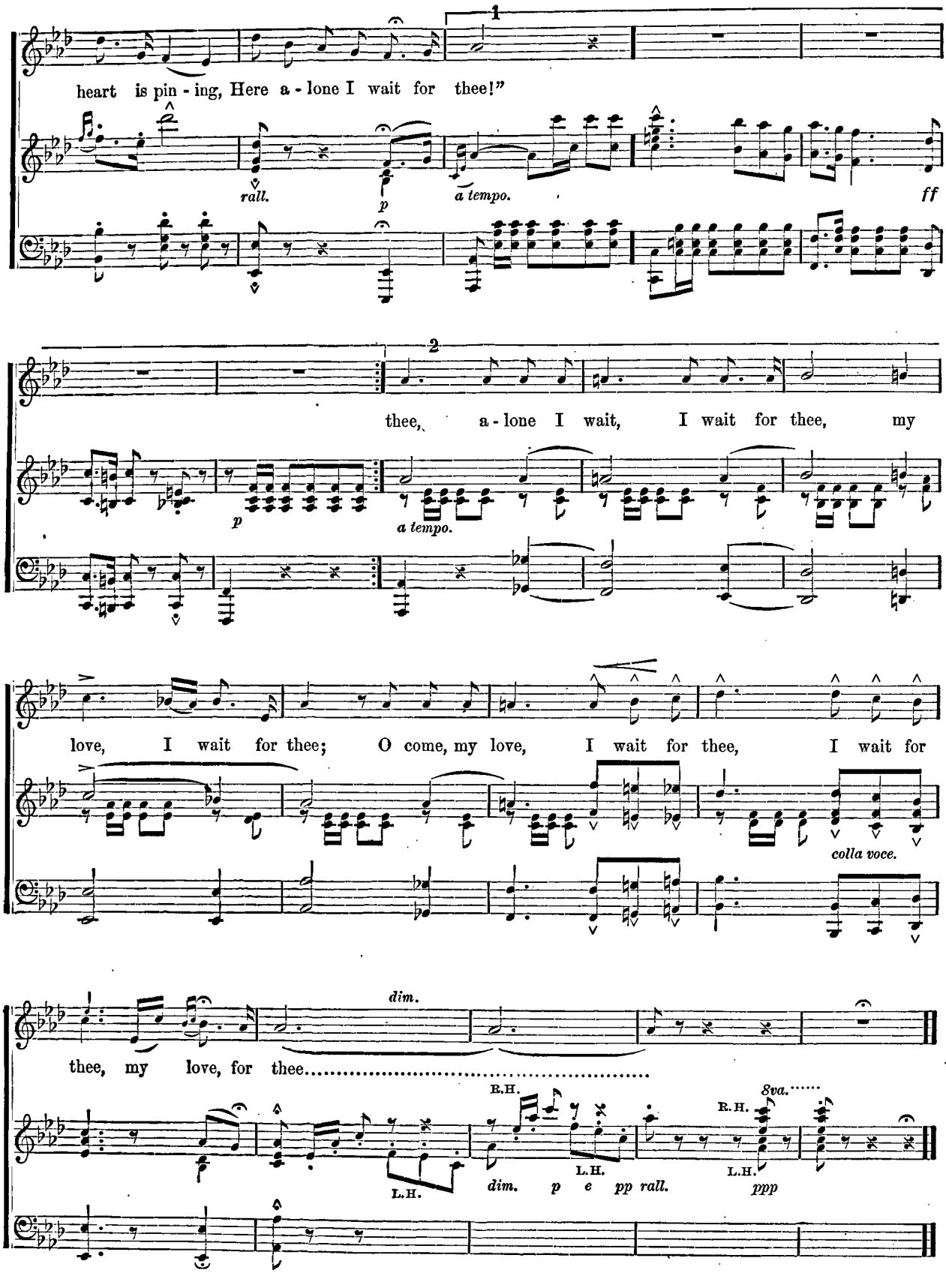

mair ;..... The grist is out, the times are hard, The kine are on - ly
me,.... .... But lad - die, that's a time a - wa', And mith - er's like to
heart,..... So, lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na
three,.....
dee,.....
be,.....
I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a
wee,..... I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a
wee.....

IN OLD MADRID.

To place a writer of modern songs "next after Weatherly," is to give high praise to his versatility and tunefulness. But although CLIFTON BINGHAM has been writing the words for the compositions of English musicians for a shorter period than Weatherly, it is doubtful whether, to-day, he should be placed "after" anybody. His lyrics have been set to music by the most eminent composers of the time, and they have a popularity all their own. "In Old Madrid" preserves excellently the flavor of the Spanish serenade, both in the words and the music; the latter being composed by H. TROTERE.


1. Long years a -
2. Far, far a -
Tempo di Bolero.
f
ff
p
go, in old Madrid, Where soft-ly sighs of love the light gui-tar, Two spark-ling eyes a lat-tice
way from old Madrid, Her lov-er fell, long years a-go, for Spain;— A con-vent veil those sweet eyes
hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There on the casement ledge, when day was o'er, A
hid, And all the vows that love had sighed were vain! But still, be-tween the dusk and night, 'tis said, Her

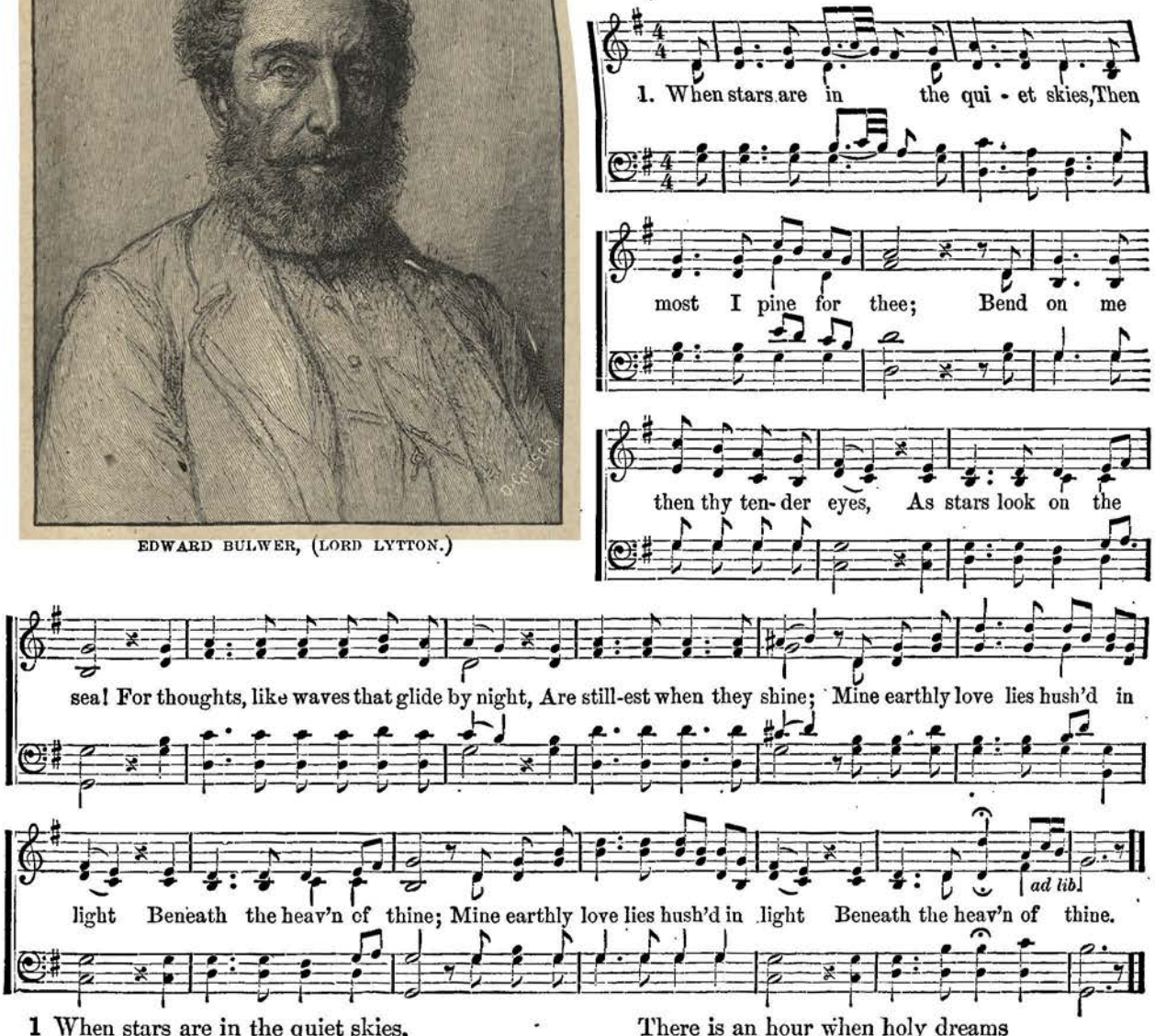

rall.
ti - ny hand was light - ly laid; A face look'd out as from the riv - er shore There stole a ten-der ser - e -
white hand opes the lat - tice wide, The faint sweet ech-o of that ser - e-nade Floats weirdly o'er the mist - y
colla voce.
a tempo.
nade!..... Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from shore to shore. But,
tide!..... Still she lists her lov - er's song, Still he sings up - on the shore, Though
a tempo.
f
ah! the riv - er flow'd a-long Between them ev - er - more.....
flows a stream than all more strong Between them ev - er - more.....
rall.
con tenerezza.
"Come, my love, the stars are shin-ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing; Come, for thee a
a tempo.


1
heart is pin - ing, Here a - lone I wait for thee!"
rall.
p
a tempo.
ff
2
thee, a - lone I wait, I wait for thee, my
p
a tempo.
love, I wait for thee; O come, my love, I wait for thee, I wait for
colla voce.
dim.
thee, my love, for thee.....
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.
dim. p e pp rall.
8va.
R.H.
L.H.
ppp

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

EDWARD BULWER, (LORD LYTTON.)

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON, who wrote these dainty lines, was an historian and a poet, although preeminent as a novelist; being author of about twenty romances. He wrote a few plays, among which is "Lady of Lyons," one of the favorites of the stage. He was born in May, 1805, and died in London, January, 18, 1873.


1. When stars are in the qui - et skies, Then
most I pine for thee; Bend on me
then thy ten- der eyes, As stars look on the
sea! For thoughts, like waves that glide by night, Are still-est when they shine; Mine earthly love lies hush'd in
light Beneath the heav'n of thine; Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light Beneath the heav'n of thine.
ad lib.

1 When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

2 There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch on men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep,
Sweet spirit, meet me then.
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber, fairest, glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

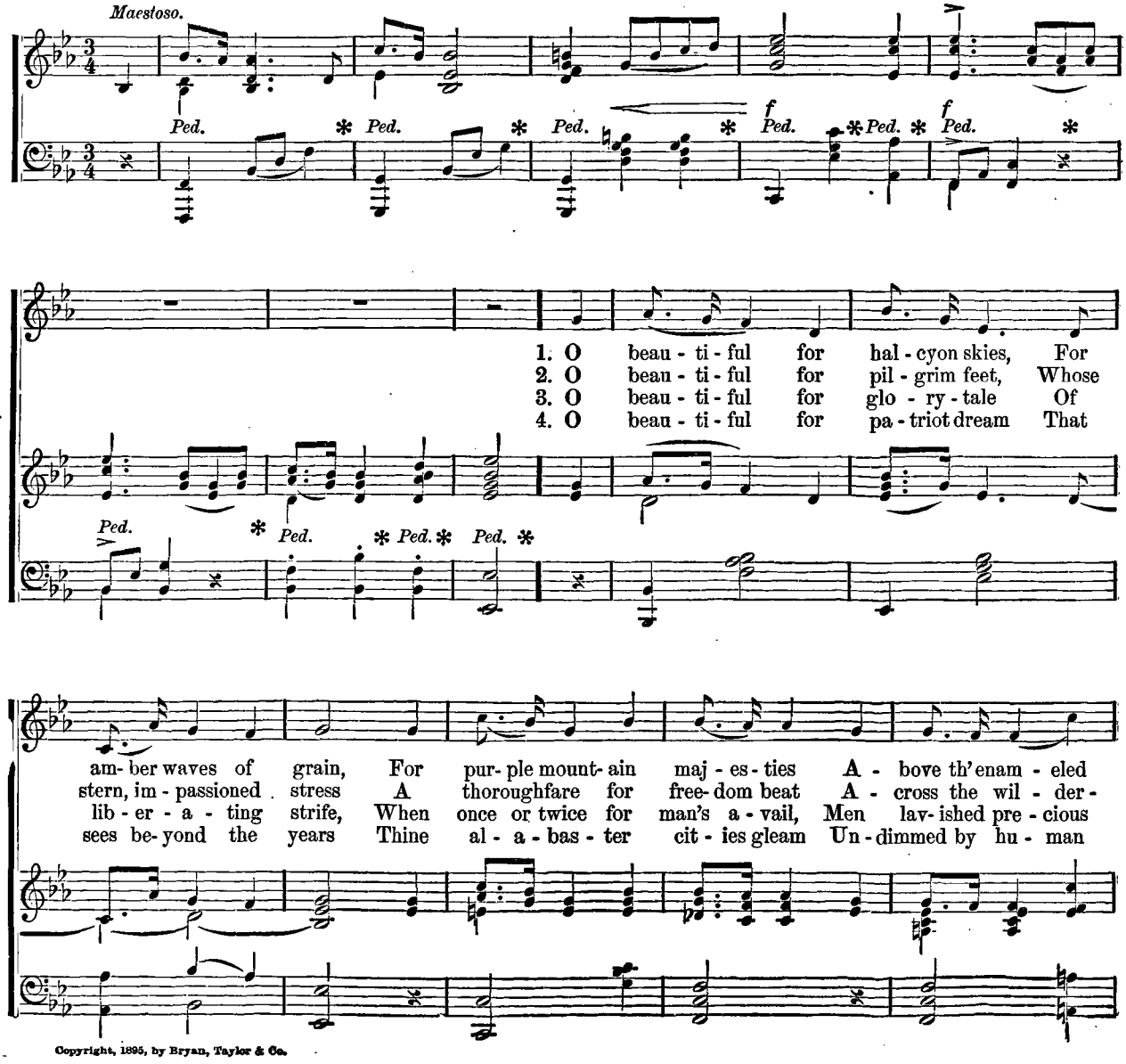
3 The thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

AMERICA.

SILAS G. PRATT, the composer of America, was born in Addison, Vermont, August 4th, 1846. In 1868 he went to Berlin and studied with Franz Bendel and Theodore Kullak, Richard Wuerst and Frederick Kiel. While there his first symphony was performed by the Berliner, Sinforne Kapelle. His second symphony "Prodigal Son" and the grand opera "Zenobia" are well known. "Zenobia" was performed the largest number of times any grand opera has ever been heard consecutively given in the United States. Mr. Pratt's "Allegory of War in Song" and "The Triumph of Columbus" are famous works of their kind.

At the World's Fair, in 1893, Mr. Pratt was given charge of the celebration of Independence Day, when he directed the music in which 75,000 people took part simultaneously. While abroad in the summer of 1894 Mr. Pratt gave a special "American Day" programme at the Antwerp Exposition. "Book of Brownie Songs" and "Character and Action Songs" for children are both from Mr. Pratt's pen.

The writer of the words of this stirring song is KATHERINE LEE BATES.


Maestoso.
Ped.
f
1. O beau - ti - ful for hal - cyon skies, For
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose
3. O beau - ti - ful for glo - ry - tale Of
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That
am- ber waves of grain, For pur- ple mount- ain maj - es - ties A - bove th'enam - eled
stern, im - passioned stress A thoroughfare for free- dom beat A - cross the wil - der -
lib - er - a - ting strife, When once or twice for man's a - vail, Men lav- ished pre - cious
sees be- yond the years Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man

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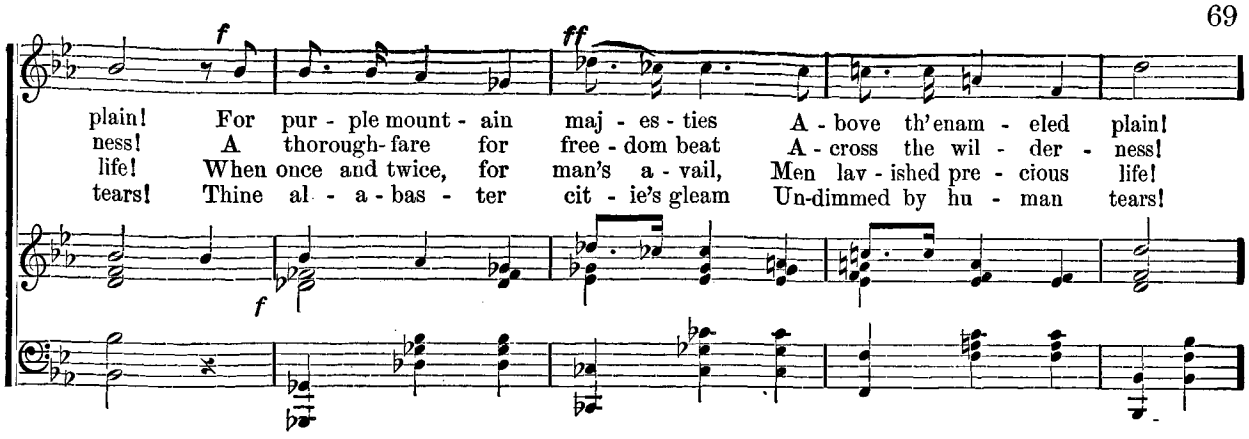
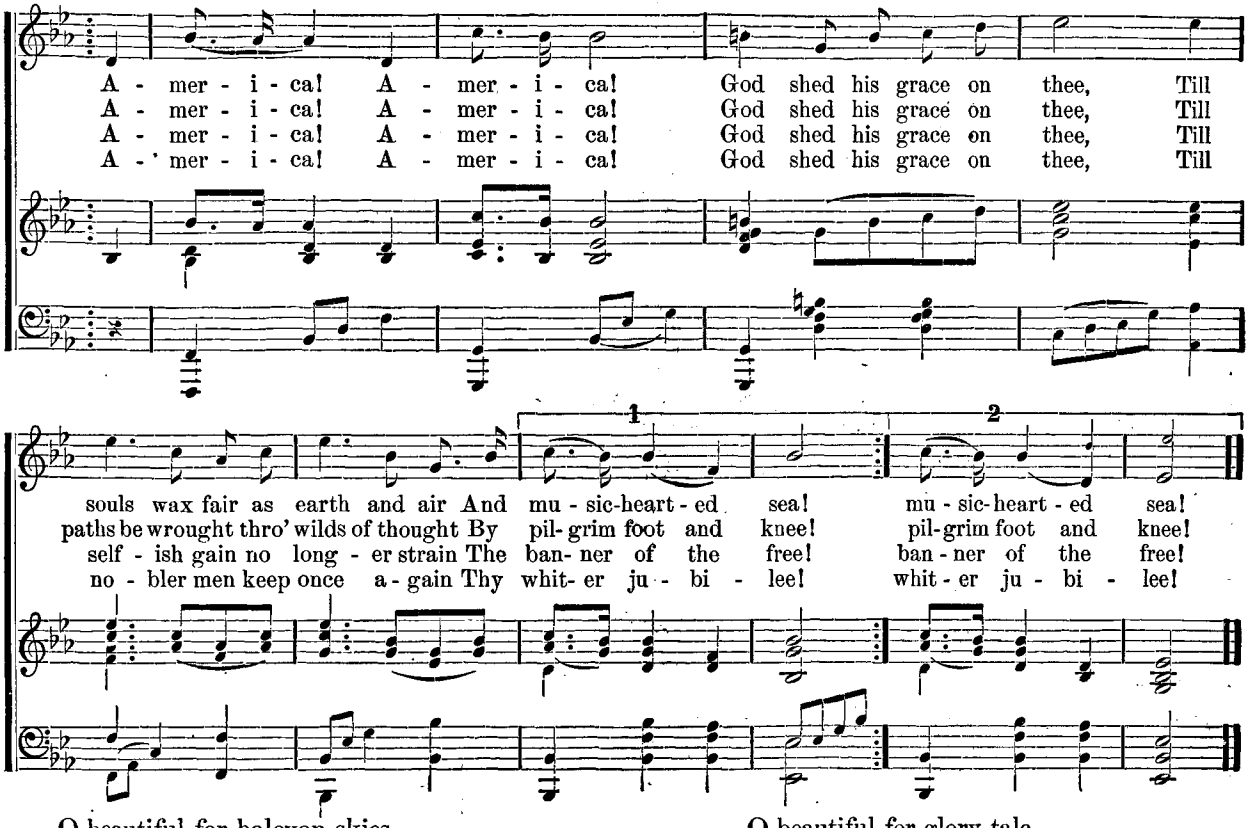

f
ff
plain! For pur - ple mount - ain maj - es - ties A - bove th'enam - eled plain!
ness! A thorough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
life! When once and twice, for man's a - vail, Men lav - ished pre - cious life!
tears! Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ie's gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!
f

REFRAIN.


A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee, Till
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee, Till
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee, Till
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee, Till
1
2
souls wax fair as earth and air And mu - sic-heart - ed sea! mu - sic-heart - ed sea!
paths be wrought thro' wilds of thought By pil-grim foot and knee! pil-grim foot and knee!
self - ish gain no long - er strain The ban- ner of the free! ban - ner of the free!
no - bler men keep once a - gain Thy whit- er ju - bi - lee! whit - er ju - bi - lee!

O beautiful for halcyon skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the enameled plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
Till souls wax fair as earth and air
And music-hearted sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
Till paths be wrought through wilds of thought
By pilgrim foot and knee!

O beautiful for glory-tale
Of liberating strife,
When once and twice, far man's avail,
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
God shed his grace for thee,
Till selfish gain no longer stain
The banner of the free!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace for thee,
Till nobler men keep once again
Thy whiter jubilee!

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

THIS song is the twentieth of STEPHEN C. FOSTER'S "Plantation Melodies." I do not know that it is true, but I cannot help feeling that it was the intrinsic beauty and merit of these songs that lifted the Christy Minstrels from the low position usually occupied by such troupes to something like that of a respectable concert-room, both in this country and in England. Foster caught his idea of writing his, so-called, negro melodies from listening to the absurdities then in vogue with the burnt-cork gentry. He walked home from one of their concerts in Baltimore, with the banjo strains ringing in his ears, and before he slept he had composed the ridiculous words and taking air called "Camptown Races," with its chorus of "Du-da, du-da, da." He passed from one finer tone to another, until he reached the perfection of simple pathos in "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," "O, Boys, carry me 'long," and "My Old Kentucky Home." The music is his own.

Poco Adagio.

The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the

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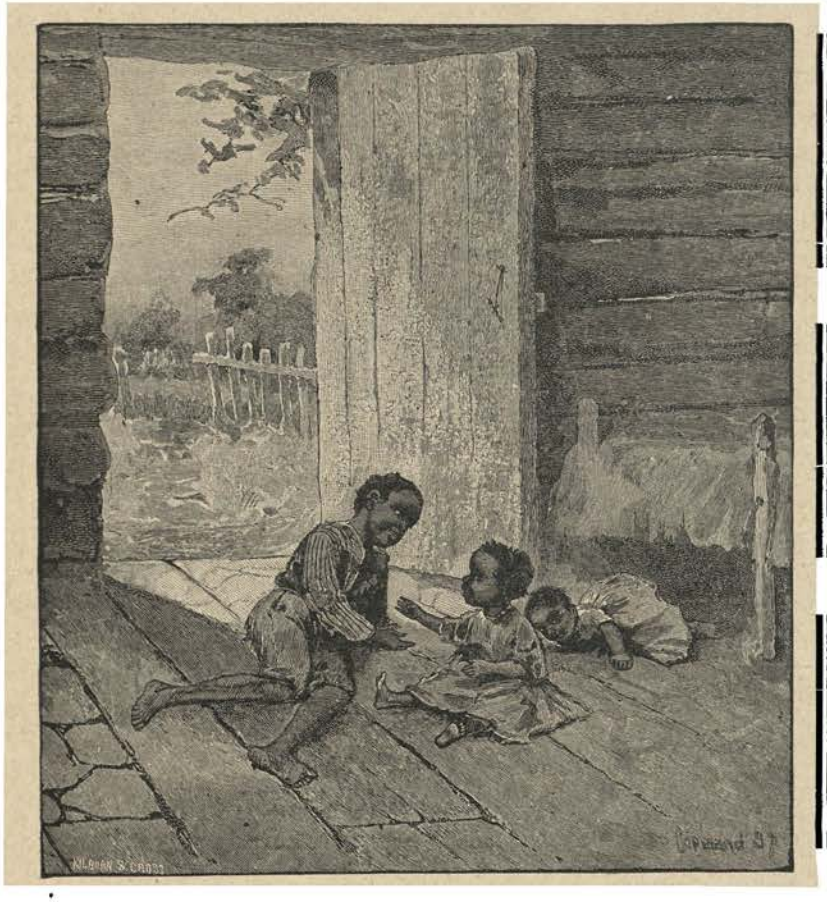
day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and



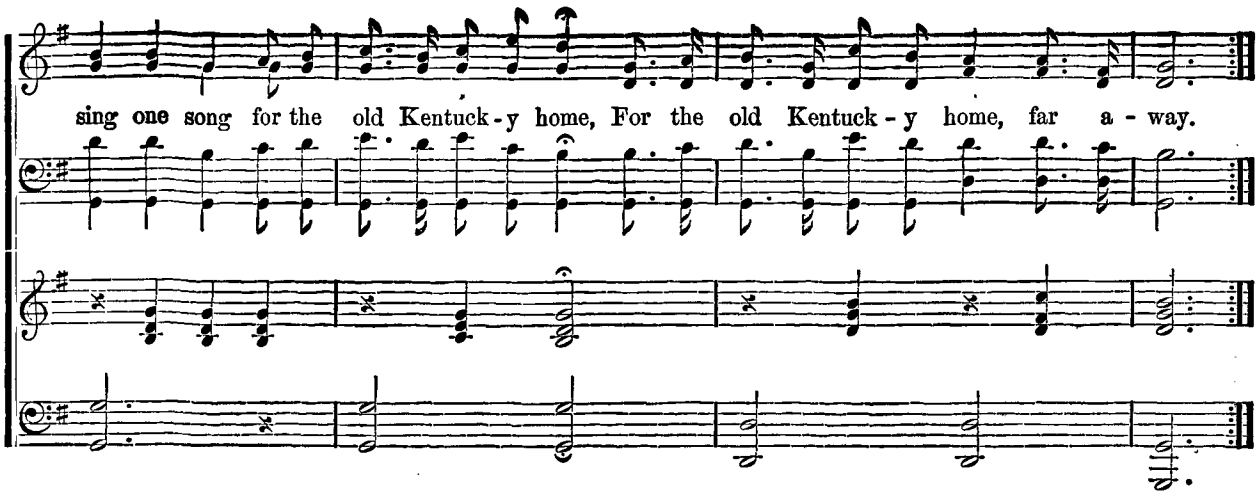
bright, By'm by, hard times comes a-

knocking at the door, Then, my

old Kentuck-y home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will

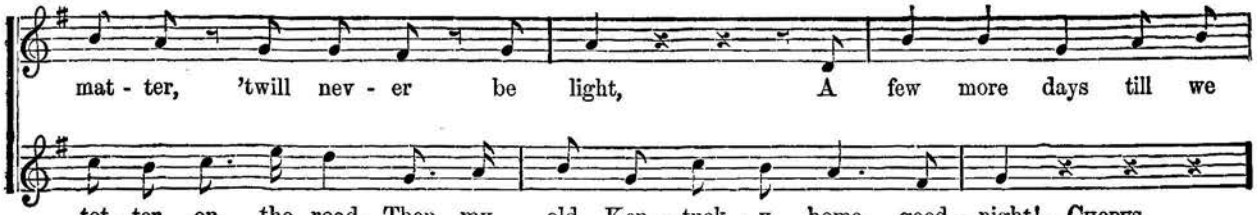


2d VERSE.

They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the shore, They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!—CHORUS.

3d VERSE.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end In the field where the sug-ar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No



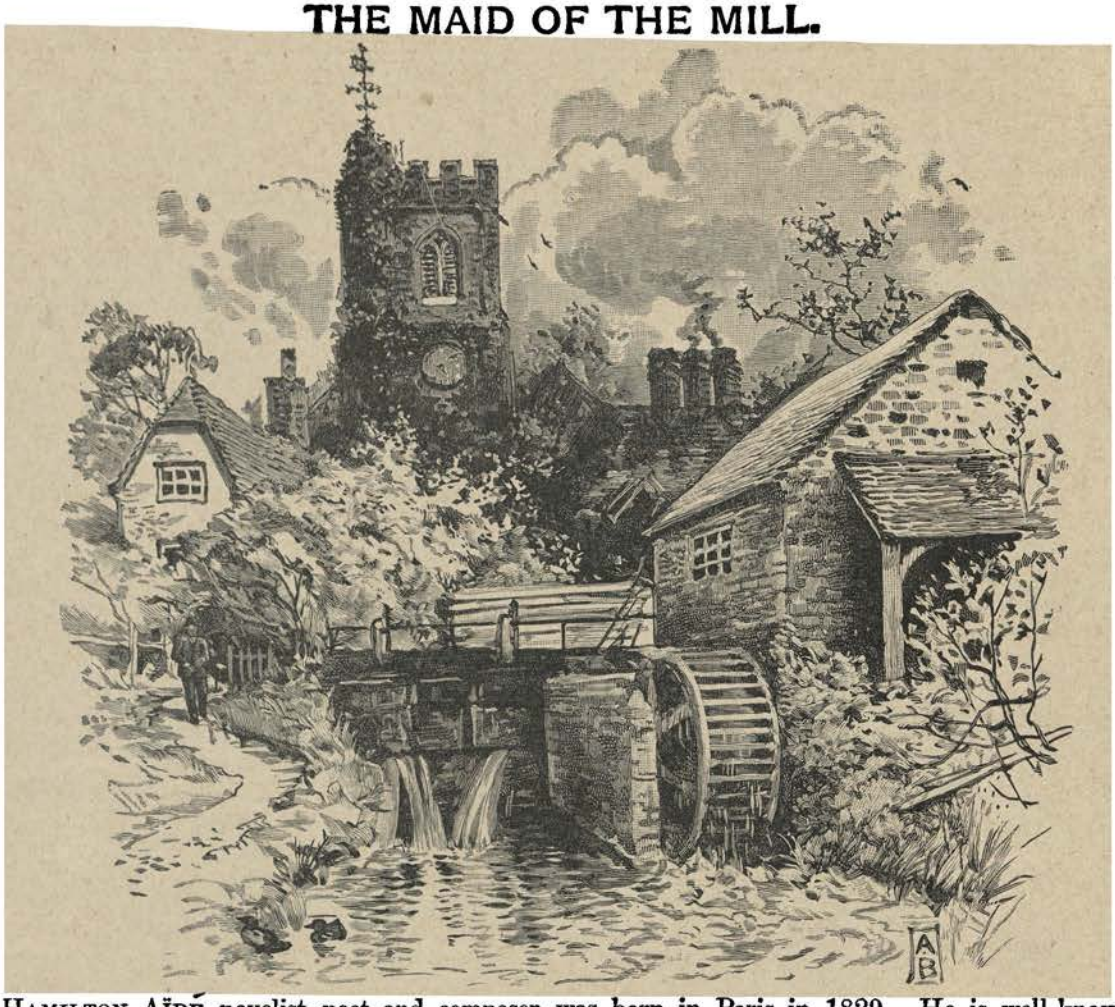
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'm by, hard times comes a knocking at the door,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabbin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

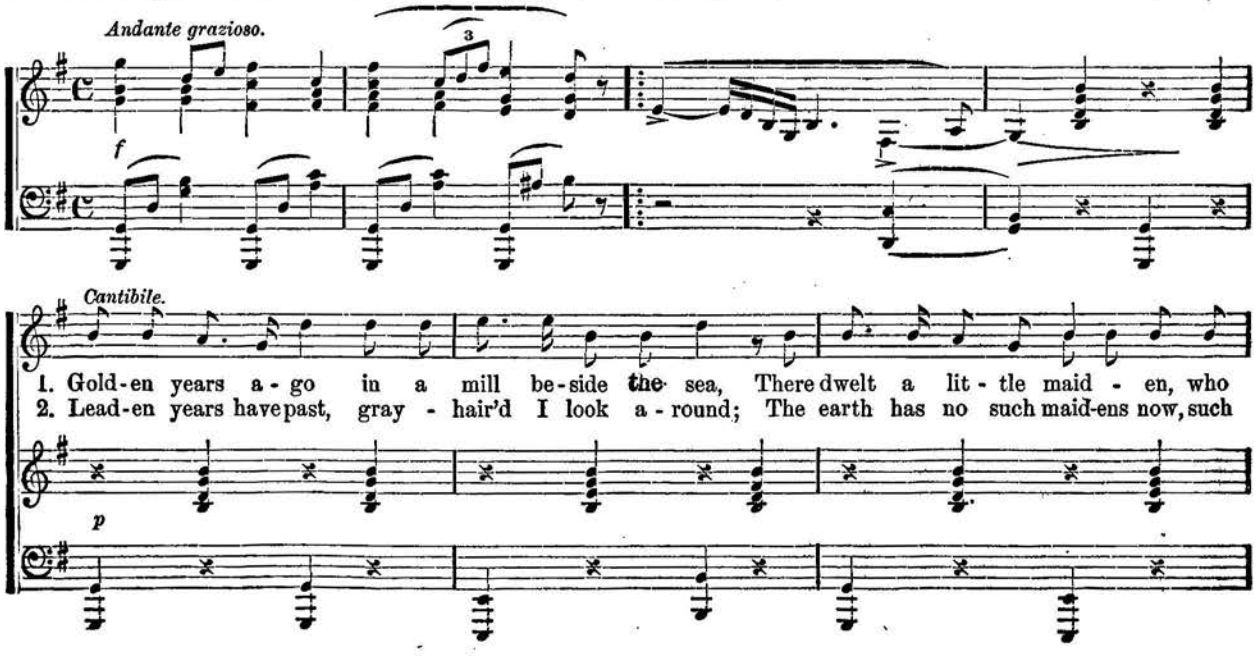
The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugarcanes grow;

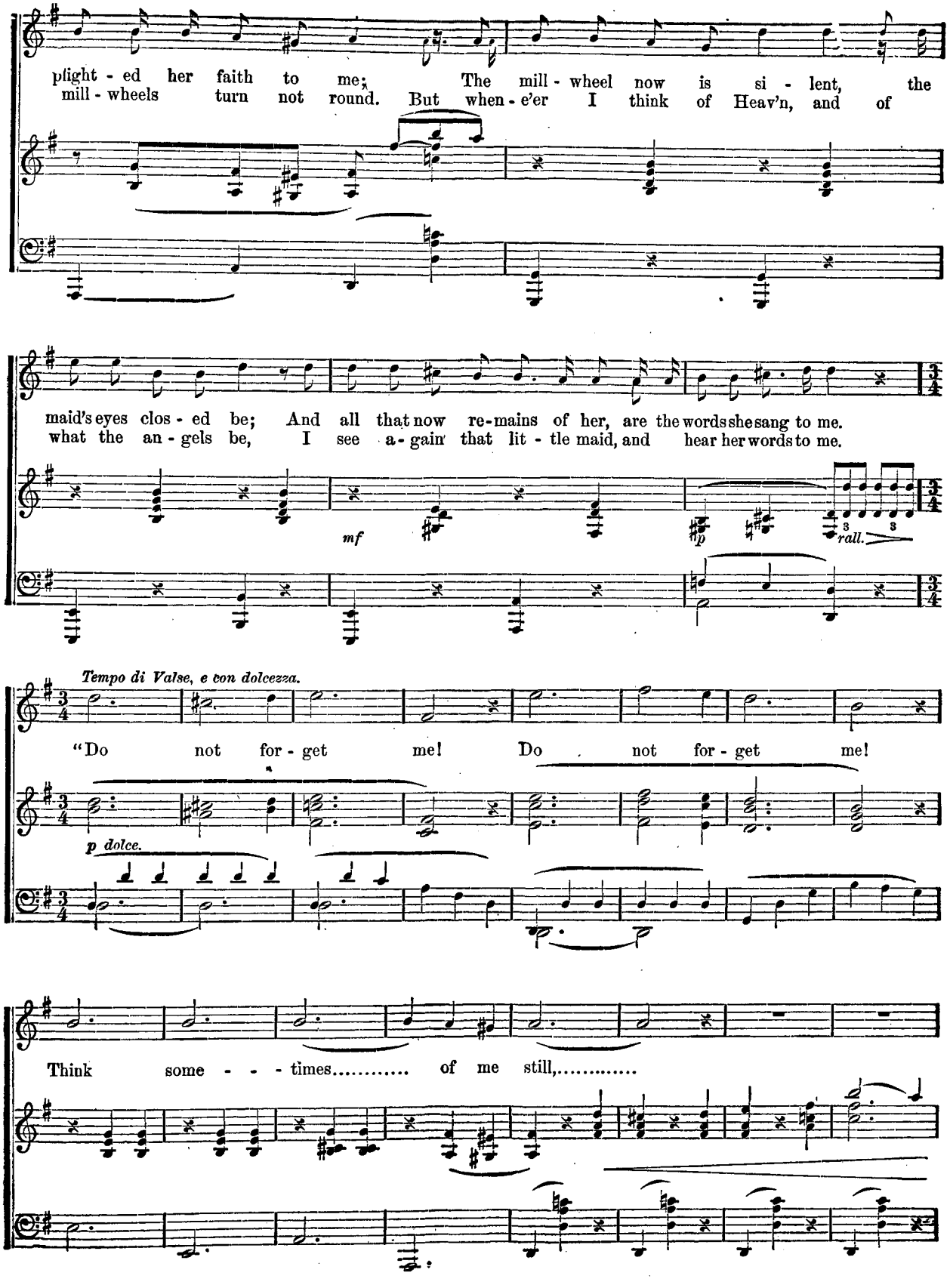
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

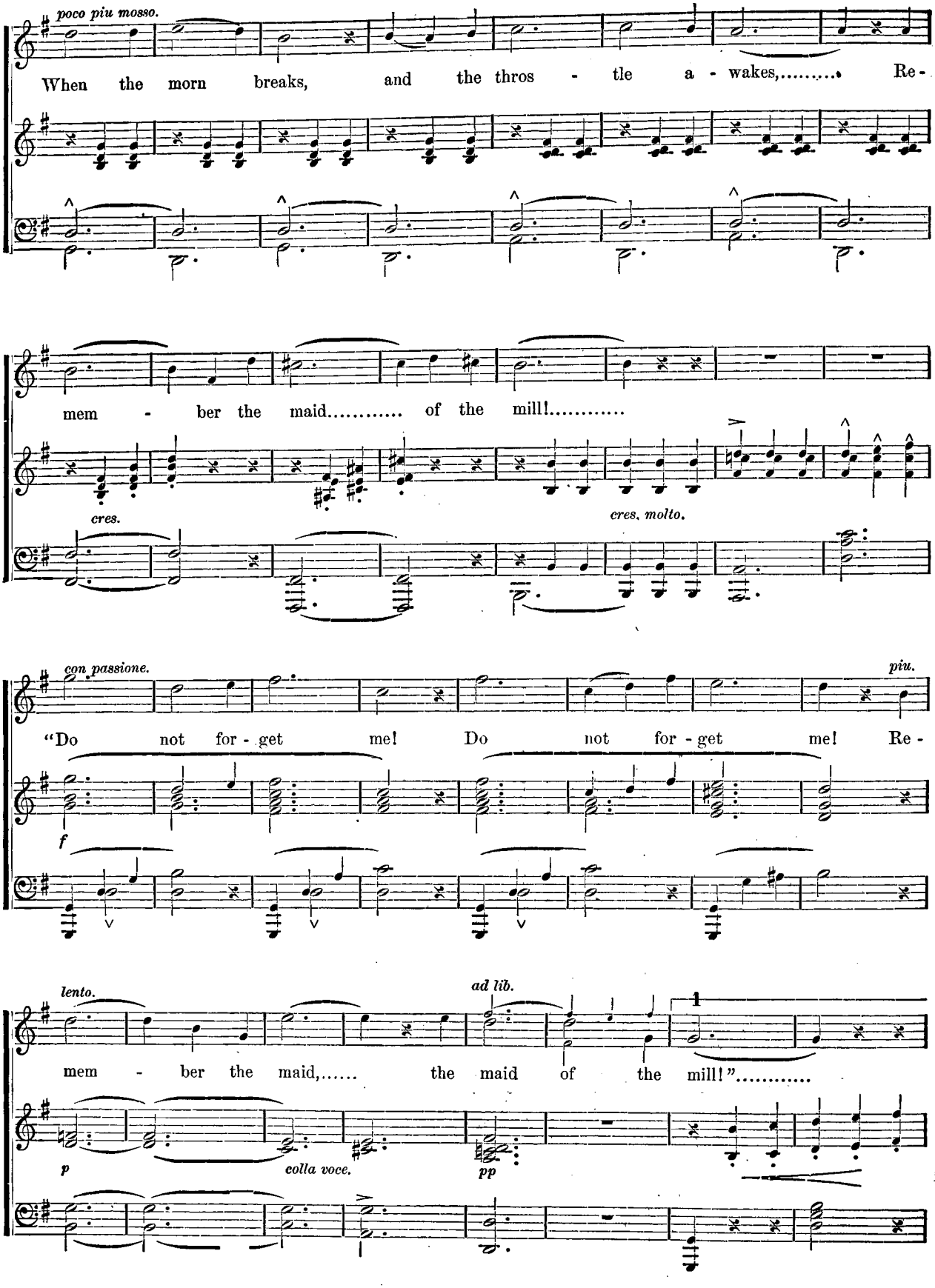
THE MAID OF THE MILL.

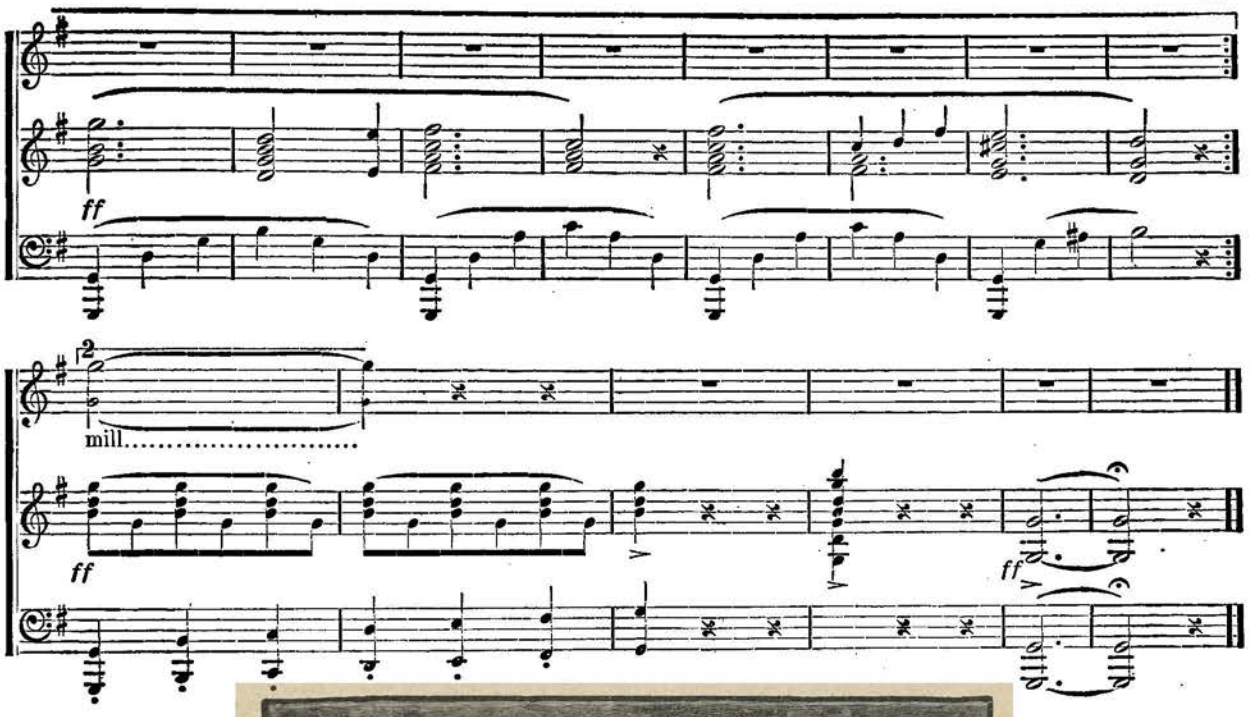


HAMILTON AÏDÉ, novelist, poet and composer, was born in Paris in 1829. He is well known as a writer of popular songs; which have been set to music by himself and by other noted composers. The musical setting to "The Maid of the Mill" is by STEPHEN ADAMS.


Andante grazioso.
f
Cantibile.
1. Gold-en years a-go in a mill be-side the sea, There dwelt a lit-tle maid-en, who
2. Lead-en years have past, gray-hair'd I look a-round; The earth has no such maid-ens now, such
p


plight - ed her faith to me; The mill - wheel now is si - lent, the
mill - wheels turn not round. But when - e'er I think of Heav'n, and of
maid's eyes clos - ed be; And all that now re-mains of her, are the words she sang to me.
what the an - gels be, I see a - gain that lit - tle maid, and hear her words to me.
mf
p
3
rall.
Tempo di Valse, e con dolcezza.
"Do not for - get me! Do not for - get me!
p dolce.
Think some - - - times..... of me still,.....

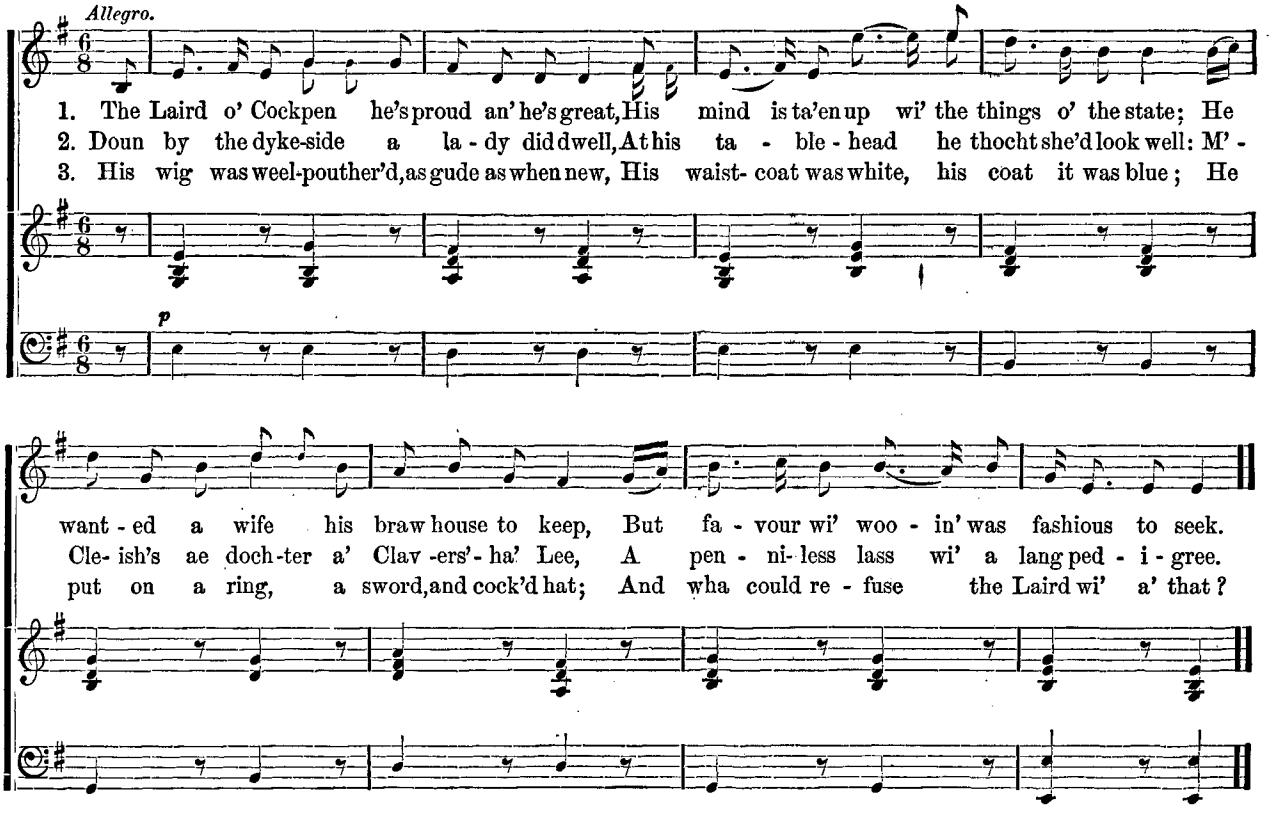

poco piu mosso.
When the morn breaks, and the thros - tle a - wakes,..... Re -
mem - ber the maid..... of the mill!.....
cres.
cres. molto.
con passione.
piu.
"Do not for - get me! Do not for - get me! Re -
f
lento.
ad lib.
mem - ber the maid,..... the maid of the mill!".....
p
colla voce.
pp


ff
2
mill.....
ff
ff

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The words of this song are by LADY NAIRNE,—all but the last two stanzas, which were written by MISS FERRIER, a Scottish authoress, best known by her novel of "Marriage."

The air is very old, and was once called "When she cam' ben, she bobbit." Still earlier it was entitled "Cockpen." The Laird of Cockpen was a companion-in-arms and attached friend of Charles II. He fought with him at Worcester, and formed one of the merry monarch's little court at the Hague. The Laird was famous for musical skill, and an air called "Brose and Butter," was an especial favorite with the exiled King. At the Restoration, the Laird's appeal for the return of the property he had lost in following the royal standard, was completely ignored. He was not even given an audience. Cockpen then obtained leave to play for a service which Charles attended. All went well until the closing anthem, when the ears of the retiring worshippers were saluted with the lively tune of "Brose and Butter." The King hastened to the organ-gallery, and declared that Cockpen had "almost made him dance." I could dance, too, if I had my lands again," said the player. The request was granted, and the old air went only by his name.


Allegro.
1. The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great, His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He
2. Doun by the dyke-side a la - dy did dwell, At his ta - ble - head he thocht she'd look well: M' -
3. His wig was weel-pouther'd, as gude as when new, His waist- coat was white, his coat it was blue; He
p
want - ed a wife his braw house to keep, But fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fashious to seek.
Cle- ish's ae doch-ter a' Clav -ers'- ha' Lee, A pen - ni- less lass wi' a lang ped - i - gree.
put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat; And wha could re - fuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie:
An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine—
"What brings the Laird here at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk goun,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doun.

An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low;
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—"Na."
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumbfoundered was he—but nae sigh did he gie';
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and his lady were seen,
They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tapit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

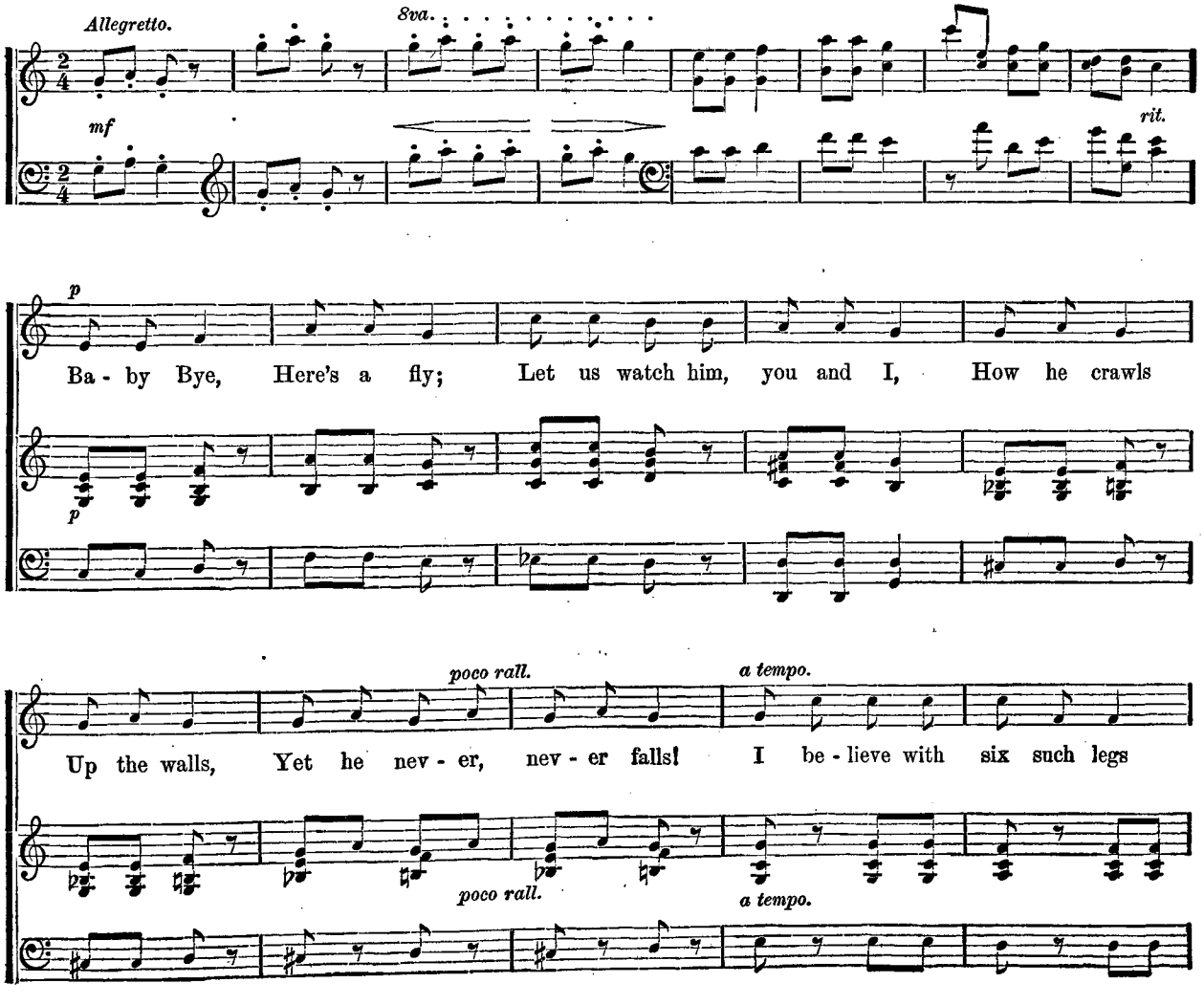
THE BABY AND THE FLY.

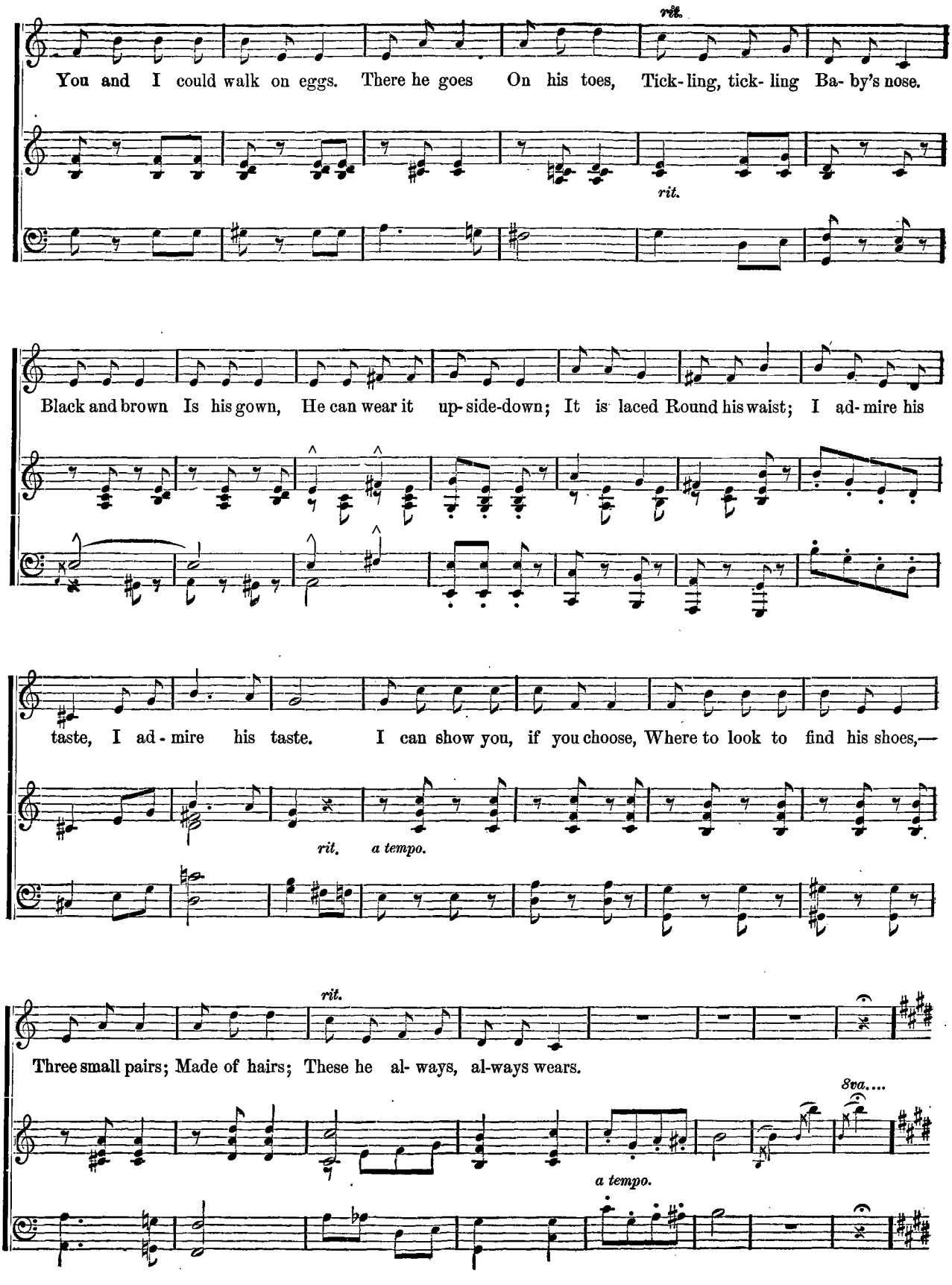
THE music to this quaint song was the composition of J. S. MOLLOY.

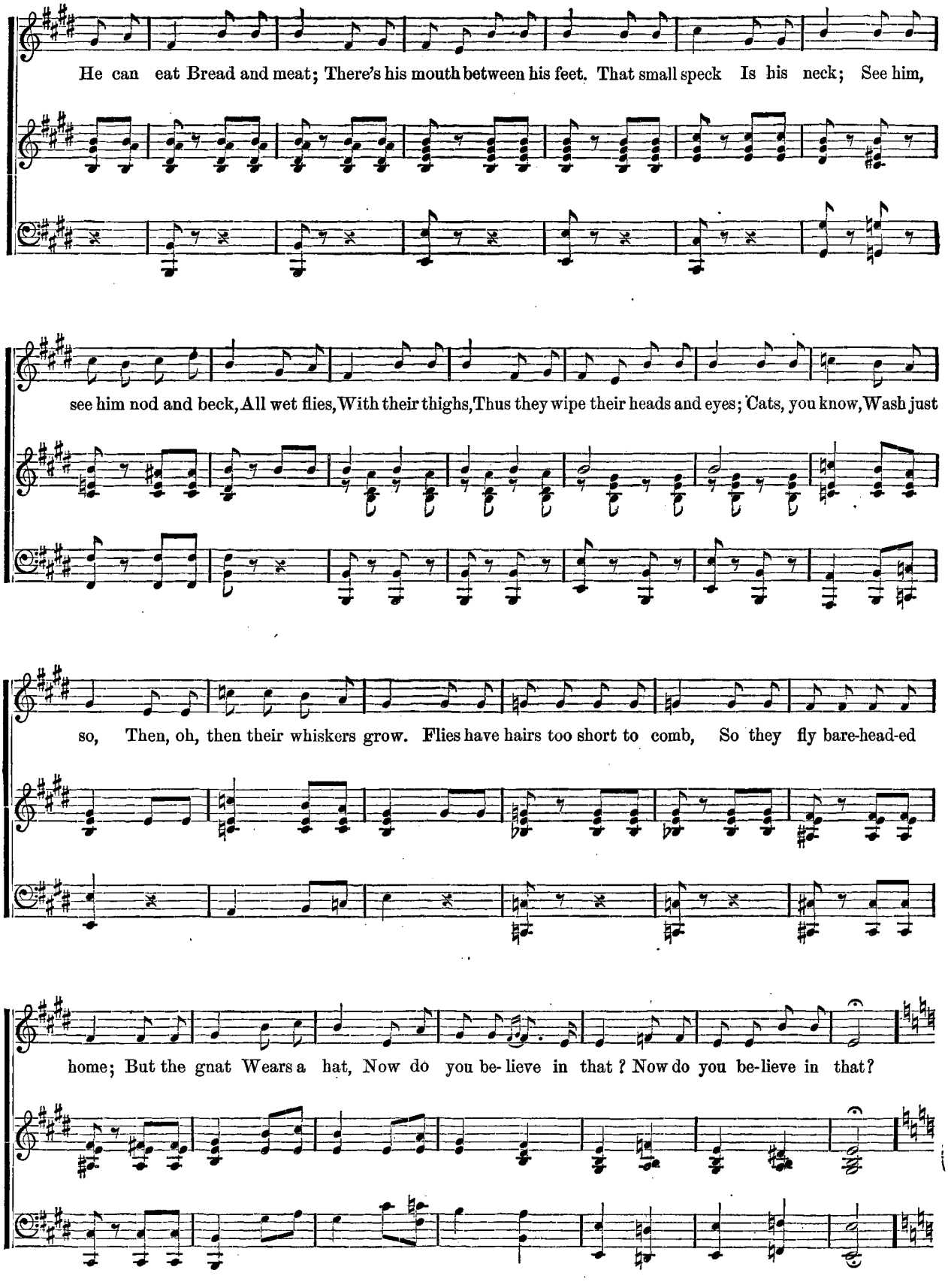
THEODORE TILTON, author of the words of "The Baby and the Fly," began active life as a journalist, after graduating at the College of the City of New York (1855.) He was one year on the New York *Observer*, and then became an Editor of the *Independent*, with which he remained about twenty years. During the latter part of this time he was its Editor in Chief. It is not too much to say that, to his talents as an eloquent and able writer the *Independent*, as a great religious journal, owes more than to any other man. During the last part of 1871, Mr. Tilton also edited the *Brooklyn Union*. He now severed his connection with these journals and established the *Golden Age*, an independent political and literary weekly, which was published two years ago.

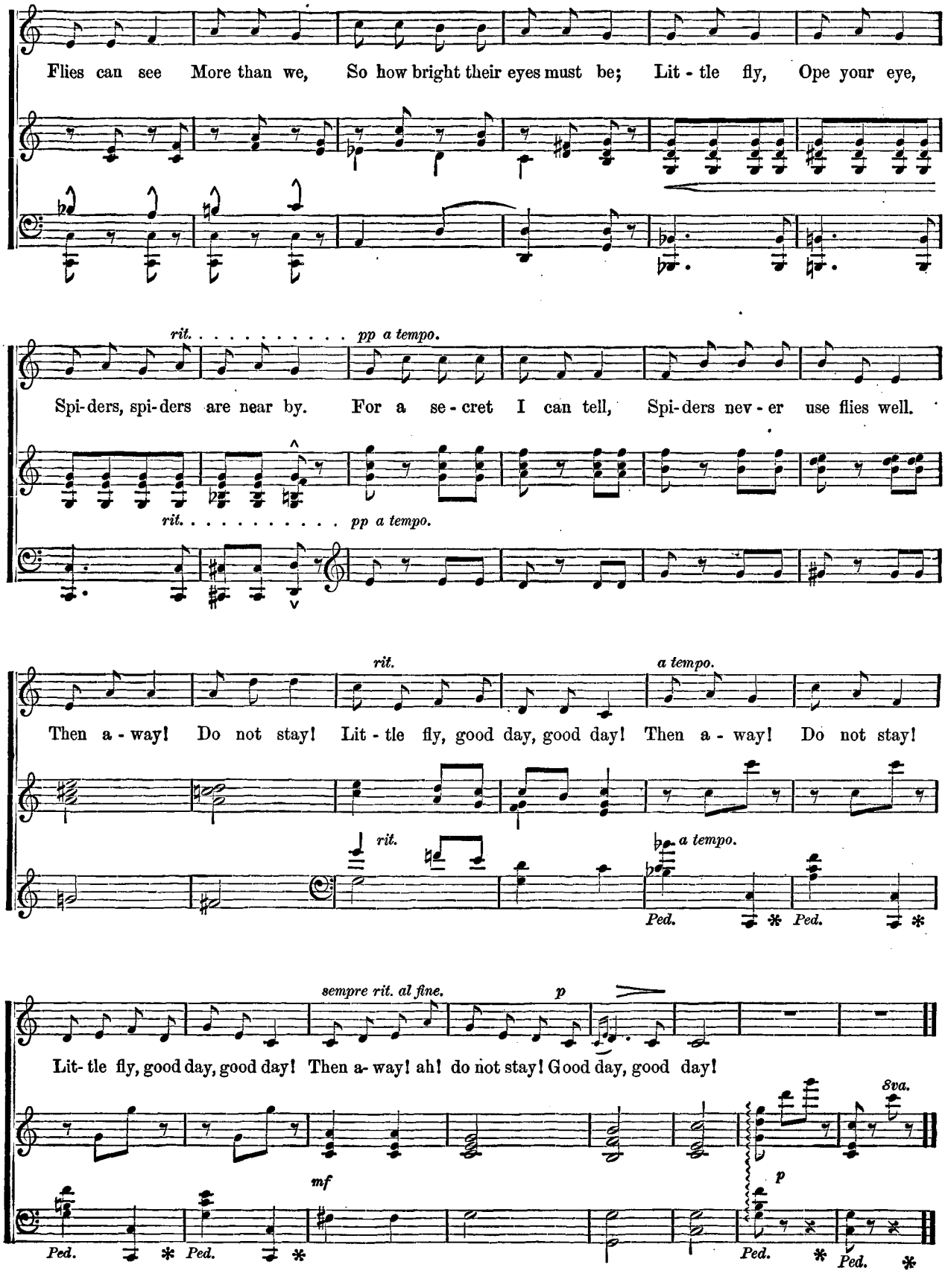
Mr. Tilton was the author of many powerful, political and reformatory articles. He possessed fine oratorial powers and was a distinguished advocate of the anti-slavery cause, and of woman's rights. For twenty years he was famous as a lyceum lecturer, speaking in nearly every State of the Union.

Mr. Tilton has lived abroad since 1883. Among his published works are "The Sexton's Tale" and other poems; "Sancta Sanctorum," or "Proof-Sheets from an Editor's Table;" "Tempest Tossed," a novel; "Thou and I," poems; and "Swabian Stories," ballads.


Allegretto.
8va.
mf
rit.
p
Ba - by Bye, Here's a fly; Let us watch him, you and I, How he crawls
p
poco rall.
a tempo.
Up the walls, Yet he nev - er, nev - er falls! I be - lieve with six such legs
poco rall.
a tempo.


rit.
You and I could walk on eggs. There he goes On his toes, Tick-ling, tick- ling Ba- by's nose.
rit.
Black and brown Is his gown, He can wear it up-side-down; It is laced Round his waist; I ad-mire his
taste, I ad-mire his taste. I can show you, if you choose, Where to look to find his shoes,—
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
Three small pairs; Made of hairs; These he al- ways, al-ways wears.
8va....
a tempo.


He can eat Bread and meat; There's his mouth between his feet. That small speck Is his neck; See him,
see him nod and beck, All wet flies, With their thighs, Thus they wipe their heads and eyes; Cats, you know, Wash just
so, Then, oh, then their whiskers grow. Flies have hairs too short to comb, So they fly bare-head-ed
home; But the gnat Wears a hat, Now do you be-lieve in that? Now do you be-lieve in that?


Flies can see More than we, So how bright their eyes must be; Lit - tle fly, Ope your eye,
rit. pp a tempo.
Spi-ders, spi-ders are near by. For a se - cret I can tell, Spi-ders nev - er use flies well.
rit. pp a tempo.
rit. a tempo.
Then a - way! Do not stay! Lit - tle fly, good day, good day! Then a - way! Do not stay!
rit. a tempo.
Ped. Ped.
sempre rit. al fine. p
Lit- tle fly, good day, good day! Then a- way! ah! do not stay! Good day, good day!
8va.
mf p
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

THE public that has so often slighted the names of its pleasantest comforters, has occasionally sought to raise from obscurity one to whom its debts were infinitely less. SAMUEL WOODWORTH deserved from his fellow men nothing more than the common decencies of life, until he chanced, by mere persistency of scribbling, to produce something which, though but tolerable as poetry, touched the universal heart. Popular impression seems to class him in the list of the unappreciated great, who might have done more had more been done for them. Is it commonly remembered that a volume of his was published in New York, with an eulogistic introduction by George P. Morris, which contained one hundred poems, save one,—and the lacking one is the only real one that WOODWORTH ever wrote—"The Old Oaken Bucket," which was not then in existence.

He was born in Scituate, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, January 13, 1785. His father was a farmer, and very poor. At fourteen, Samuel had picked up but little reading, writing and arithmetic, when he began to make rhymes which the village authorities,—the minister, and the school-master—saw and pronounced remarkable. The minister took him into his own family, and instructed him in English branches and Latin; but verse-making kept him from study, and the love of it. The minister tried to raise money enough to carry him through college; but the undertaking failed, and the spirit which inspired many youths of his day to get an education through their own efforts, was not possessed by our hero. He chose the calling of a printer, but at the end of his apprenticeship in a Boston office, he had wearied of the arduous work. He formed a preposterous plan for making a tour over the whole country, in order to write a description of his travels. But again people were reluctant to invest for his benefit; and as the economical and health-giving method of walking did not tempt his fancy, his biographer touchingly records, that when that hope had failed him also, he returned to the printer's case. Soon after, he engaged in a wild speculation, and the same friendly hand euphemistically writes that "the unfortunate result rendered a temporary absence from his native State necessary to the preservation of his personal liberty." He then planned a journey to the South, and a friend who had often given him the same kind of assistance, supplied a purse that would take him a little way. He vainly asked for work at the printing-offices along his route, and arrived at New Haven with blistered feet and an empty pocket. With additional funds from his generous friend, he continued his journey to New York, where he found work, and a still furthur loan awaiting him. But verse-making and love-making claimed most of his time, and in nine months he abandoned the employment that had once given him the means of support and left him leisure for literary pursuits. He then established a newspaper, procuring an outfit upon credit. It was called *The Belles-Lettres Repository*, and was enthusiastically dedicated to the ladies. Perhaps the fair were highly flattered, but the brothers, lovers, and husbands failed to buy. A crash, of course, ensued, after which the creditors had the pleasure of reading a poem of six hundred lines, which the publisher and editor wrote to relieve his feelings.

He worked in Hartford a few weeks, and then went back to his early home. Once more he set out, on foot, in search of fame and fortune. He wandered to Baltimore, paying his way by writing for the newspapers, and he never lacked a market for his rhymes. But, poor as ever, he returned to New York, and involved other lives in the needless bitterness of his own life. He married, and four little ones were born to, and amid the miseries of his poverty.

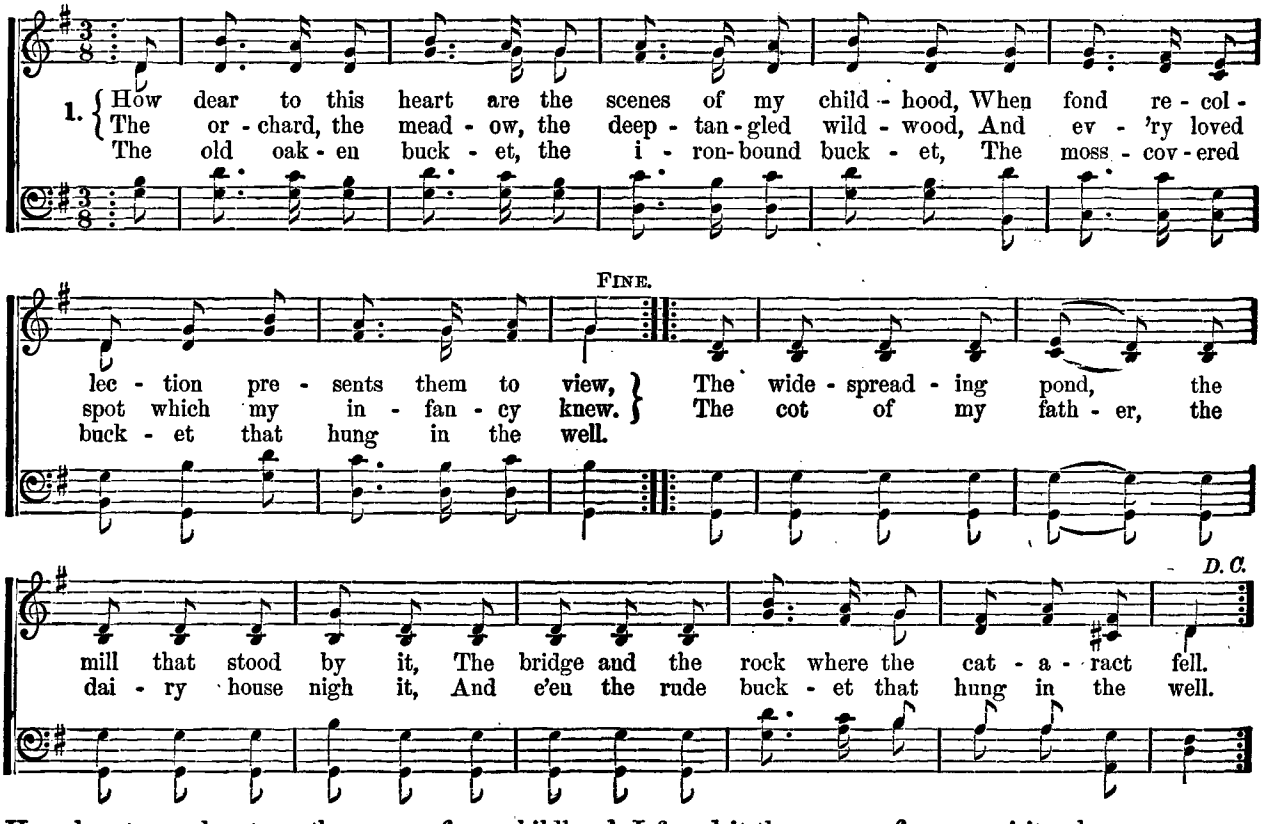
During the war of 1812–'15, Mr. Woodworth conducted a weekly newspaper called *The War*, and a monthly magazine called *The Halcyon Luminary Theological Repository*. The latter was devoted to the doctrine of Swedenborg, of whom Woodworth was a follower. More debt was all that resulted to him through his enterprise. He had no difficulty in obtaining employment in a printing-office, and, while working there, he was asked to write a history of the war with England, in the style of a romance, to be entitled "The Champions of Freedom." So eager was the public for this story, which nobody now reads, that the author was often compelled to send twelve unrevised lines at a time to the press. The printing was begun when but two sheets were written.

Two publishing-houses simultaneously offered to collect, illustrate, and publish Woodworth's poems, and accompany them with a sketch of his life. They hunted stray corners for his rhymed scraps, and solemnly asserted that "they wished no advantage to themselves, but were moved only by the desire to rescue from oblivion the fugitive productions of a native poet, who upon the other side of the water would have attained opulence, and to relieve an unfortunate author from pecuniary embarrassment;" adding that, if that effort met with success, a second volume would be forthcoming! Samuel Woodworth died December 9th, 1842.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written in the summer of 1817, when Mr. Woodworth, with his family, was living in Duane street, New York City. One hot day, he came into the house, and pouring out a glass of water, drained it eagerly. As he set it down, he exclaimed, "That is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good, long draught from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well, at home."

"Selim," said his wife, "wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?"

At this suggestion, Woodworth seized his pen, and as the home of his childhood rose vividly to his fancy, he wrote the now familiar words. The name of Frederick Smith appears as composer of the air, but he was merely the arranger, as the melody is adapted from Kiallmark's music written for Moore's "Araby's Daughter."


1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When fond re - col -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved
The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron - bound buck - et, The moss - cov - ered
FINE.
lec - tion pre - sents them to view, The wide - spread - ing pond, the
spot which my in - fan - cy knew. The cot of my fath - er, the
buck - et that hung in the well.
D. C.
mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell.
dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

CHORUS.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white, pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And drooping with coolness it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy rim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.

DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS, better known as "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" from his famous poem of that name, is a merchant, who, with the exception of two years service in the civil war, has always resided in or near Boston, having been born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on April 21st, 1842. Early in life he began writing humorous dialect poetry which has been published by many of the best known periodicals. His parody on the Old Oaken Bucket entitled "Dot Long-Handled Dipper" is one of the best of his well-renowned parodies. Sung to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket" it is very amusing. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote an appreciative letter to Mr. Adams, in which he said, "I hope your genial and always welcome humor will long continue to delight the world to which you have already contributed so much enjoyment."

Der boet may sing off "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit,"
Und in schveetest langvitch its virtues may tell;
Und how, vhen a poy, he mit eggsdasy dook it,
Vhen dripping mit coolness it rose vrom der vell.
I don'd take some schtock in dot manner off trinking!
It vas too mooch like horses und cattle, I dink.
Dhere vas more sadisfactions, in my vay off dinking,
Mit dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

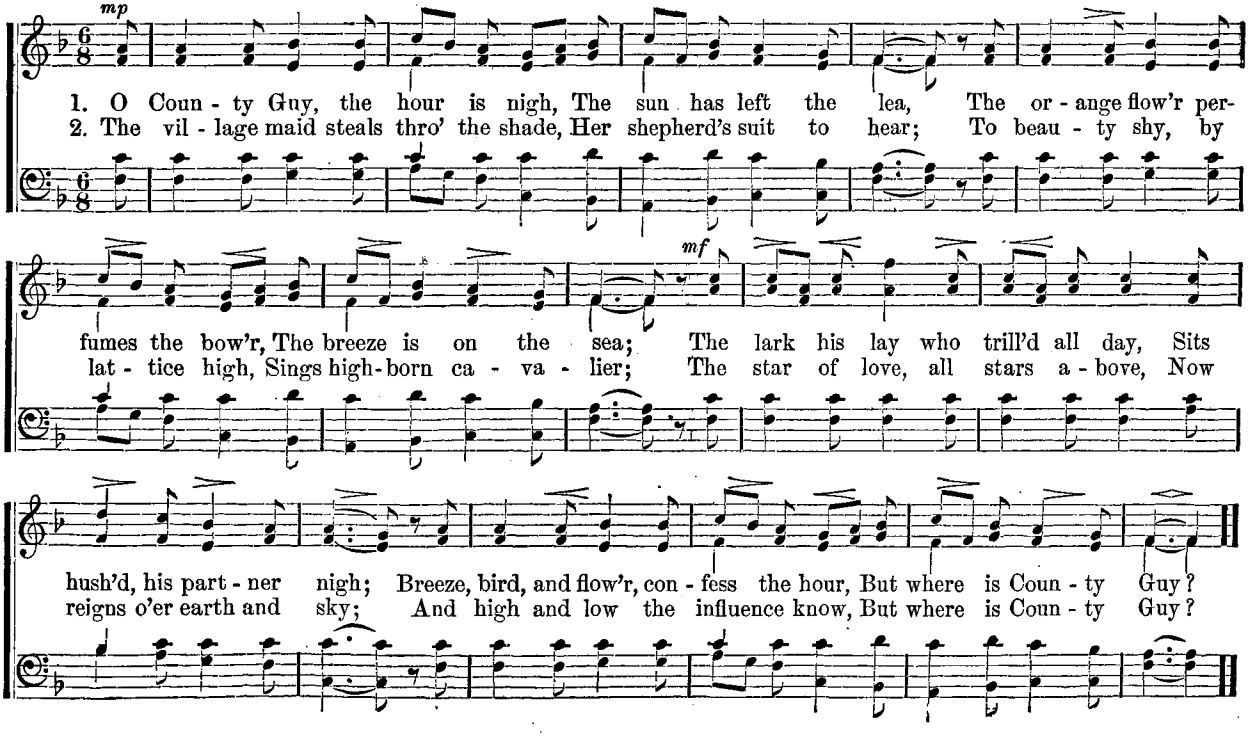
"How schveet vrom der green mossy brim to receive it"—
Dot vould soundt pooty goot—eef it only vas true—
Der vater schbills ofer, you petter pelieve it!
Und runs down your schleeve, und schlops indo your shoe.
Dhen down on your nose comes dot oldt iron handle,
Und makes your eyes vater so gvick as a vink.
I deels you dot bookit it don'd hold a candle
To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs by der sink.

How nice it musd been in der rough vinter veddher,
Vhen it settles righdt down to a coldt, freezing rain,
To haf dot rope coom oup so light as a feddher,
Und findt dot der bookit vas proke off der chain,
Dhen down in der vell mit a pole you go fishing,
Vhile into your back cooms an oldt-fashioned kink:
I pet you mine life all der time you vas vishing
For dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

Dhen gife oup der bookits und pails to der horses;
Off mikerobes und tadpoles schust gife dhem dheir fill!
Gife me dot pure vater dot all der time courses
Droo dhose pipes dot run down from der schpring on der hill.
Und eef der goot dings off dis vorld I gets rich in,
Und friendts all aroundt me dheir glasses schall clink,
I schtill vill rememper dot oldt coundtry kitchen,
Und dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

COUNTY GUY.

"COUNTY GUY" is a little song by SIR WALTER SCOTT, set to an air of MOZART'S.


mp
1. O Coun - ty Guy, the hour is nigh, The sun has left the lea, The or - ange flow'r per-
2. The vil - lage maid steals thro' the shade, Her shepherd's suit to hear; To beau - ty shy, by
mf
fumes the bow'r, The breeze is on the sea; The lark his lay who trill'd all day, Sits
lat - tice high, Sings high-born ca - va - lier; The star of love, all stars a - bove, Now
hush'd, his part - ner nigh; Breeze, bird, and flow'r, con - fess the hour, But where is Coun - ty Guy?
reigns o'er earth and sky; And high and low the influence know, But where is Coun - ty Guy?

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

HENRY CAREY, author of "Sally in our Alley," was born about 1663, and was a natural son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, whose family granted Carey a handsome annuity. He adopted the musical profession; but, although he had unusual advantages, he never rose to eminence. For many years, he taught music in schools and families of the middle rank. He was a prolific writer of songs, and in 1729 published two volumes of poems, many of which are good, and one or two of which are widely known. His fame must rest upon the one song which touched the popular heart.—"Sally in our Alley;" for his claim to the authorship of "God save the King" is too stoutly denied, to add anything to it.

He seems to have been a man of very good qualities and character. He was the principal projector of the fund for decayed musicians, their widows, and children. In announcing a benefit concert to be given him, the London *Daily Post* of December 3, 1730, said: "At our friend, Harry Carey's benefit, to-night, the powers of music, poetry, and painting, assemble in his behalf; he being an admirer of the three arts. The body of musicians meet in the Haymarket, whence they march in great order, preceded by a magnificent moving organ, in form of a pageant, accompanied by all the kinds of musical instruments ever in use, from Tubal Cain until the present day. A great multitude of booksellers, authors, and printers form themselves into a body at Temple Bar, whence they march, with great decency, to Covent Garden, preceded by a little army of printer's devils, with their proper instruments. Here the two bodies of music and poetry are joined by the brothers of the pencil, where, after taking some refreshments at the Bedford Arms, they march in solemn procession to the theatre, amidst an innumerable crowd of spectators."

"Sally in our Alley" was one of the most popular songs ever made in England. In the third edition of his poems, Carey gives an account of the manner in which it came to be written. He says: "The real occasion was this: A shoemaker's 'prentice, making a holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying-chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields; from whence proceeding to the Farthing-pie-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese, cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the author dodged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship,) from whence he drew this little sketch of nature; but being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance, which nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased (more than once) to mention it with approbation."

Endless were the answers, parodies, and imitations of the favorite song. One of the liveliest of the former began:

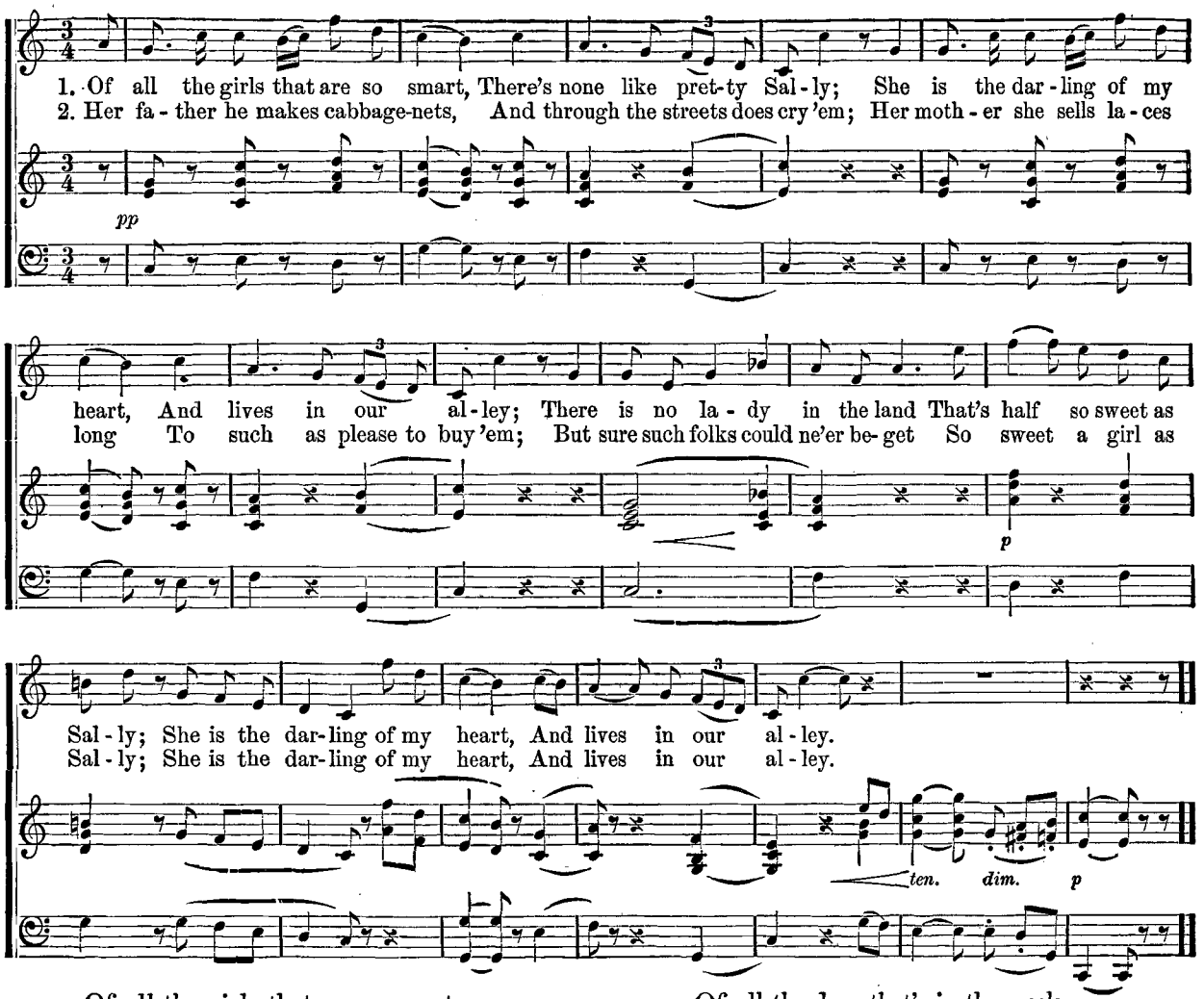
"Of all the lads that are so smart,
There's none I love like Billy;
He is the darling of my heart,
And he lives in Piccadilly."

Another contained the following:

"I little thought when you began,
To write of charming Sally;
That every brat would sing so soon,
'She lives in our alley.'"

Carey committed suicide in a fit of despair, October 4, 1743, at his home in Warmer street, Coldbath-fields,—or, to quote a quaint account, "by means of a halter he put a period to a life which had been led without reproach." Like all who took their lives in that day, he was buried at a cross-roads, and his grave is unknown.

Carey composed the original air to his song, and it was immensely popular for thirty years, when suddenly it was dropped, and "Sally" was set in motion to a fine old ballad air, called "The Country Lass."


1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my
2. Her fa-ther he makes cabbage-nets, And through the streets does cry 'em; Her moth-er she sells la-ces
pp
heart, And lives in our al-ley; There is no la-dy in the land That's half so sweet as
long To such as please to buy 'em; But sure such folks could ne'er be-get So sweet a girl as
p
Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.
Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.
ten.
dim.
p

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his bellyfull—
I'll bear it all for Sally;
For she is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

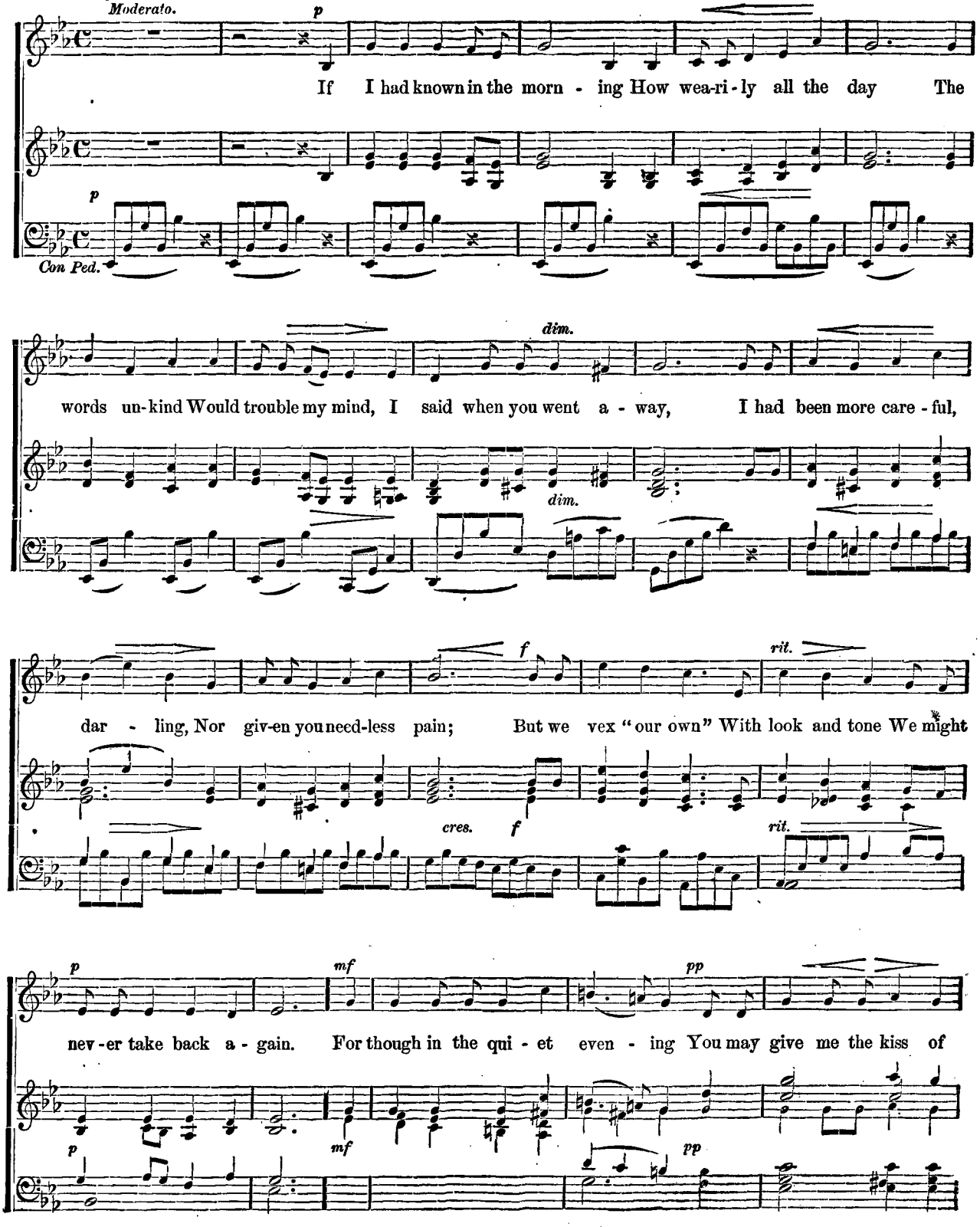
My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our allley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh, then I shall have money!
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey;
Oh, would it were ten thousand pound!
I'd give it all to Sally;
For she's the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

"OUR OWN."

ALTO SOLO.

Words by MARGARET E. SANGSTER. F. A. SCHNECKER.


Moderato.
p
If I had known in the morn - ing How wea-ri-ly all the day The
Con Ped.
dim.
words un-kind Would trouble my mind, I said when you went a - way, I had been more care - ful,
dim.
f
rit.
dar - ling, Nor giv-en you need-less pain; But we vex "our own" With look and tone We might
cres.
f
rit.
p
mf
pp
nev-er take back a - gain. For though in the qui - et even - ing You may give me the kiss of
p
mf
pp

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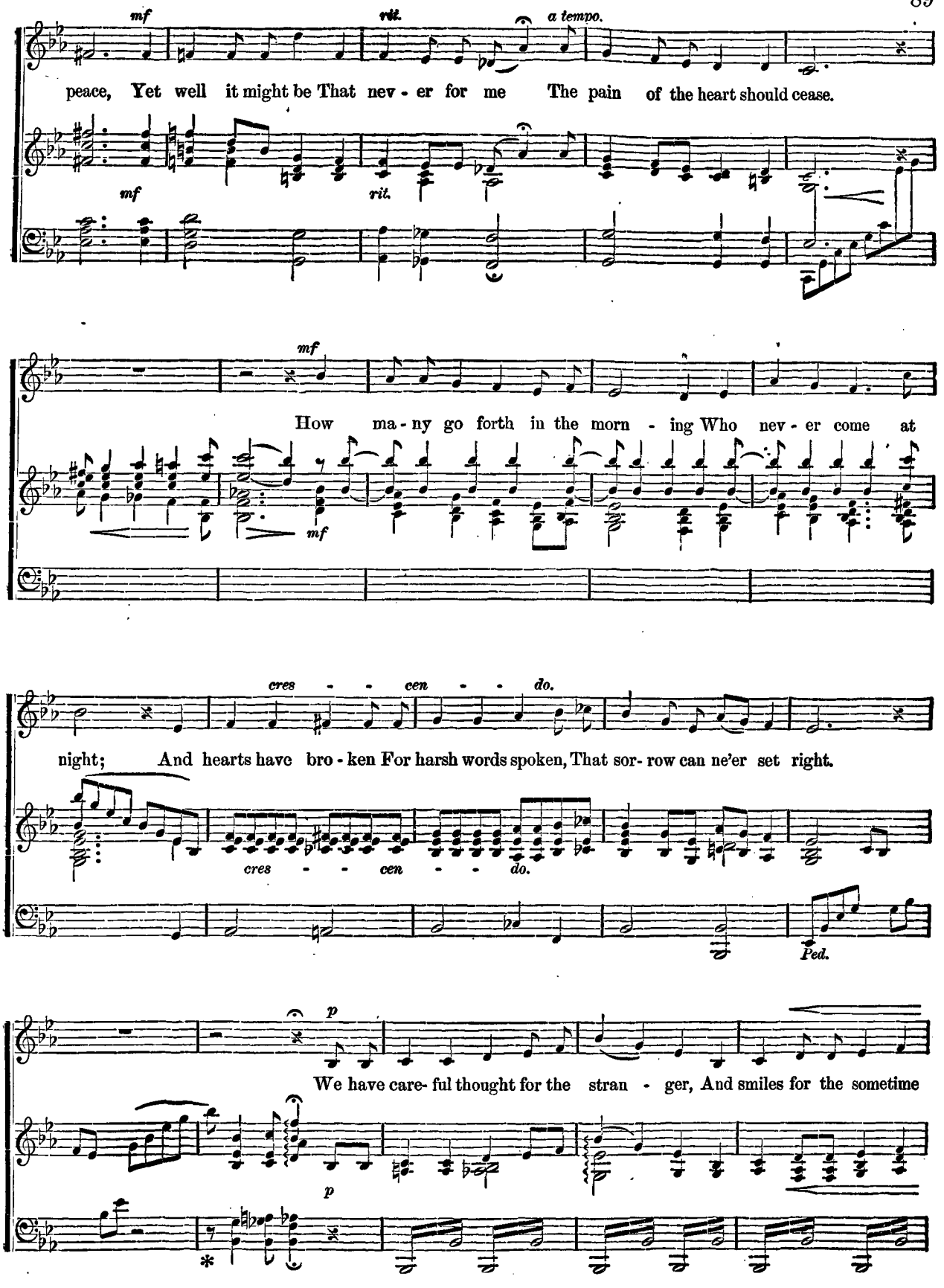
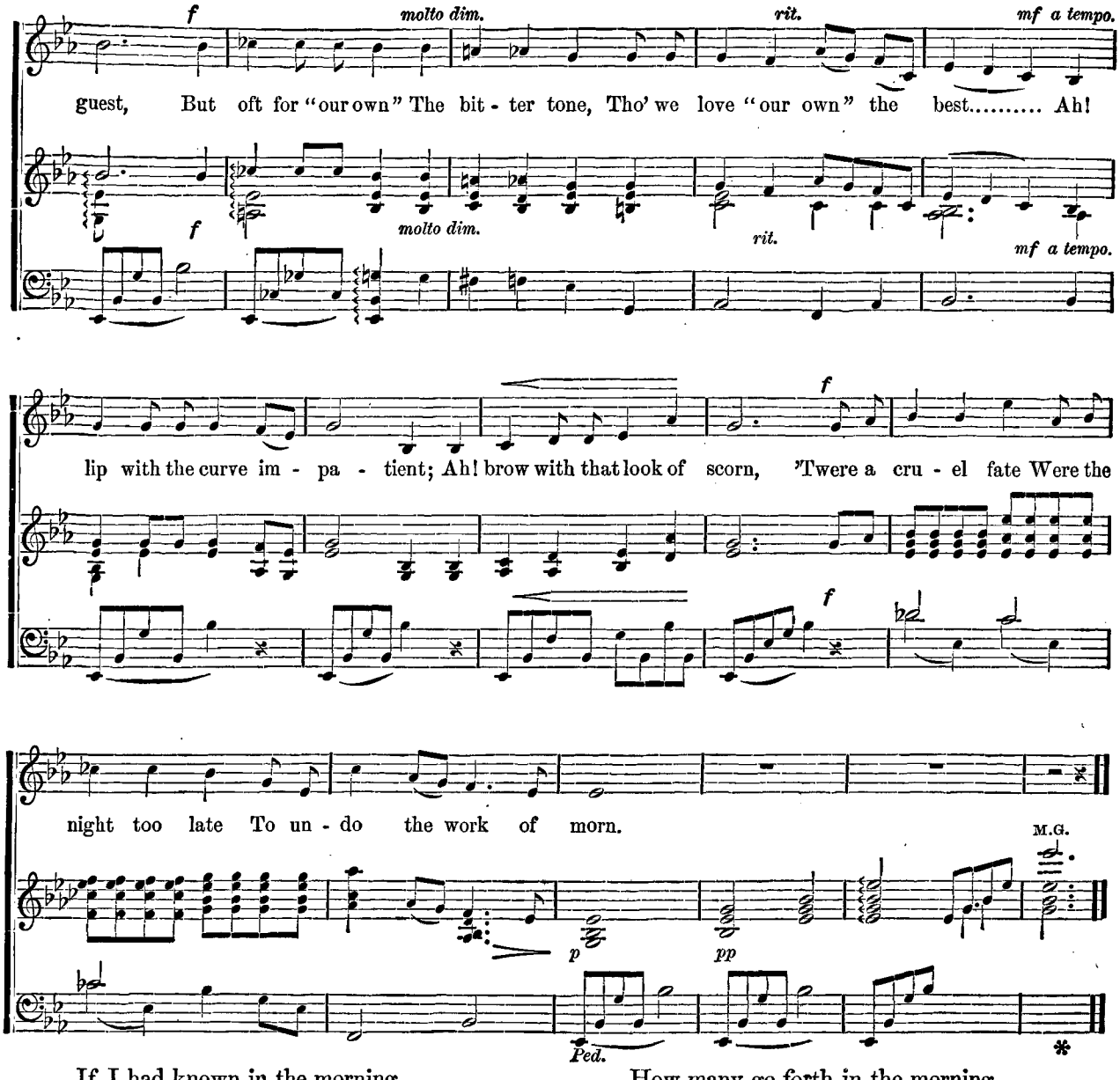

mf
rit.
a tempo.
peace, Yet well it might be That nev - er for me The pain of the heart should cease.
mf
rit.
mf
How ma - ny go forth in the morn - ing Who nev - er come at
mf
cres - - cen - - do.
night; And hearts have bro - ken For harsh words spoken, That sor - row can ne'er set right.
cres - - cen - - do.
Ped.
p
We have care- ful thought for the stran - ger, And smiles for the sometime
p


f
molto dim.
rit.
mf a tempo.
guest, But oft for "our own" The bit - ter tone, Tho' we love "our own" the best..... Ah!
lip with the curve im - pa - tient; Ah! brow with that look of scorn, 'Twere a cru - el fate Were the
night too late To un - do the work of morn.
M.G.
p
pp
Ped.
*

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.

How many go forth in the morning
Who never come at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lip with the curve impatient;
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

"THE PICKET'S OFF DUTY FOREVER."

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

This famous song has had many claimants; but when the matter is looked into, only two remain about whose right to it there can be any serious discussion. These are LAMAR FONTAINE and MRS. ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

Mr. Fontaine was born at Gay Hill, Texas. In 1840 his father moved to Austin, and was secretary to General Lamar, after whom the son was named. The family removed again, and young Fontaine describes himself as fond of all the pastimes of a wild frontier life, and says it was his delight to slip away from home and live among the Indians. He became a major in the Confederate army. After the war he wrote: "I have been endeavoring to eke out a living as pedagogue, with a helpless wife and child dependent upon my daily labors, with poor pay, and a cripple too; for I received eleven wounds during the war, and have lost my right limb."

In reply to a letter from Mr. Davidson, author of "Living Writers of the South," Mr. Fontaine says: "Now, the poem in question was written by me while our army lay at Fairfax Court-House, or rather the greater portion, in and around that place. On the 2d day of August, 1861, I first read it to a few of my messmates, in Company I, 2d Virginia Calvary. During the month of August I gave away many manuscript copies to soldiers, and some few to ladies in and about Leesburg, London Co., Va. In fact, I think that most of the men belonging to the 2d Virginia, then commanded by Colonel Radford, were aware of the fact that I was the author of it. I never saw the piece in print until just before the battle of Leesburg (October 21, 1861,) and then it was in a Northern paper, with the notice that it had been found on the dead body of a picket. I hope the controversy between myself and others, in regard to 'All Quiet along the Potomac to-night,' will soon be forever settled. I wrote it, and the world knows it; and they may howl over it, and give it to as many authors as they please. I wrote it, and I am a southern man, and I am proud of the title, and am glad that my children will know that the South was the birthplace of their fathers, from their generation back to the seventh."

Mr. Fontaine mentions other poems of his, which are "non-come-at-able just now," and he encloses a manuscript of the disputed poem which differs very slightly from its contestant.

Mr. Davidson also publishes a letter on the subject, written by Mr. Chandler Harris, of Georgia, in the course of which he says: "After a careful and impartial investigation of all the facts in my reach, I have come to the conclusion that Mrs. Beers, and not Mr. Fontaine, wrote the poem in question. My reasons for believing that Mr. Fontaine is not the author of 'All Quiet,' are several:

"1. The poem appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for November 30, 1861, as 'The Picket Guard,' over the initials of Mrs. Ethel Beers, of New York. 2. It did not make its appearance in any Southern paper until about April or May, 1862. 3. It was published as having been found in the pocket of a dead soldier, on the battle-field. It is more than probable that the dead soldier was a Federal, and that the poem had been clipped from *Harper*. 4. I have compared the poem in *Harper* with the same as it first appeared in the Southern papers, and find the punctuation to be precisely the same. 5. Mr. Fontaine, so far as I have seen, has given elsewhere no evidence of the powers displayed in that poem. I, however, remember noticing in the Charleston *Courier*, in 1863 or 1864, a 'Parodie' (as Mr. L. F. had it) on Mrs. Norton's 'Bingen on the Rhine,' which was postively the poorest affair I ever saw. Mr. Fontaine had just come out of a Federal prison, and some irresponsible editor, in speaking of this 'parodie,' remarked that the poet's Pegasus had probably worn his wings out against the walls of his Northern dungeon."

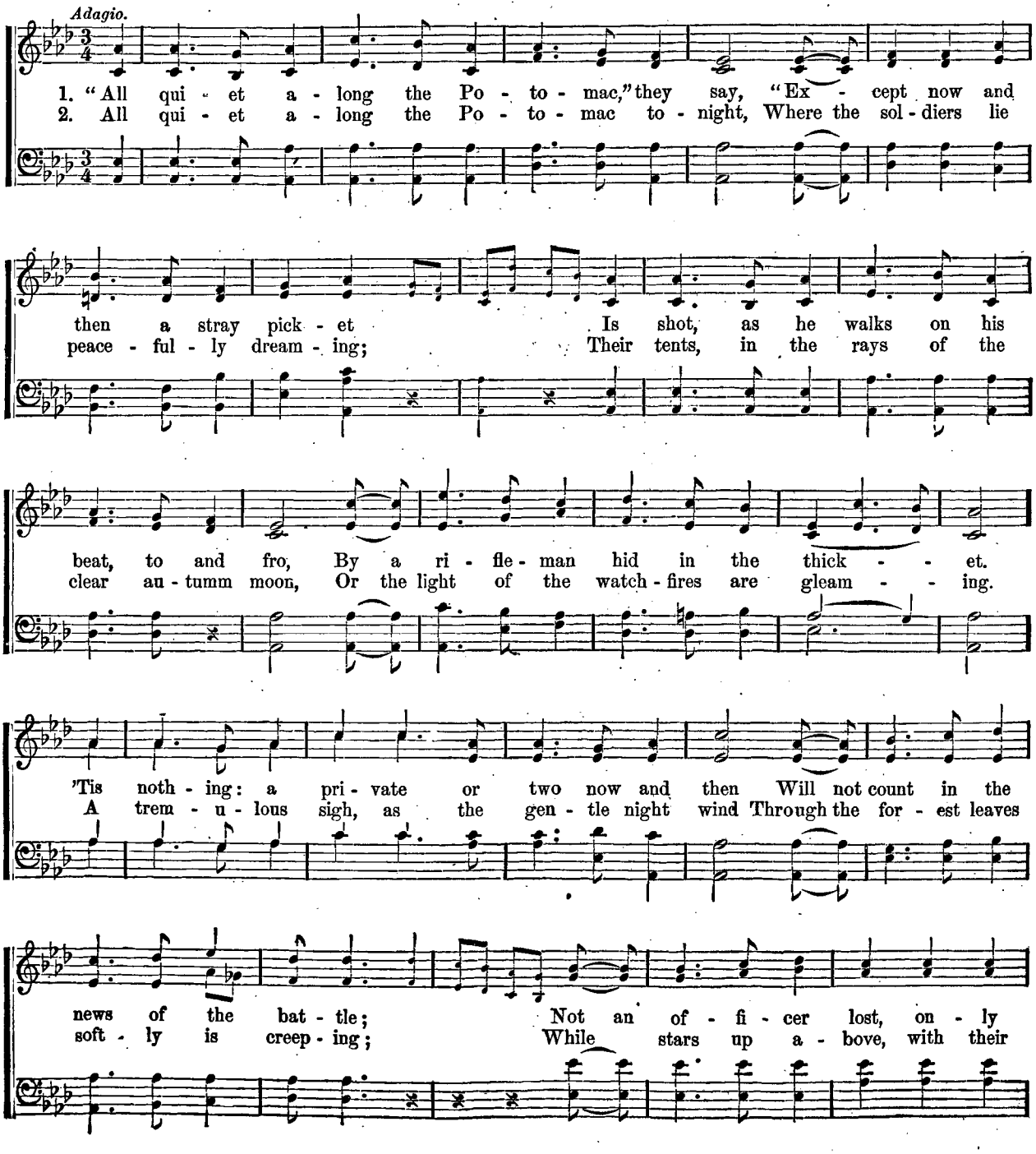
"You probably know me well enough to acquit me, in this instance at least, of the charge of prejudice. I am jealous of Southern literature; and if I have any partiality in the matter at all, it is in favor of Major Lamar Fontaine's claim. I should like to claim this poem for that gentleman; I should be glad to claim it as a specimen of Southern literature but the facts in the case do not warrant it."

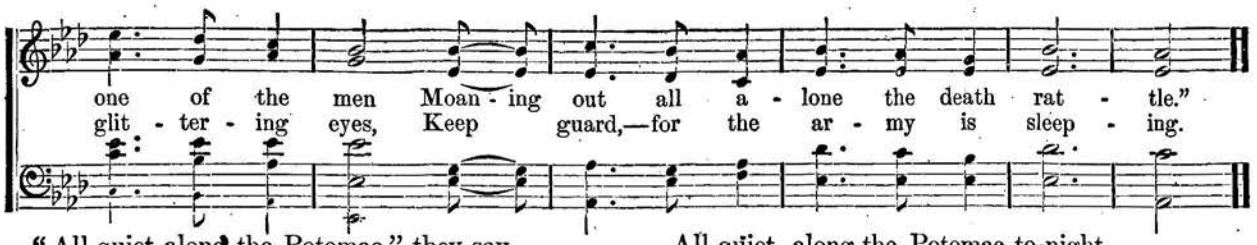
So much for Mr. Fontaine's claim. On the other hand, Mr. Alfred H. Guernsey, for many years editor of *Harper's Magazine*, in a letter dated March 22, 1868, says: "The facts are just these: The poem bearing the title 'The Picket Guard,' appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for November 30, 1861. It was furnished by Mrs. Ethel Beers, a lady whom I think incapable of palming off as her own any production of another."

Mrs. Beers herself, speaking of the poem in a private letter to me, says: "The poor 'Picket' has had so many authentic claimants, and willing sponsors, that I sometimes question myself whether I did really write it that cool September morning, after reading the stereotyped announcement 'All quiet,' &c., to which was added in small type 'A picket shot.'" This letter had the same effect upon me that the agonized cry of the real mother "Give her the living child!" had upon King Solomon, as he dangled the baby in one hand and flourished the sword in the other.

Mrs. Beers was born in Goshen Co., N. Y., and her maiden name was Ethelinda Eliot. She was a descendant of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. Her first contributions to the press appeared under the *nom de plume* of "Ethel Lynn," one easily and prettily suggested by her very Saxon Christian name. After her marriage, she added her husband's name, and over the signature Ethel Lynn Beers published many poems, among the best known of which are "Weighing the baby," "Which shall it be?" and "Baby looking out for me." Mrs. Beers resided in Orange, New Jersey, where she died October 10, 1879, the day on which her poems were issued in book form.

The music of her song was composed by J. DAYTON, who was leader of the band of the First Connecticut Artillery, and has composed several other melodies.


Adagio.
1. "All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac," they say, "Ex - cept now and
2. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac to - night, Where the sol - diers lie
then a stray pick - et Is shot, as he walks on his
peace - ful - ly dream - ing; Their tents, in the rays of the
beat, to and fro, By a ri - fle - man hid in the thick - - et.
clear au - tumm moon, Or the light of the watch - fires are gleam - - ing.
'Tis noth - ing: a pri - vate or two now and then Will not count in the
A trem - u - lous sigh, as the gen - tle night wind Through the for - est leaves
news of the bat - tle; Not an of - fi - cer lost, on - ly
soft - ly is creep - ing; While stars up a - bove, with their



"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out all alone the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack, his face dark and grim,
Glows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;
For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips, when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to his side.
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves,
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye,"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

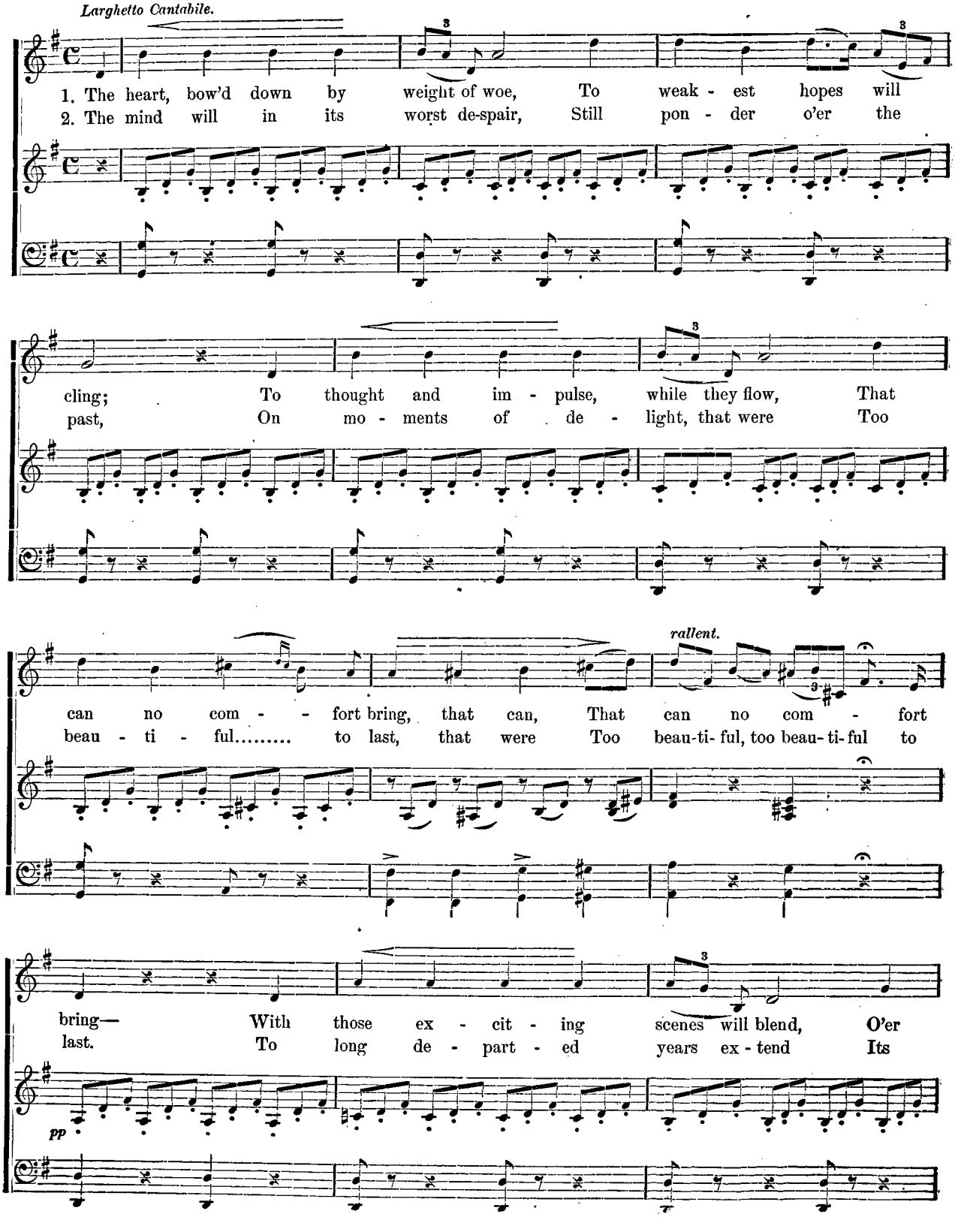
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
The picket's off duty forever.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves,"
Was it moonlight so wondrously plashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye,"
And the life-blood is ebbing and flashing.

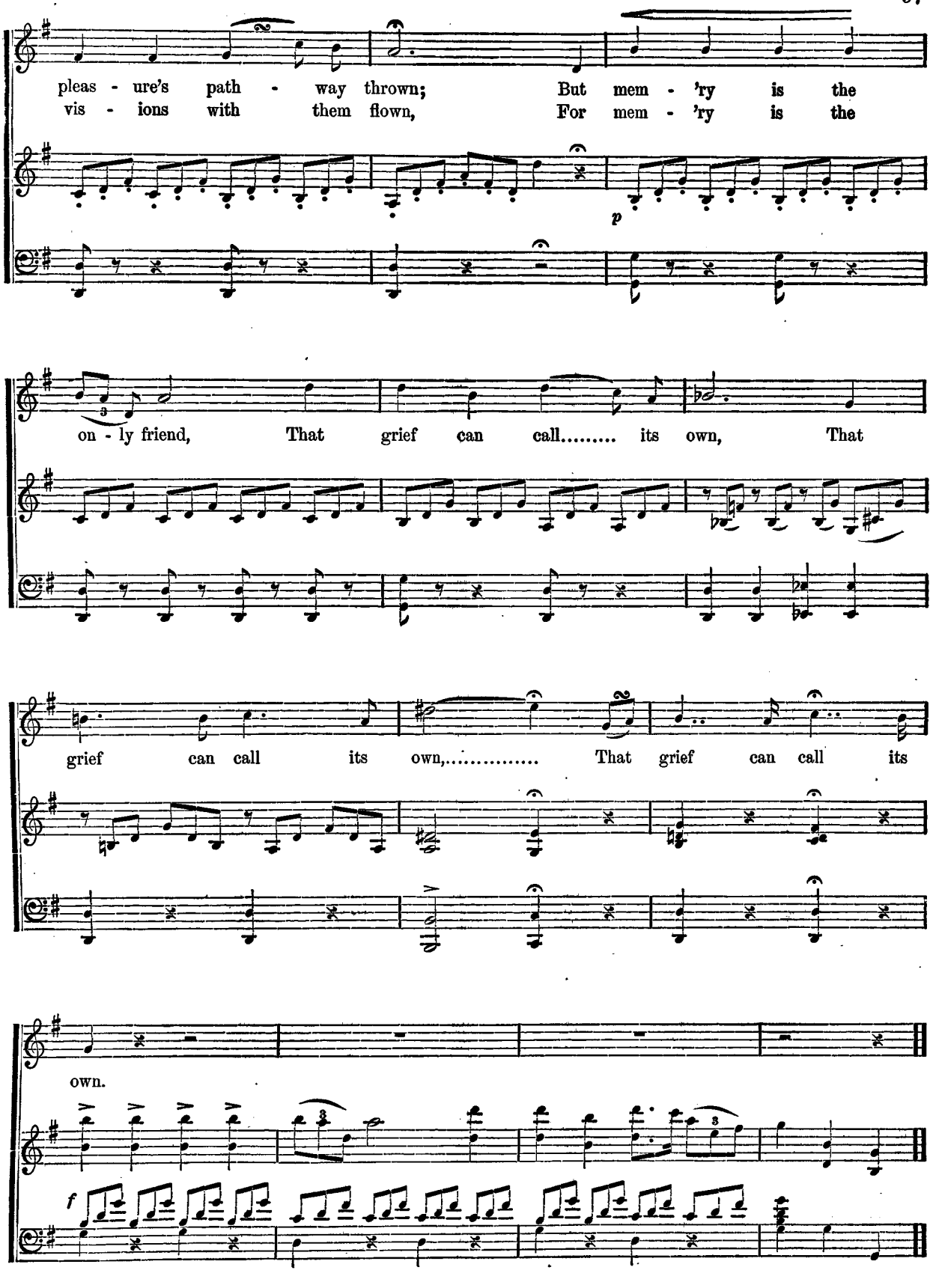
THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

From "Bohemian Girl."

M. W. BALFE.

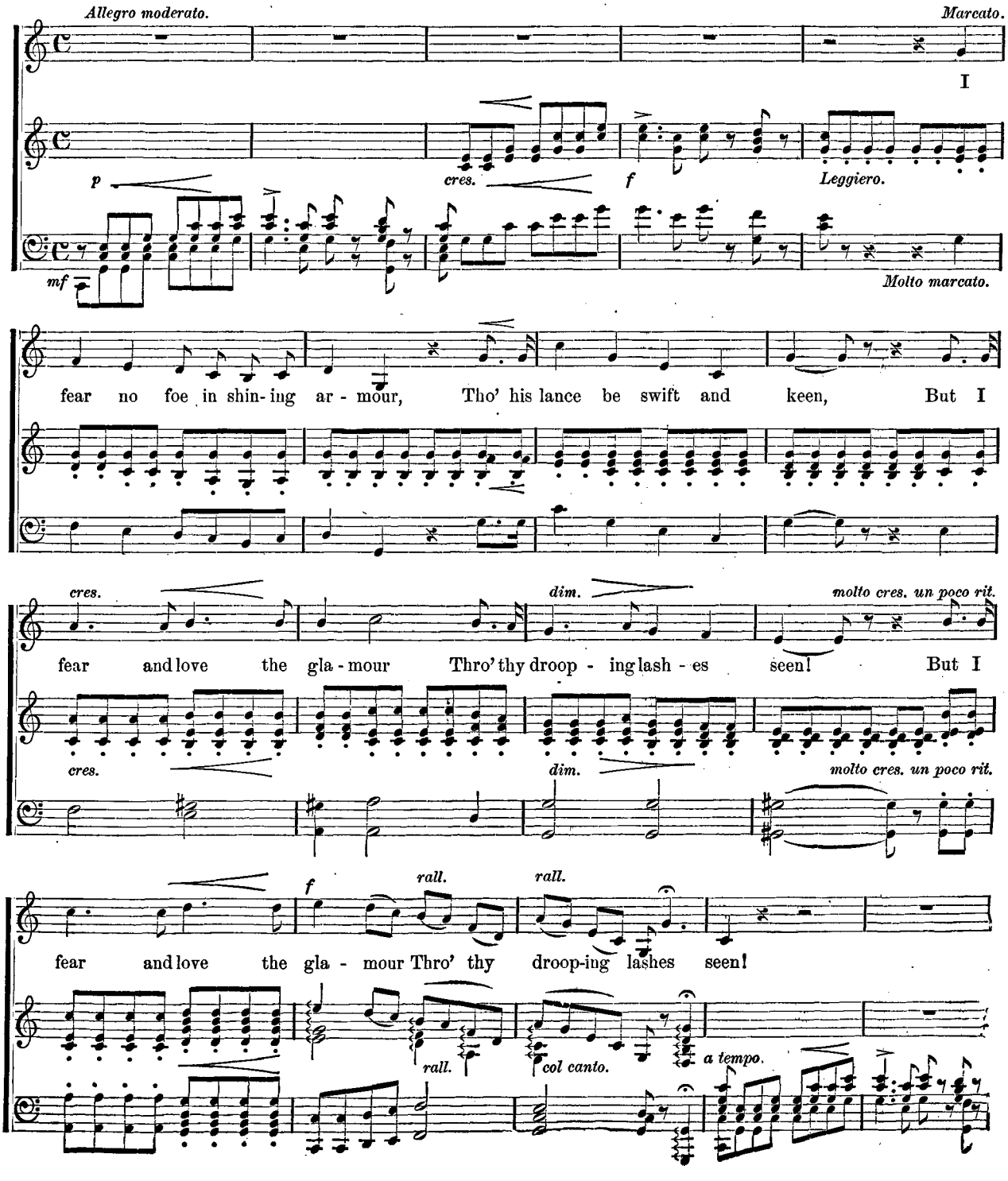
Larghetto Cantabile.

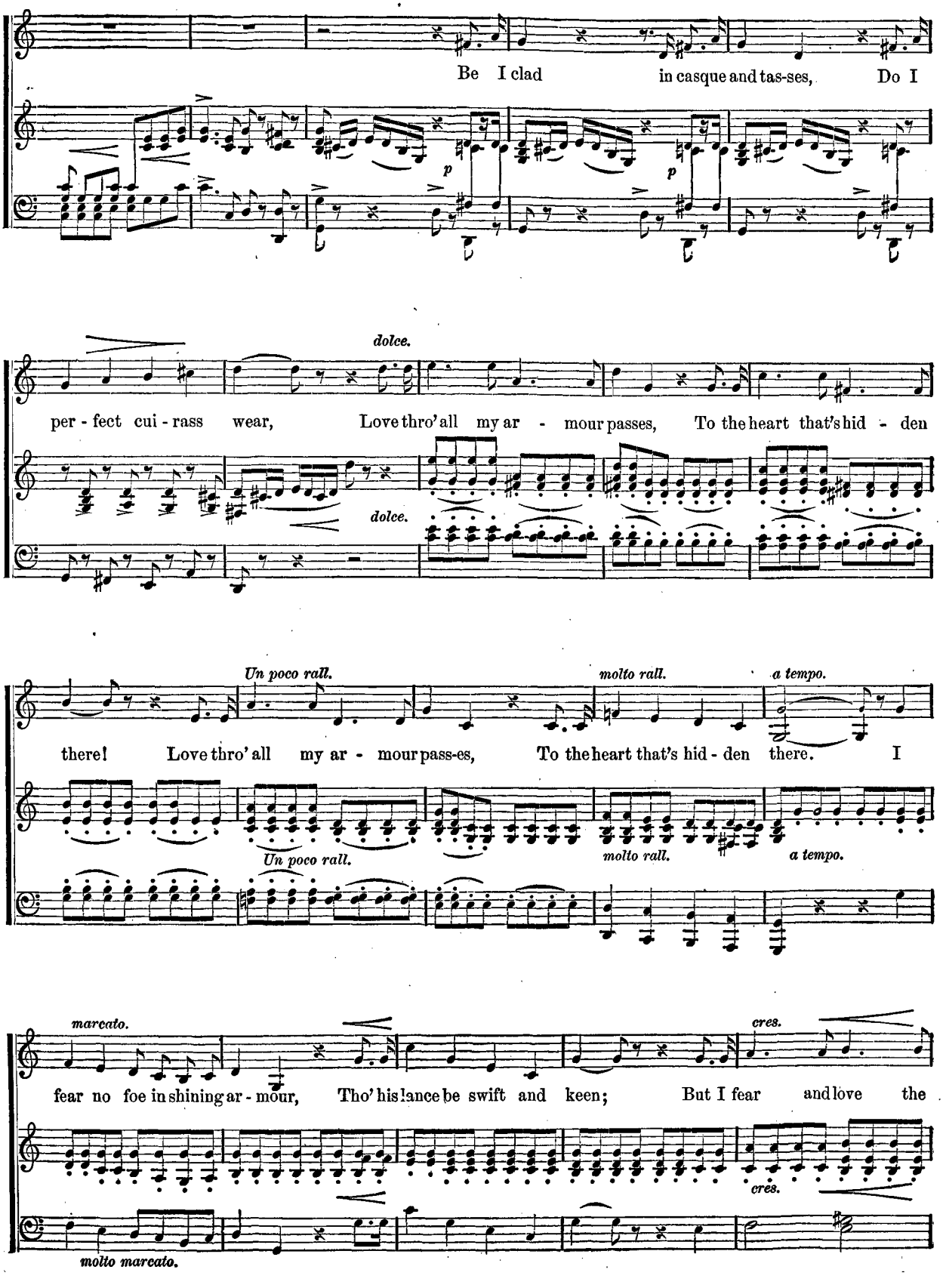

1. The heart, bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak - est hopes will
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair, Still pon - der o'er the
cling; To thought and im - pulse, while they flow, That
past, On mo - ments of de - light, that were Too
rallent.
can no com - - fort bring, that can, That can no com - fort
beau - ti - ful..... to last, that were Too beau-ti- ful, too beau- ti-ful to
bring— With those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
last. To long de - part - ed years ex - tend Its
pp

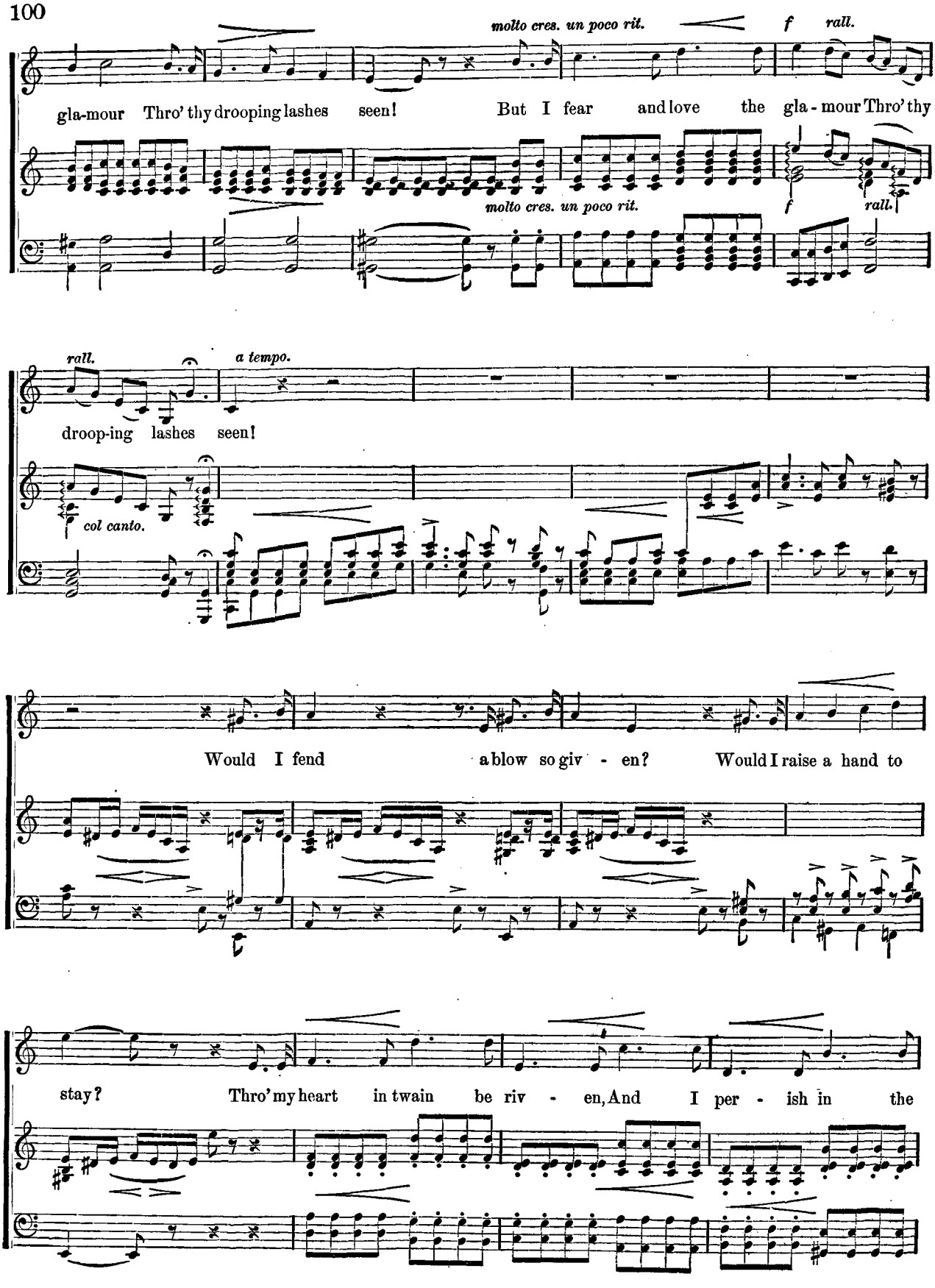

pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem - 'ry is the
vis - ions with them flown, For mem - 'ry is the
p
on - ly friend, That grief can call..... its own, That
grief can call its own,..... That grief can call its
own.
f

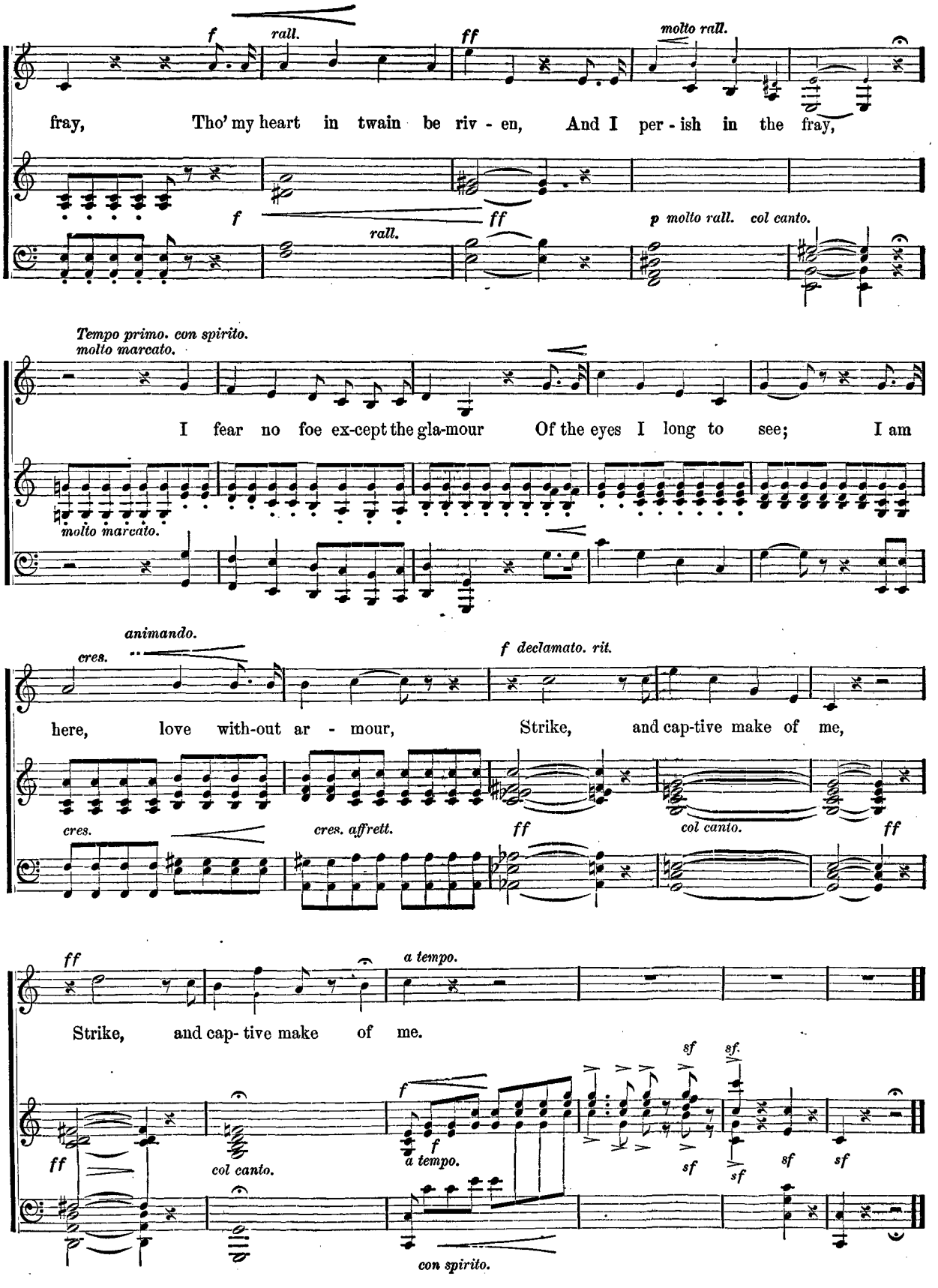
I FEAR NO FOE.

THIS is one of the most popular of songs for the baritone voice, and even the shortest list of baritone songs would contain it; while among the best songs composed by CIRO PINSUTI, it holds a high place. Quite apart from its musical excellence, which is marked, it is almost unique as a love song of the *robusto* order; and the fine, manly spirit which is indicated in the title and maintained throughout the song is admirably contrasted with the lover-like submission to the "glamour of the eyes I long to see." The words, which comport so well with the music, were written by EDWARD OXENFORD.




Be I clad in casque and tas-ses, Do I
p
p
dolce.
per - fect cui - rass wear, Love thro' all my ar - mour passes, To the heart that's hid - den
dolce.
Un poco rall.
molto rall.
a tempo.
there! Love thro' all my ar - mour pass-es, To the heart that's hid - den there. I
Un poco rall.
molto rall.
a tempo.
marcato.
cres.
fear no foe in shining ar - mour, Tho' his lance be swift and keen; But I fear and love the
cres.
molto marcato.


molto cres. un poco rit.
f
rall.
gla-mour Thro' thy drooping lashes seen! But I fear and love the gla - mour Thro' thy
molto cres. un poco rit.
f
rall.
rall.
a tempo.
droop-ing lashes seen!
col canto.
Would I fend a blow so giv - en? Would I raise a hand to
stay? Thro' my heart in twain be riv - en, And I per - ish in the


f
rall.
ff
molto rall.
fray, Tho' my heart in twain be riv - en, And I per - ish in the fray,
f
ff
rall.
p molto rall. col canto.
Tempo primo. con spirito.
molto marcato.
I fear no foe ex-cept the gla-mour Of the eyes I long to see; I am
molto marcato.
animando.
cres.
f declamato. rit.
here, love with-out ar - mour, Strike, and cap-tive make of me,
cres.
cres. affrett.
ff
col canto.
ff
ff
a tempo.
Strike, and cap- tive make of me.
sf
sf.
ff
col canto.
f
a tempo.
sf
sf
sf
sf
con spirito.

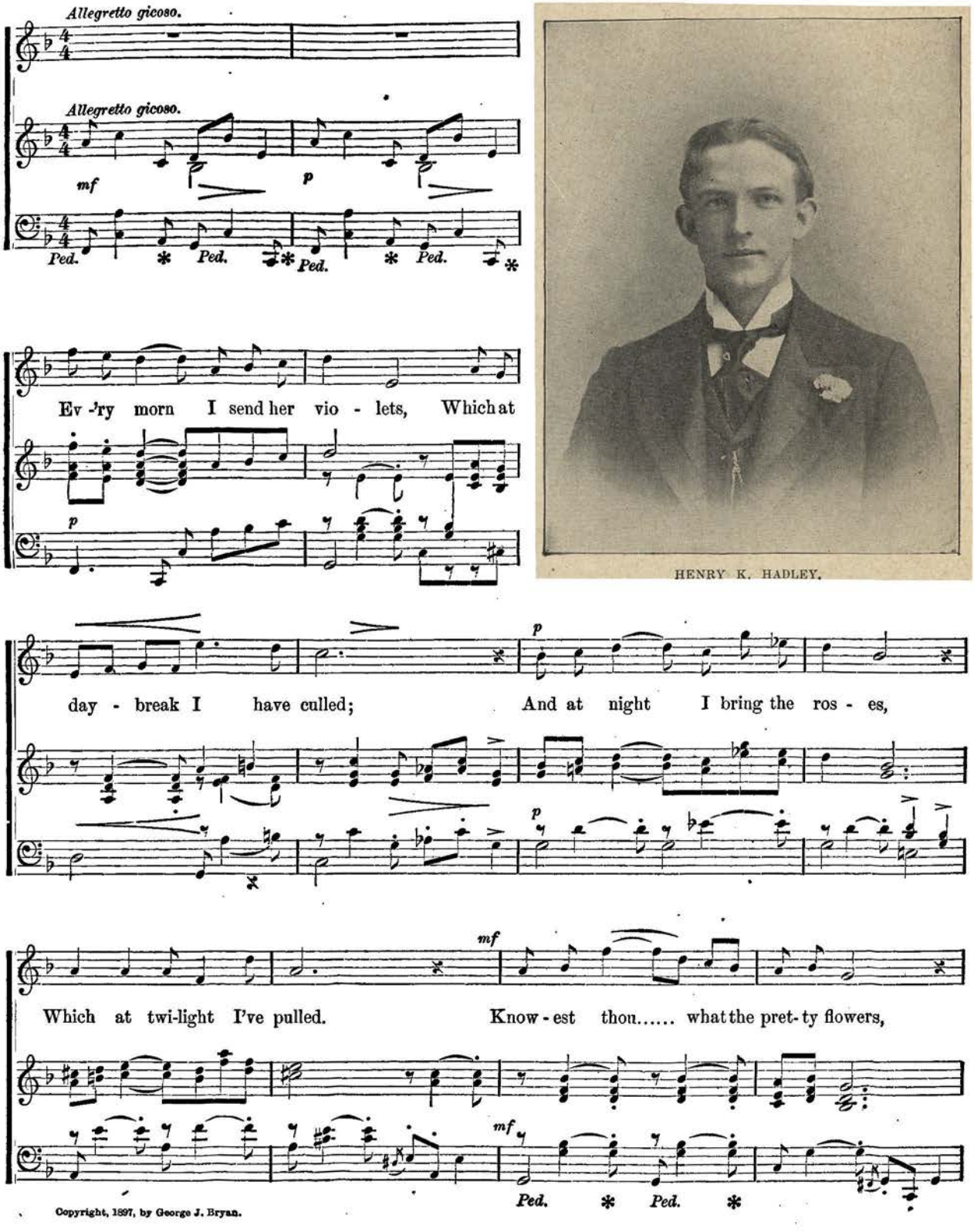
R ... 41

80084

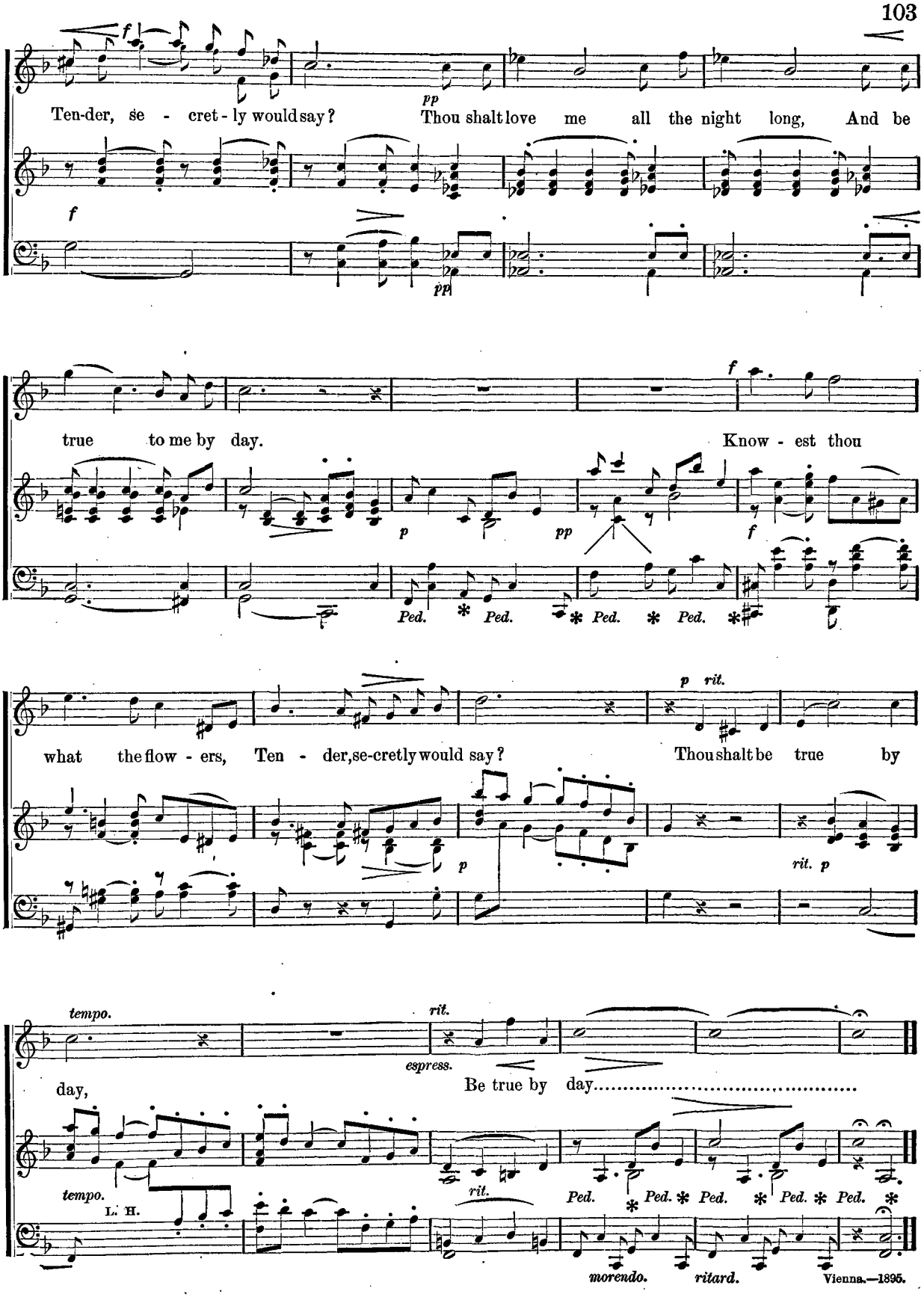
WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

THE words of this song are a translation from Heine by Julian Fane; the music is by HENRY K. HADLEY.

HENRY K. HADLEY.


Allegretto gicoso.
Allegretto gicoso.
mf
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Ev - 'ry morn I send her vio - lets, Which at
p
day - break I have culled;
And at night I bring the ros - es,
p
mf
Which at twi-light I've pulled.
Know - est thou..... what the pret - ty flowers,
mf
Ped. * Ped. *

Copyright, 1897, by George J. Bryan.

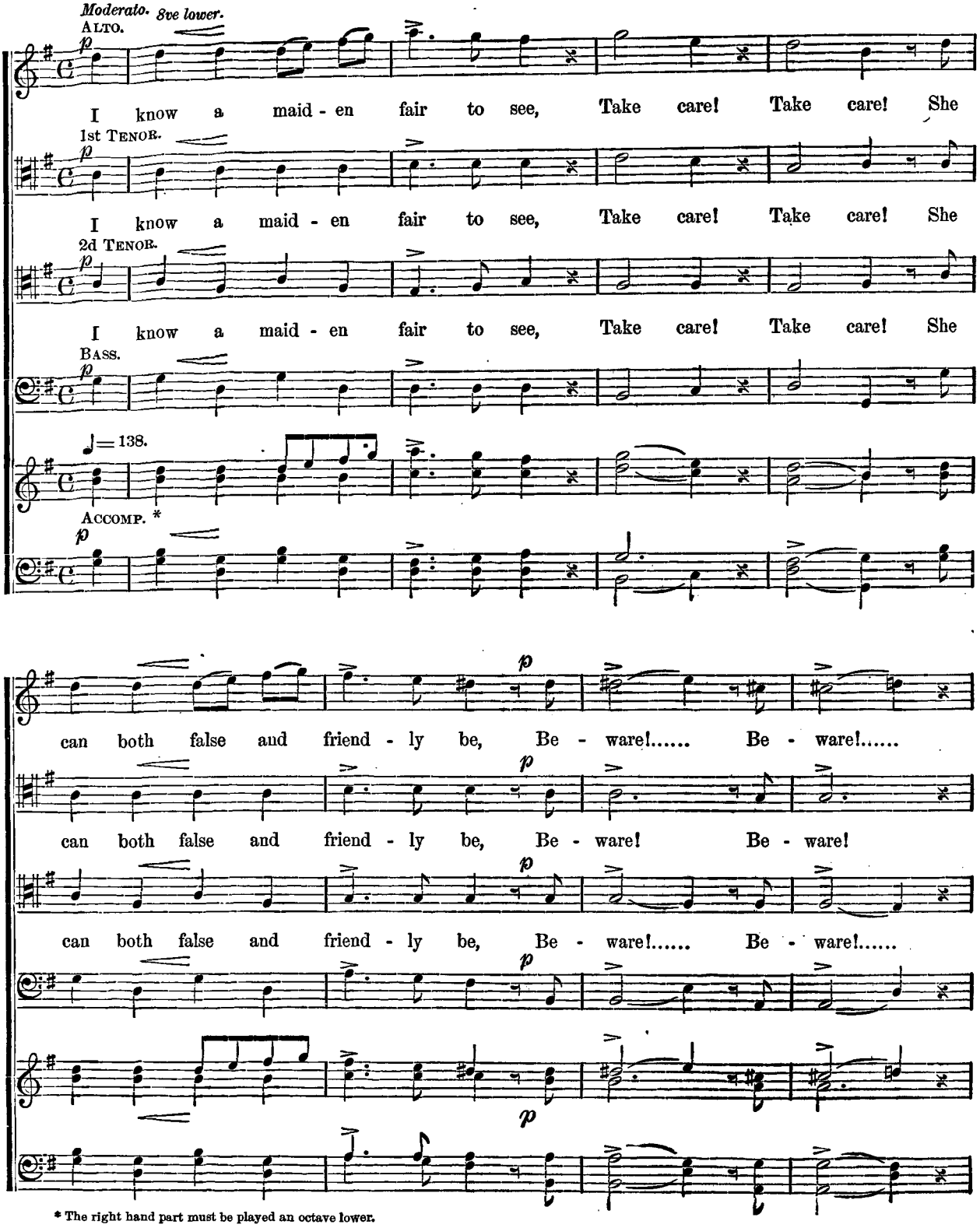

Ten-der, se - cret - ly would say? Thou shalt love me all the night long, And be
true to me by day. Know - est thou
what the flow - ers, Ten - der, se-cretly would say? Thou shalt be true by
day, Be true by day.....
tempo.
rit.
espress.
L. H.
morendo.
ritard.
Vienna.—1895.

BEWARE.

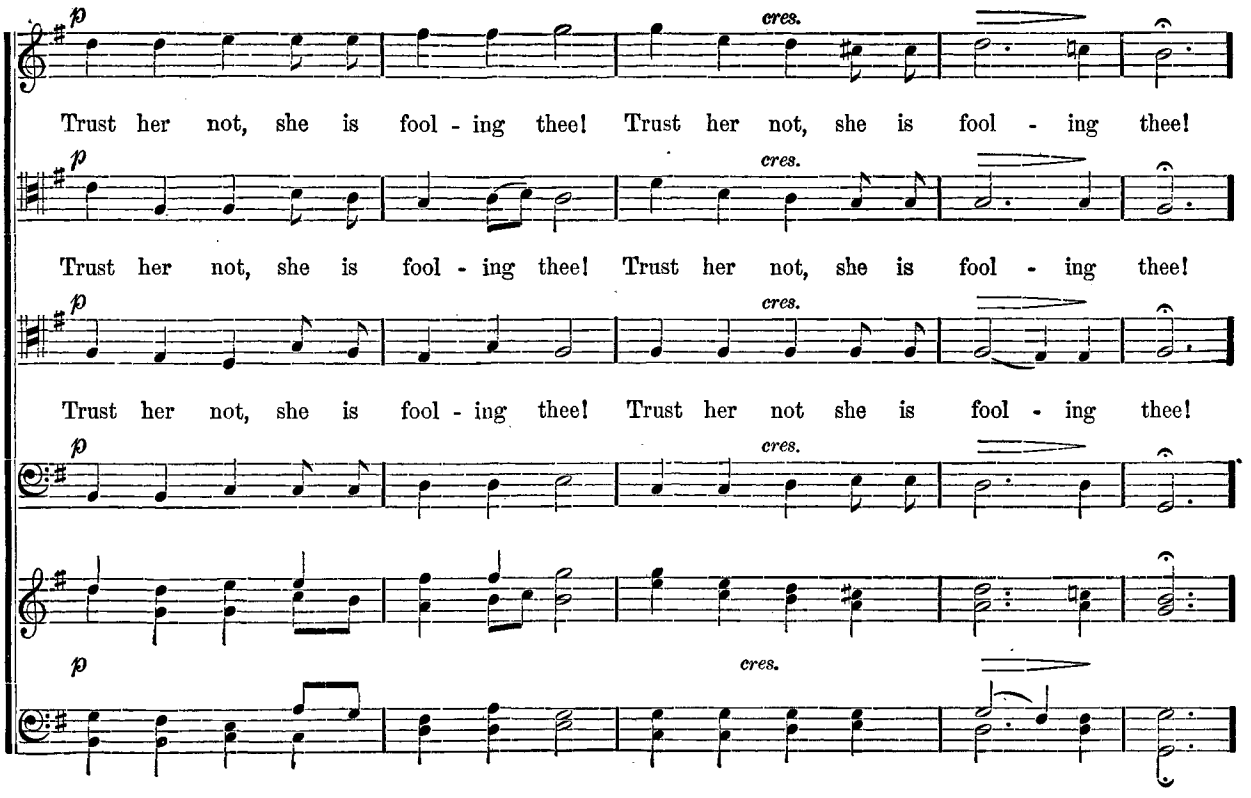
QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.

Poetry by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

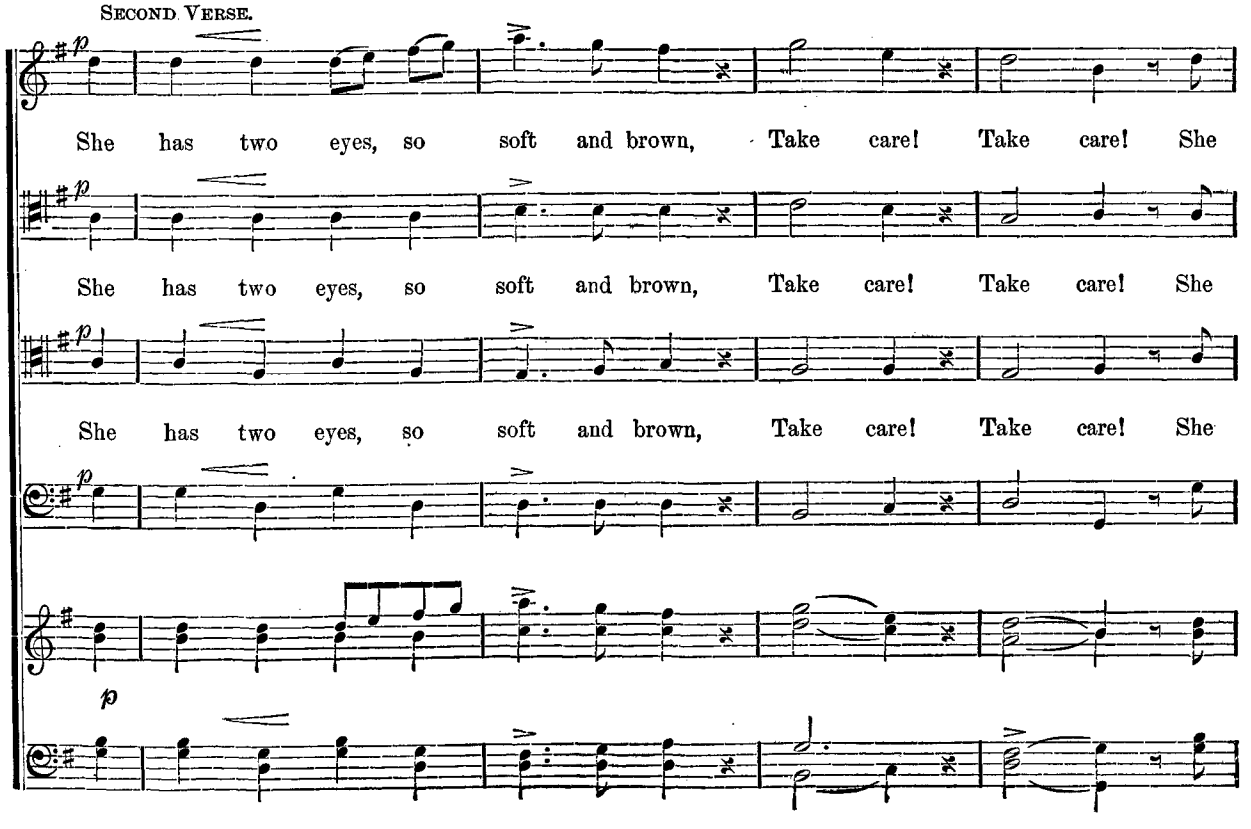
J. L. HATTON.

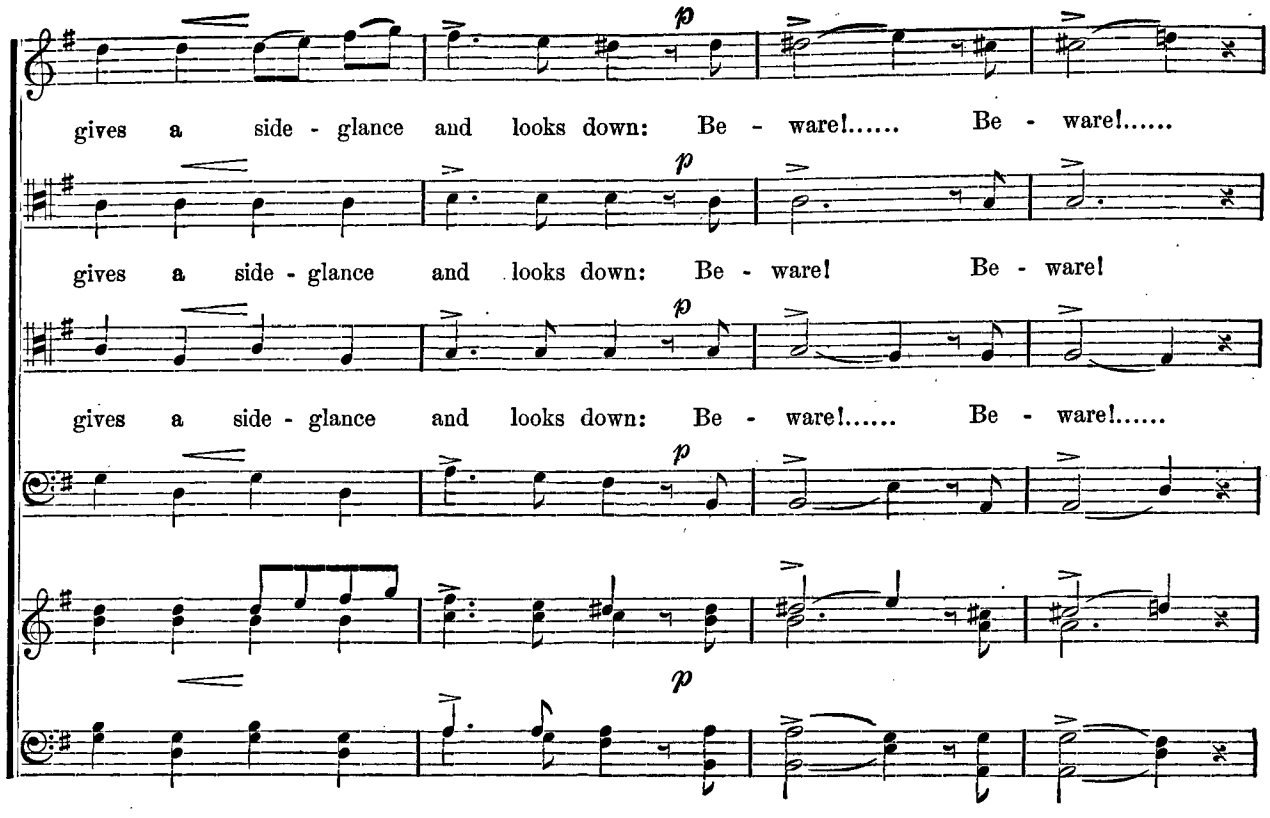

Moderato. 8ve lower.
ALTO.
p
I know a maid - en fair to see, Take care! Take care! She
1st TENOR.
p
I know a maid - en fair to see, Take care! Take care! She
2d TENOR.
p
I know a maid - en fair to see, Take care! Take care! She
BASS.
p
♩= 138.
ACCOMP. *
p
can both false and friend - ly be, Be - ware!..... Be - ware!.....
p
can both false and friend - ly be, Be - ware! Be - ware!
p
can both false and friend - ly be, Be - ware!..... Be - ware!.....
p
p

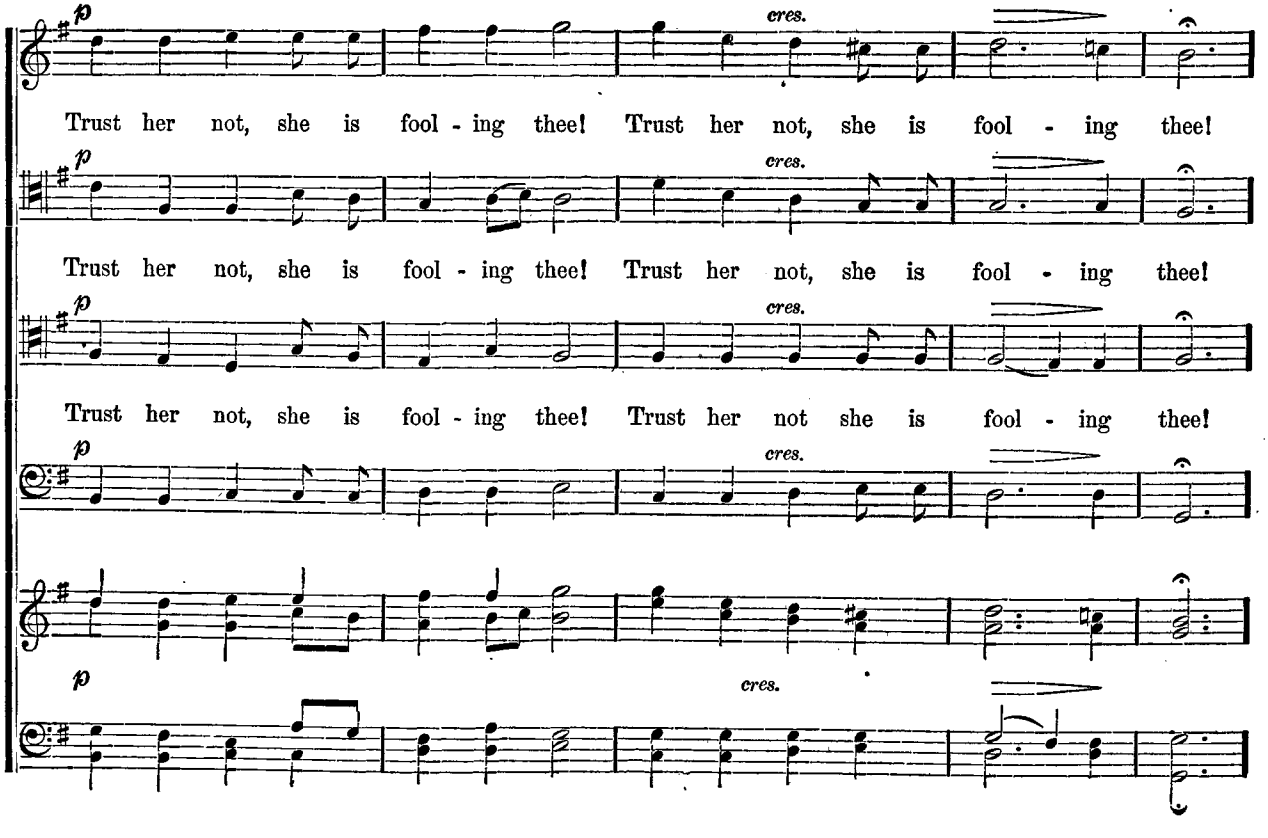
* The right hand part must be played an octave lower.


p
cres.
Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee! Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee!
Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee! Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee!
Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee! Trust her not she is fool - ing thee!

SECOND VERSE.

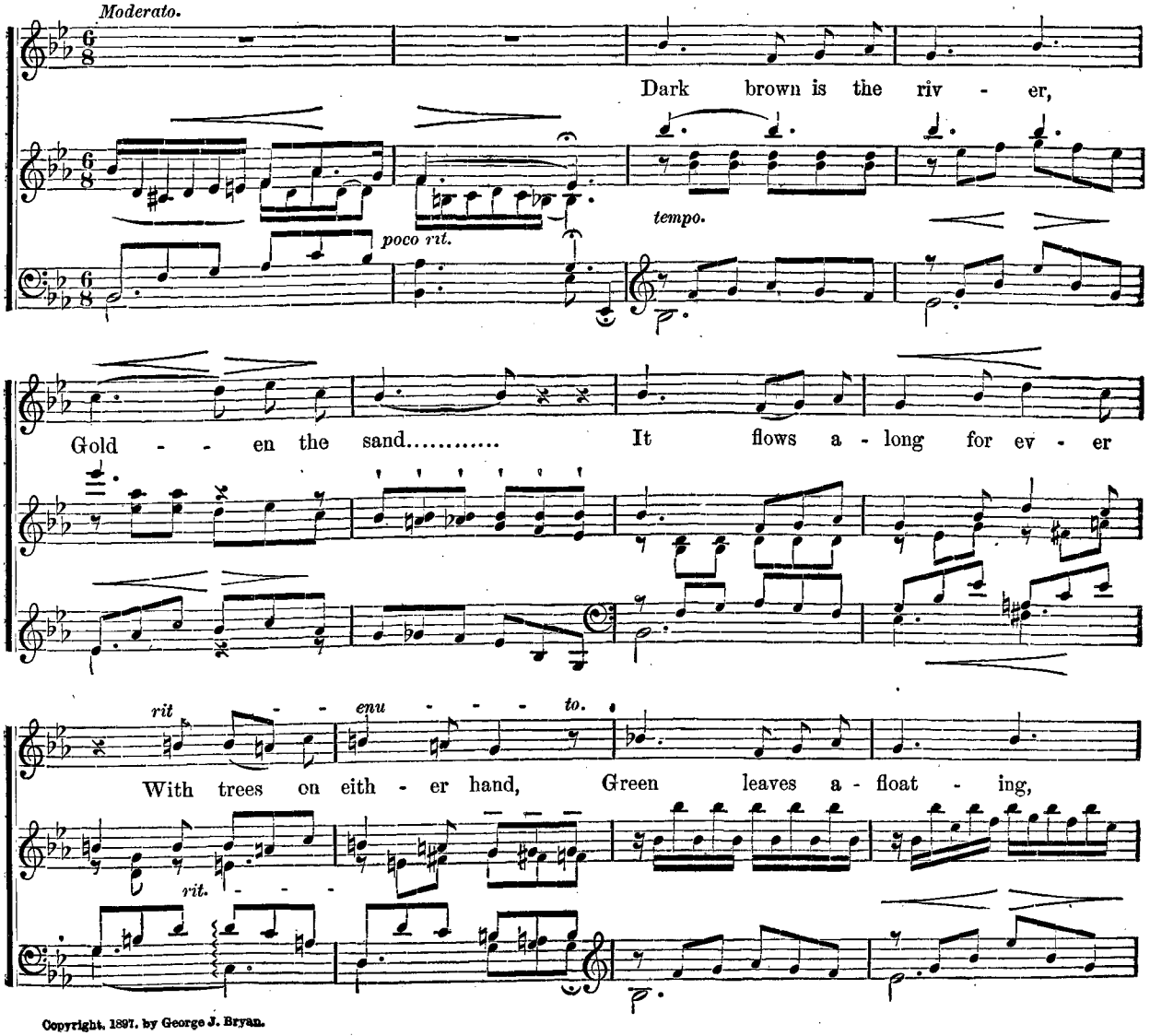

p
She has two eyes, so soft and brown, Take care! Take care! She
She has two eyes, so soft and brown, Take care! Take care! She
She has two eyes, so soft and brown, Take care! Take care! She


gives a side - glance and looks down: Be - ware!..... Be - ware!.....
gives a side - glance and looks down: Be - ware! Be - ware!
gives a side - glance and looks down: Be - ware!..... Be - ware!.....


Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee! Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee!
cres.
Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee! Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee!
Trust her not, she is fool - ing thee! Trust her not she is fool - ing thee!

BOAT-SONG.

THE inspiration for this delightful composition by DR. GERRIT SMITH was found in the words by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the lamented poet, essayist and novelist, whose untimely death in a distant island cast a gloom over the English speaking world, which had learned to look to him as a leader among the young writers who were making the end of the Nineteenth Century a literary period of the first rank. Born in Edinburgh in 1850, the son and grandson of the men who made the family name famous in British engineering annals, young Stevenson soon turned from the law, for which he was prepared, to literature. The books of travel in which he recorded his impressions on two journeys taken for his health, which always was delicate, placed him at once among the masters of the pen, and "An Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey," published in 1878–79, will remain among the most charming examples of this class of books. These were followed in rapid succession with a series of tales, which ranked among the best of short stories, but the publication of "Treasure Island" in 1882 assured the world that a new romancer had arisen whose fame was to place him high among the masters of English fiction. The subtle character study entitled "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" again startled the critics, and the series of romantic tales of adventure which began with "Kidnapped," published in 1886, found waiting it a reading public that now looked to this author for the best writing of his time. He was not less successful as an essayist, and the delicacy and charm of his poetry, of which "A Child's Garden of Verses" was the most notable example, gave him reputation in still another field. Banished from his beloved Scotland by the necessity of protecting his delicate health, he made his last home in Samoa, and the news of his life there, marked by kindly humanity and political wisdom, was received with affectionate interest by a public which had taken the deepest interest in this rarely engaging personality. His death at Vailima, on December 3, 1894, came as a personal bereavement to many who had known him only through his works.


Moderato.
Dark brown is the riv - er,
poco rit.
tempo.
Gold - - en the sand..... It flows a - long for ev - er
rit - - - enu - - - to.
With trees on eith - er hand, Green leaves a - float - ing,
rit. - - -

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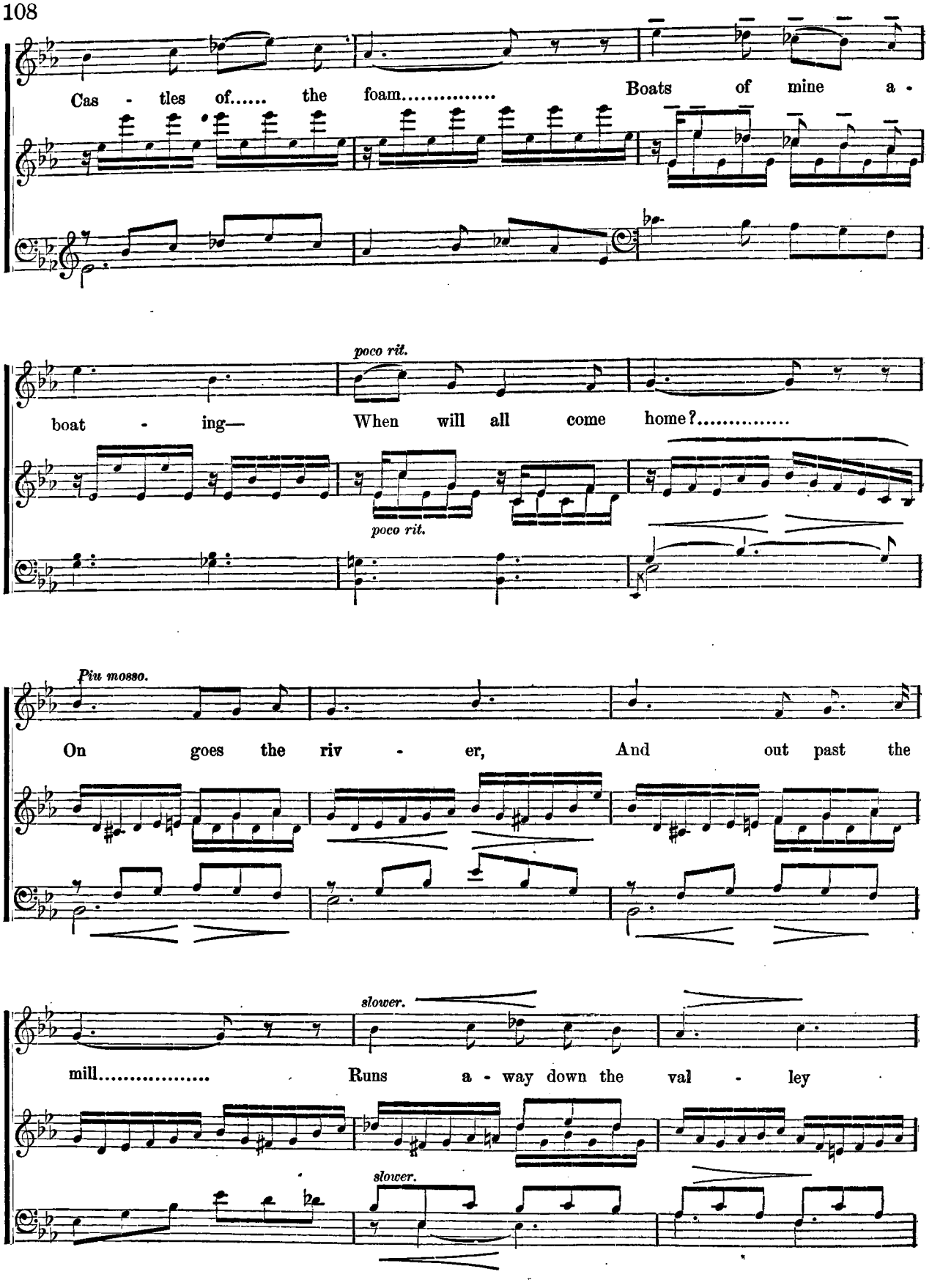
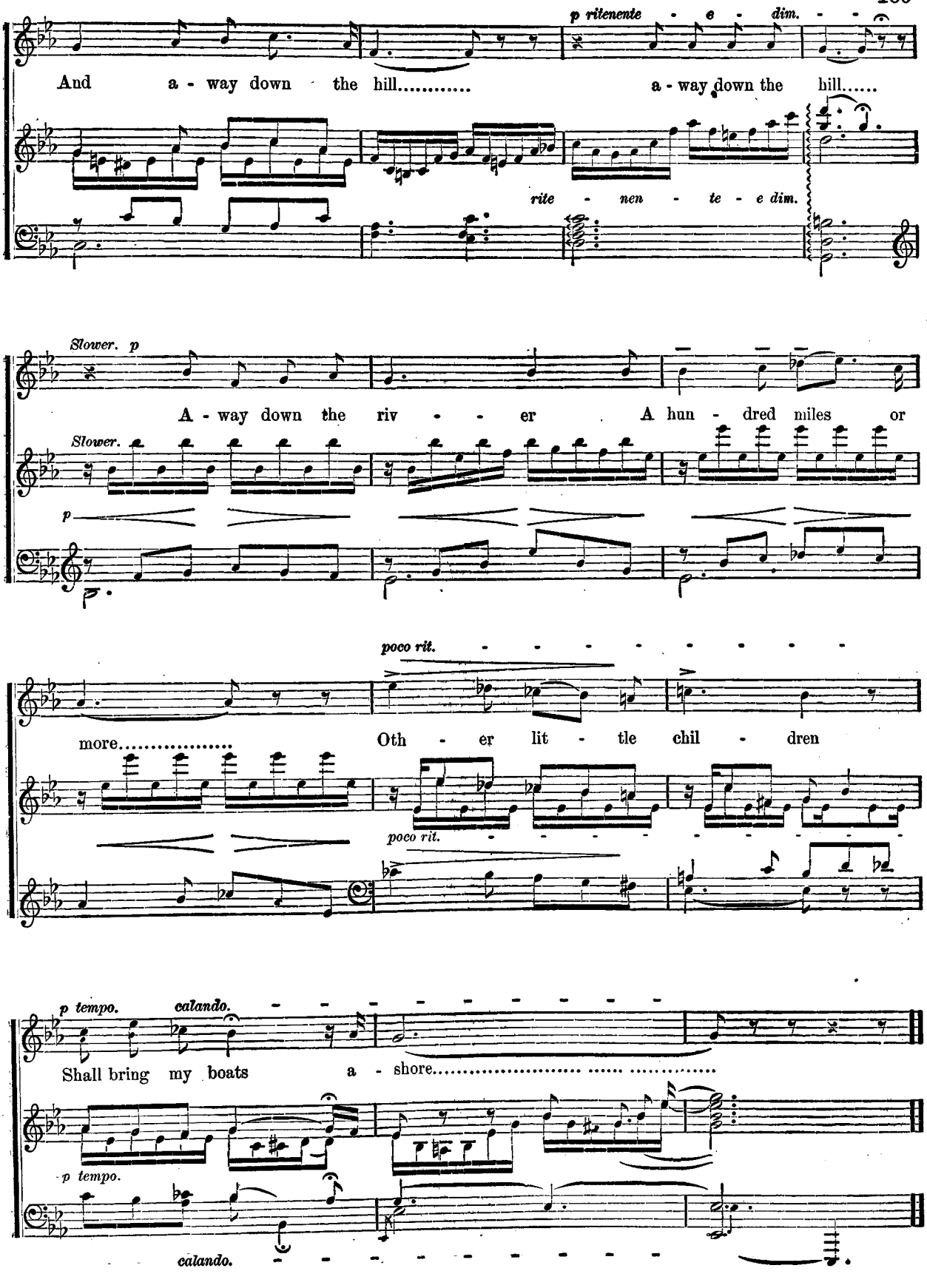
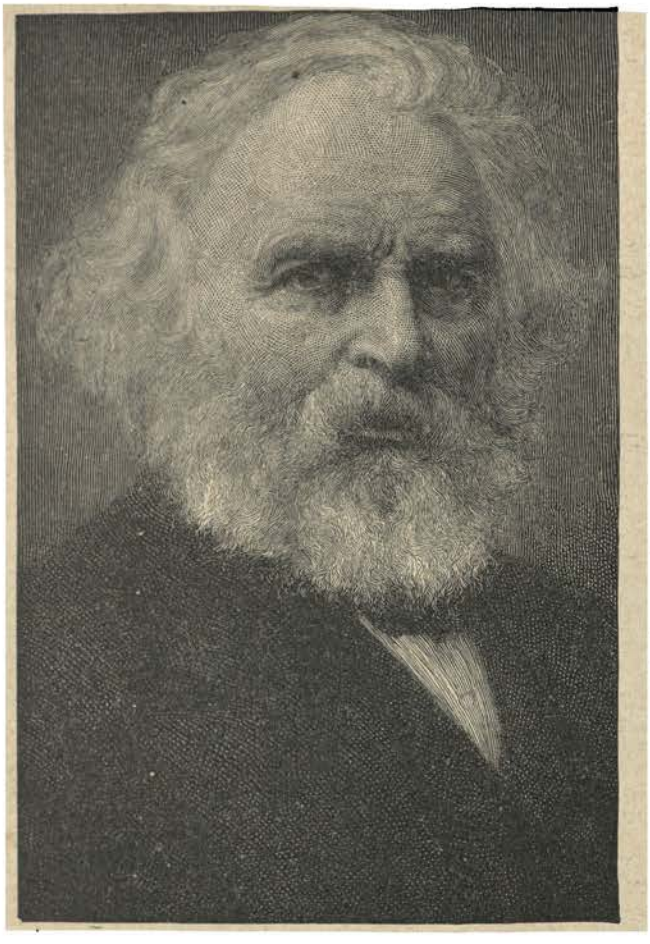

Cas - tles of..... the foam..... Boats of mine a -
poco rit.
boat - ing— When will all come home?.....
poco rit.
Piu mosso.
On goes the riv - er, And out past the
slower.
mill..... Runs a - way down the val - ley
slower.


p ritenente - e - dim.
And a - way down the hill..... a - way down the hill.....
rite - nen - te - e dim.
Slower. p
A - way down the riv - - - er A hun - dred miles or
Slower.
p
poco rit.
more..... Oth - er lit - tle chil - dren
poco rit.
p tempo.
calando.
Shall bring my boats a - shore.....
p tempo.
calando.

THE RAINY DAY.



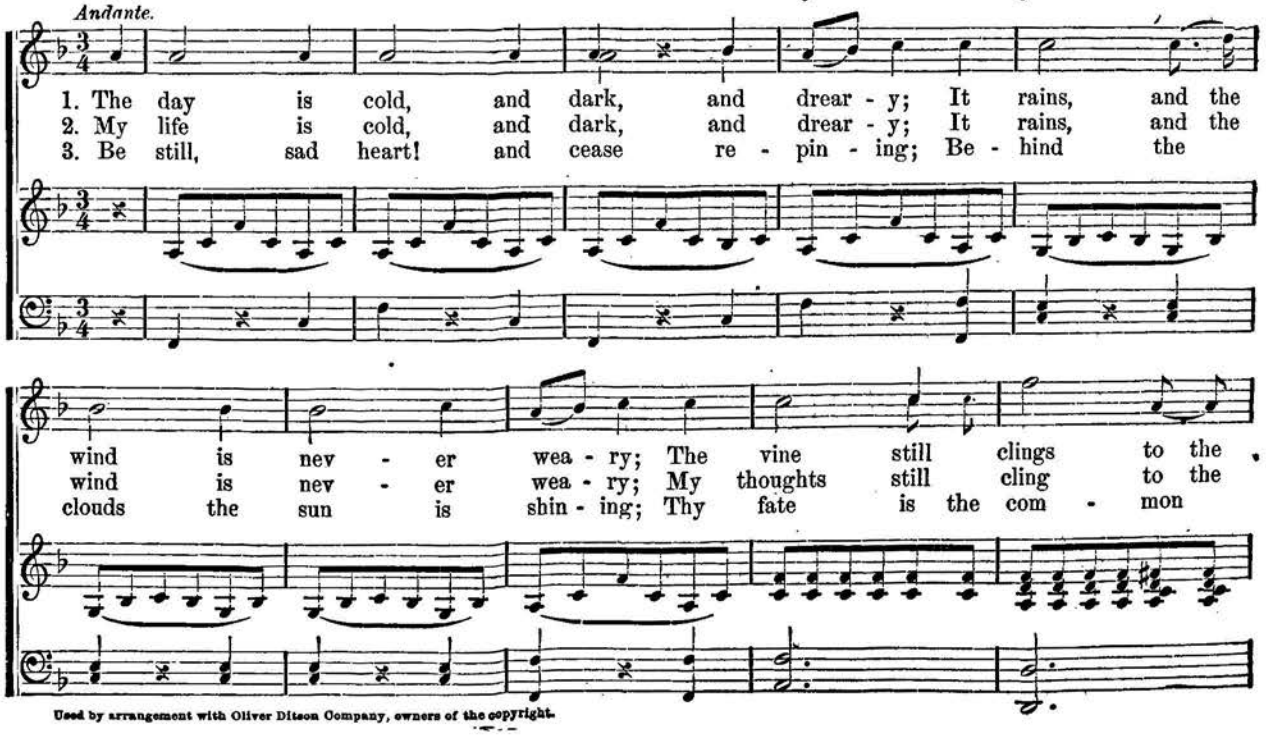
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE author of "The Rainy Day," HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was for many years professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard, and resided in Cambridge till his death in March, 1882.

The music is by WILLIAM RICHARDSON DEMPSTER, who was born in Keith, Scotland, in 1809. He spent his early life in Aberdeen, where he was apprenticed to a quill-maker, but simply followed the bent of his own genius in quitting his trade and devoting himself to music. He emigrated to the United States, remained several years here, and afterward, by frequent voyages, spent his life about equally on the two sides of the Atlantic.

One of his earliest successful publications was his music for Tennyson's "May Queen," and the frequent songs introduced in Tennyson's longer poems became his especial favorites for composition; indeed, his musical setting of these is the work by which he is best known, and his own singing of them constituted the chief attraction of his concerts. Their popular success was much greater in America than in Great Britain. His voice lacked the strength and volume necessary in a large hall, but in parlor singing his performances were exquisitely effective.

In his early professional life Mr. Dempster was greatly aided and encouraged by Mrs. Isabella Browning, a pianist of note, who at that time was at the head of musical affairs in Aberdeen. In his later years the income from his published music made him independent. He died in London, March 7, 1871, surrounded by friends to whom he had long endeared himself by his warm-hearted and genial disposition, no less than by his strict morality.


Andante.
1. The day is cold, and dark, and drear - y; It rains, and the
2. My life is cold, and dark, and drear - y; It rains, and the
3. Be still, sad heart! and cease re - pin - ing; Be - hind the
wind is nev - er wea - ry; The vine still clings to the
wind is nev - er wea - ry; My thoughts still cling to the
clouds the sun is shin - ing; Thy fate is the com - mon

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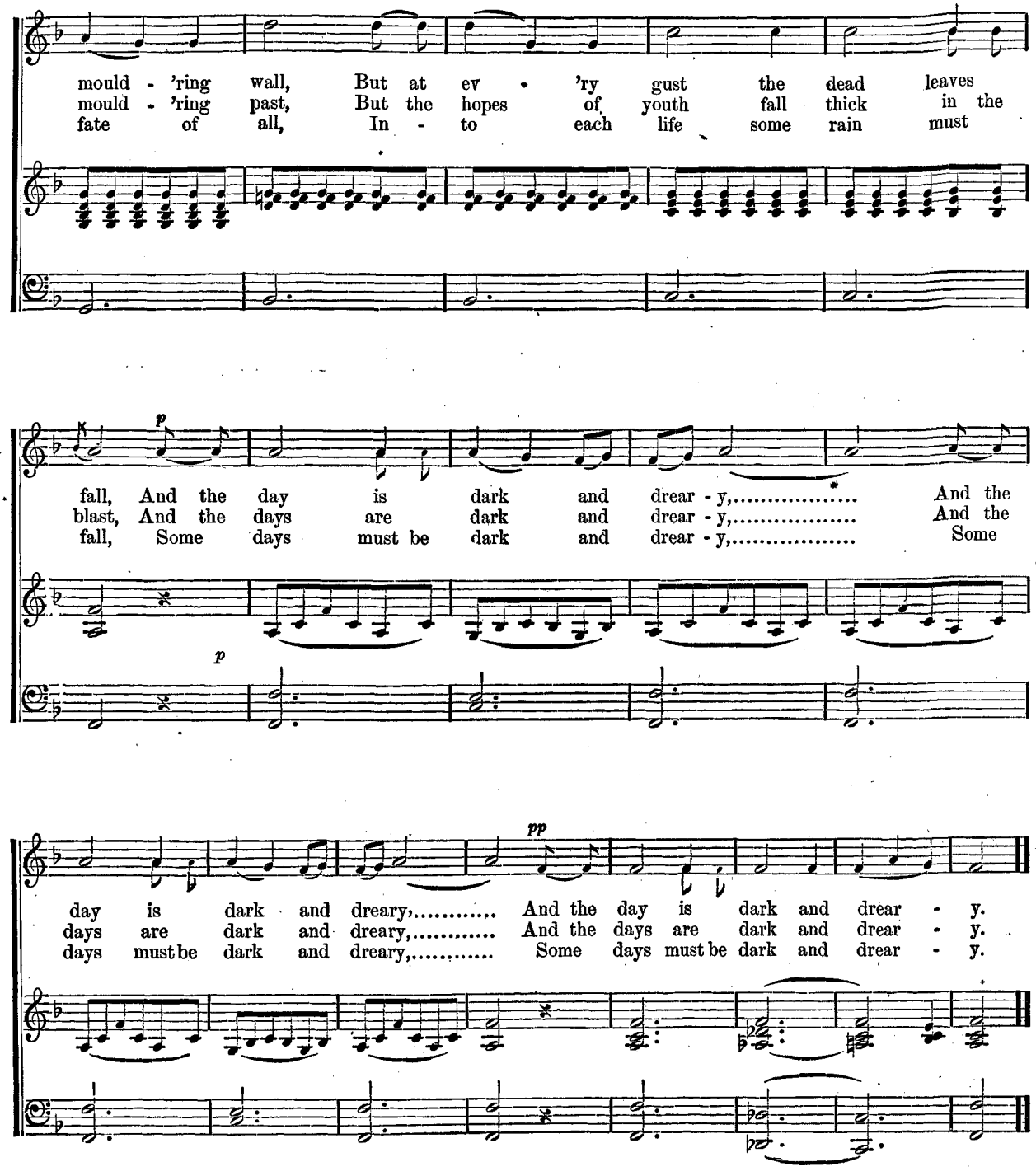

mould - 'ring wall, But at ev - 'ry gust the dead leaves
mould - 'ring past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the
fate of all, In - to each life some rain must
p
fall, And the day is dark and drear - y,..... And the
blast, And the days are dark and drear - y,..... And the
fall, Some days must be dark and drear - y,..... Some
p
pp
day is dark and dreary,..... And the day is dark and drear - y.
days are dark and dreary,..... And the days are dark and drear - y.
days must be dark and dreary,..... Some days must be dark and drear - y.

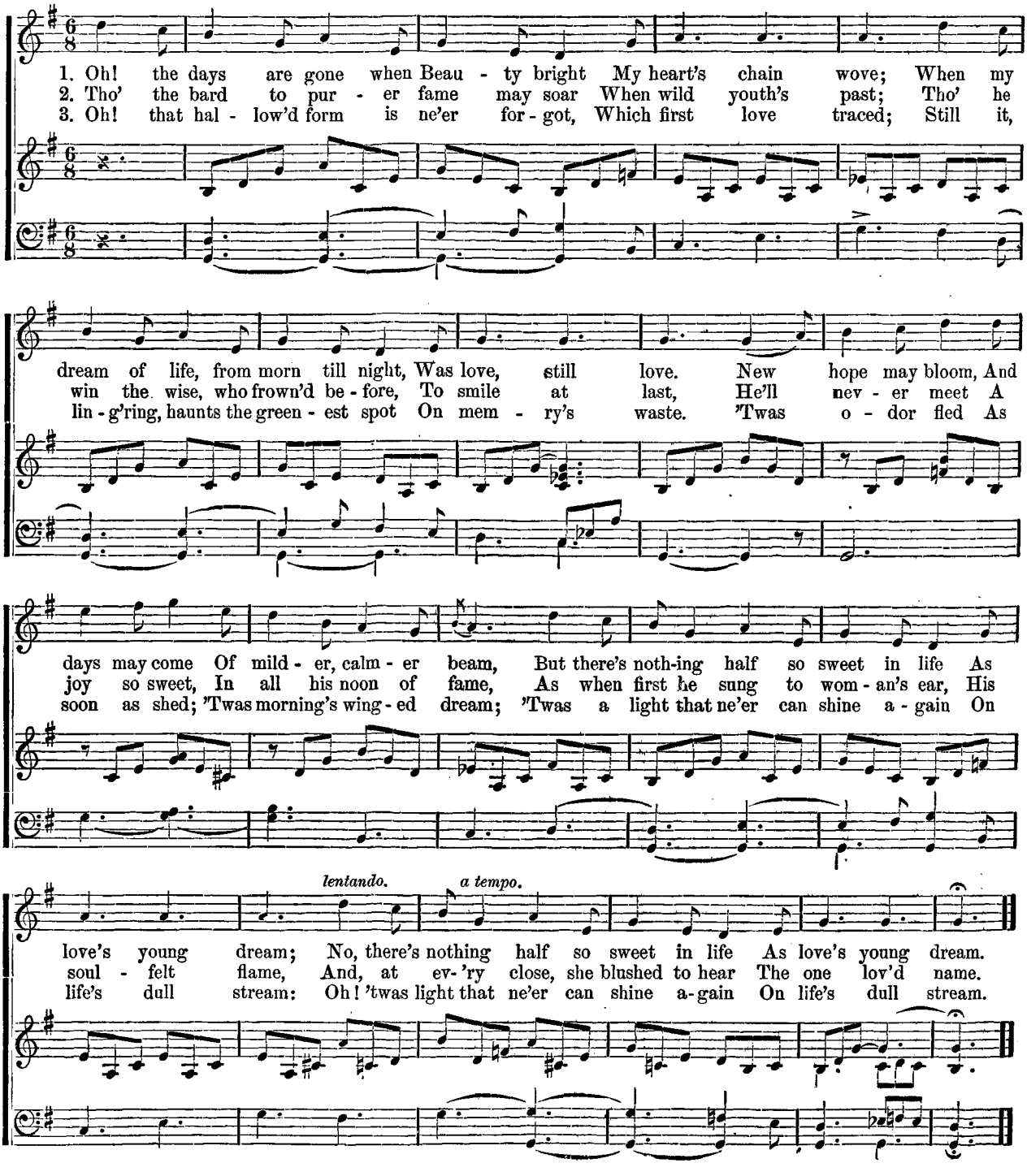
The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds the sun is shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

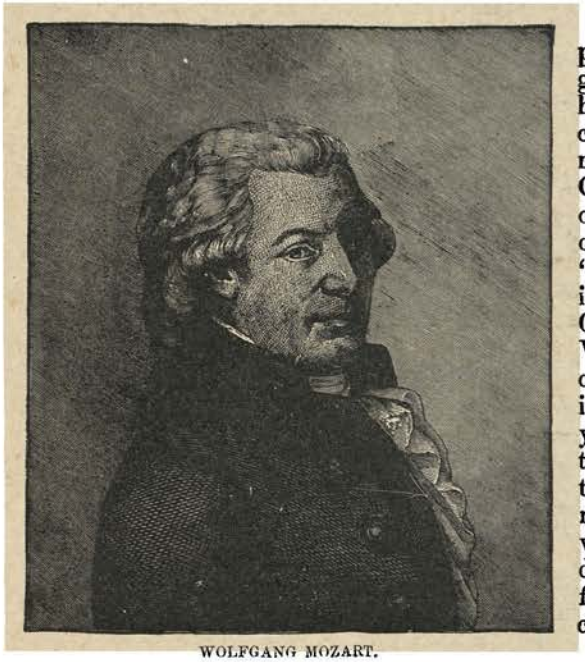
THESE are characteristic words by THOMAS MOORE; but the ancient Irish melody to which they are sung, is appropriately entitled "The Old Woman." In the Memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington, it is related that a lady of high rank, listening, as he poured out a melting love-ditty, laid her hand upon his arm, exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, Moore, stop, stop! this is not good for my soul." Moore himself was often so affected, that voice failed him. He writes in his diary, of a certain occasion, "If I had given way, I should have burst out a crying; as I remember doing many years ago at a large party at Lady Rothe's. No one believes how much I am affected in singing, partly from being touched myself, and partly from an anxiety to touch others."


1. Oh! the days are gone when Beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my
2. Tho' the bard to pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's past; Tho' he
3. Oh! that hal - low'd form is ne'er for - got, Which first love traced; Still it,
dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love. New hope may bloom, And
win the wise, who frown'd be - fore, To smile at last, He'll nev - er meet A
lin - g'ring, haunts the green - est spot On mem - ry's waste. 'Twas o - dor fled As
days may come Of mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's noth-ing half so sweet in life As
joy so sweet, In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to wom - an's ear, His
soon as shed; 'Twas morning's wing - ed dream; 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On
lentando.
a tempo.
love's young dream; No, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.
soul - felt flame, And, at ev-'ry close, she blushed to hear The one lov'd name.
life's dull stream: Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a-gain On life's dull stream.

A SONG TO CHEER.

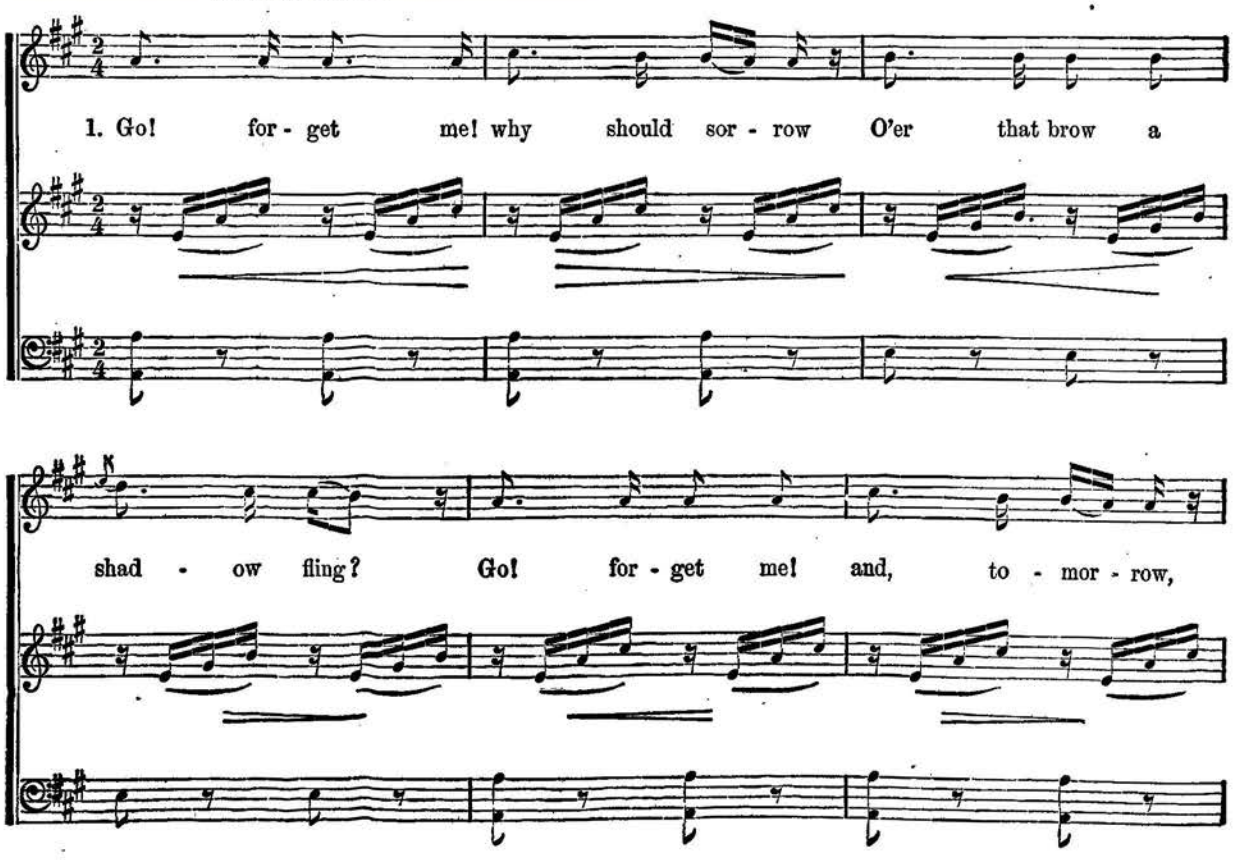
GO! FORGET ME!

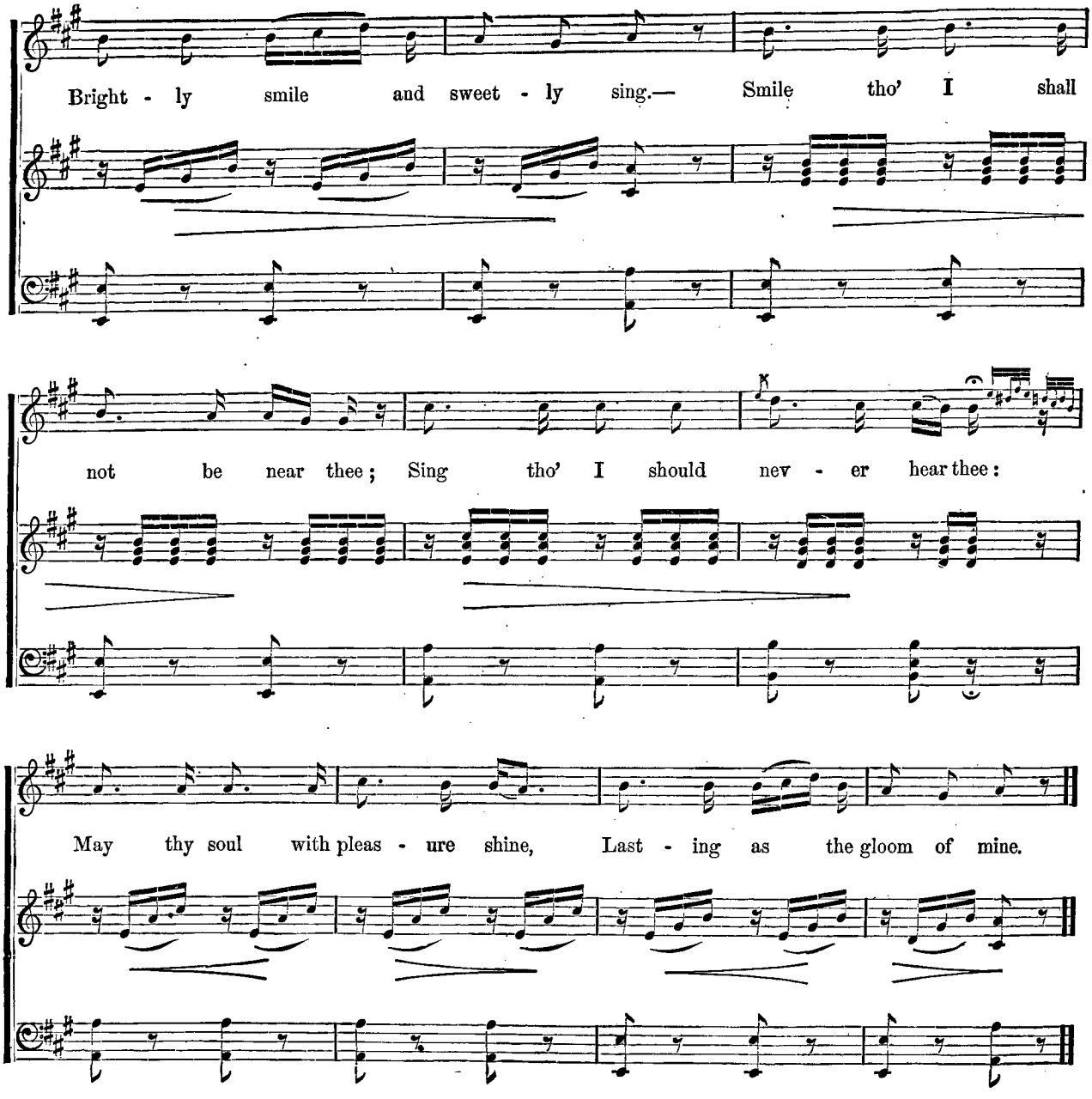
REV. CHARLES WOLFE wrote the words of the following song. The music is from MOZART, who wrote many pleasing songs.



WOLFGANG MOZART.

WOLFGANG MOZART is a rare instance of an infant prodigy, whose intellectual powers grew with the boy's growth to manhood. At four years old, he could play the harpsichord correctly, and in that year he made a concerto to be played upon it. A year later, he, with his musical little sister, was the wonder of the Imperial Court. At eight, he played the organ at the English court, and only his compositions were played in public concerts. The facts of his troubled life are familiar. "Idomeneo," the opera which won him the lady he loved, is one of his favorite compositions; but perhaps "Don Giovanni" is considered his greatest dramatic work. When it was being rehearsed in Prague, he said to the chapel-master, who was praising the work: "People err if they think my art has cost me no trouble; I assure you, my dear friend, no one has taken such pains with the study of composition as I. There is hardly a celebrated master in music whom I have not carefully and, in many cases, several times, studied through!" Mozart was born in Salzburg, Germany, January 27, 1756, and died in Vienna, December 5, 1791. The air of "Go! forget me!" like "Days of Absence," is familiar in sacred in music.




Bright - ly smile and sweet - ly sing.— Smile tho' I shall
not be near thee; Sing tho' I should nev - er hear thee:
May thy soul with pleas - ure shine, Last - ing as the gloom of mine.

Go, forget me, why should sorrow,
O'er that brow a shadow fling;
Go, forget me, and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile, though I shall not be near thee;
Sing, though I should never hear thee;
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

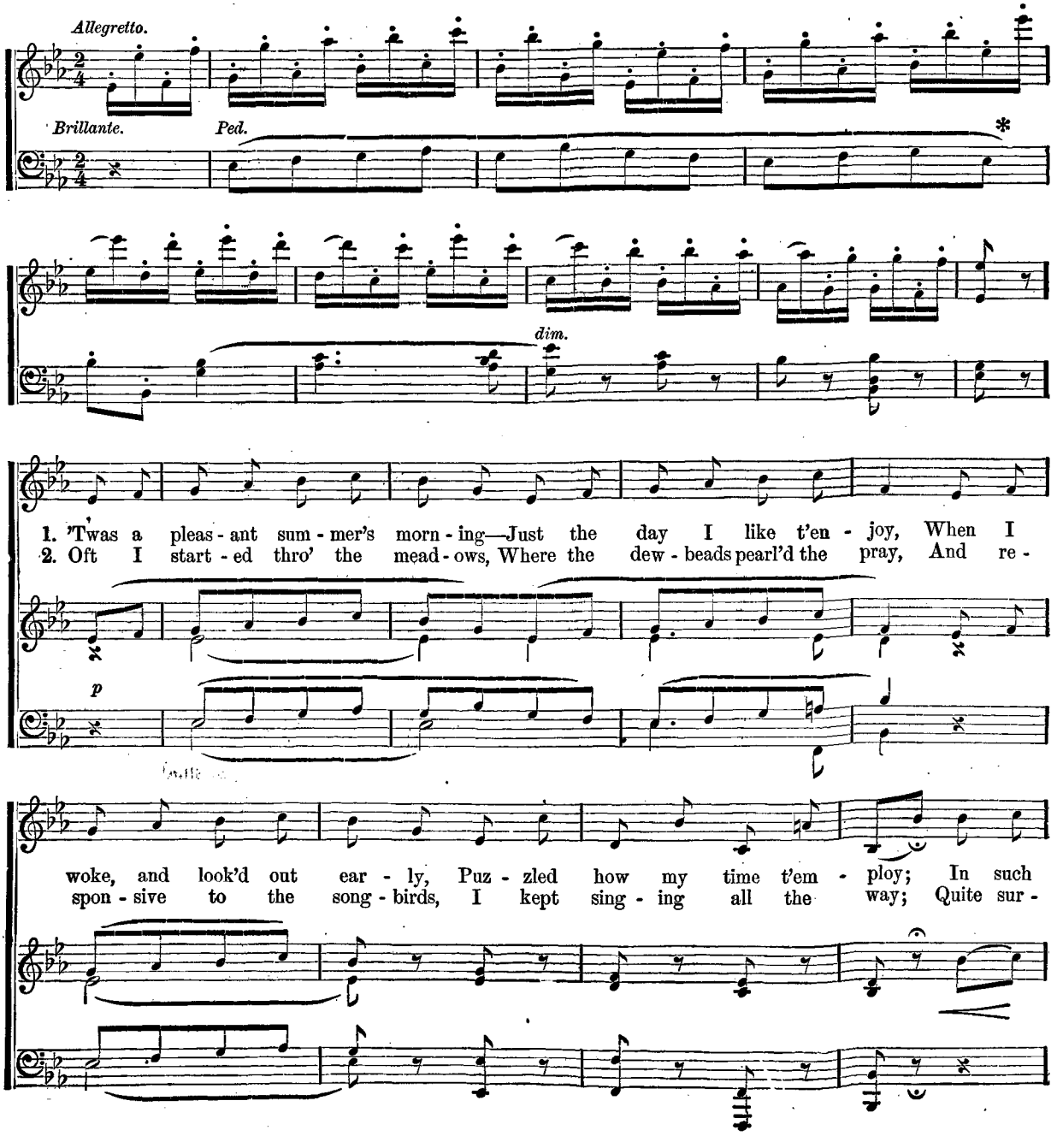
Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest thing in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.

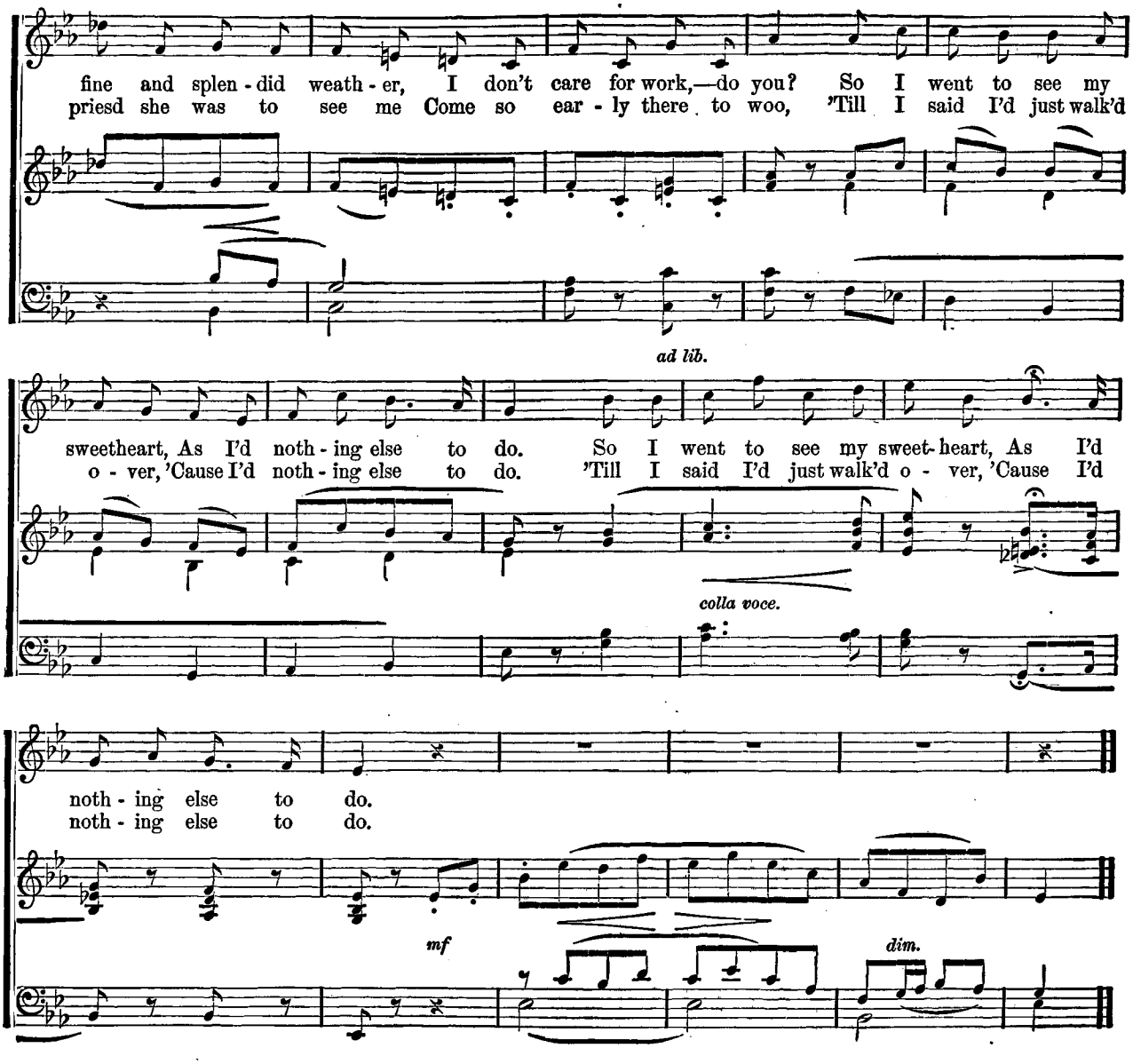
All things looked so bright about thee
That they nothing seem without thee:
By that pure and lucid mind,
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming,—
Hope and beauty, fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted,
Take, and leave me all benighted;—
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy and the poet's shell.

"AS I'D NOTHING ELSE TO DO."

THIS beautiful song, the words of which were written by Mr. HERBERT FRY, was composed by JOHN LIPHOT HATTON, born in Liverpool, Eng., in 1809. In youth he was taught some of the rudiments of music, but beyond this was wholly self-instructed. Settling in London in 1832, he very soon earned a reputation as a composer. In 1844 while engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, he composed an operetta, "The Queen of the Thames." About the same time he brought out in Vienna his opera "Pascal Bruno." Returning to England he gained considerable success as a composer of songs, writing under the Pseudonym of "Czapek." In 1848 he visited America. Among his more celebrated compositions (and he was a very fruitful composer) are "Faust and Marguerite" an overture; "Pezarro;" "Rose, or Love's Ransom," an opera given in Convent Garden, 1864; "Robin Hood," a cantata given at the Bradford Musical Festival. He published several books of part songs. One of his finest productions was the sacred drama of "Hezekiah" given at the Crystal Palace in Dec. 1877.


Allegretto.
Brillante.
Ped.
*
dim.
1. 'Twas a pleas - ant sum - mer's morn - ing—Just the day I like t'en - joy, When I
2. Oft I start - ed thro' the mead - ows, Where the dew - beads pearl'd the pray, And re -
p
woke, and look'd out ear - ly, Puz - zled how my time t'em - ploy; In such
spon - sive to the song - birds, I kept sing - ing all the way; Quite sur -


fine and splen - did weath - er, I don't care for work,—do you? So I went to see my
priesd she was to see me Come so ear - ly there to woo, 'Till I said I'd just walk'd
ad lib.
sweetheart, As I'd noth - ing else to do. So I went to see my sweet-heart, As I'd
o - ver, 'Cause I'd noth - ing else to do. 'Till I said I'd just walk'd o - ver, 'Cause I'd
colla voce.
noth - ing else to do.
noth - ing else to do.
mf
dim.

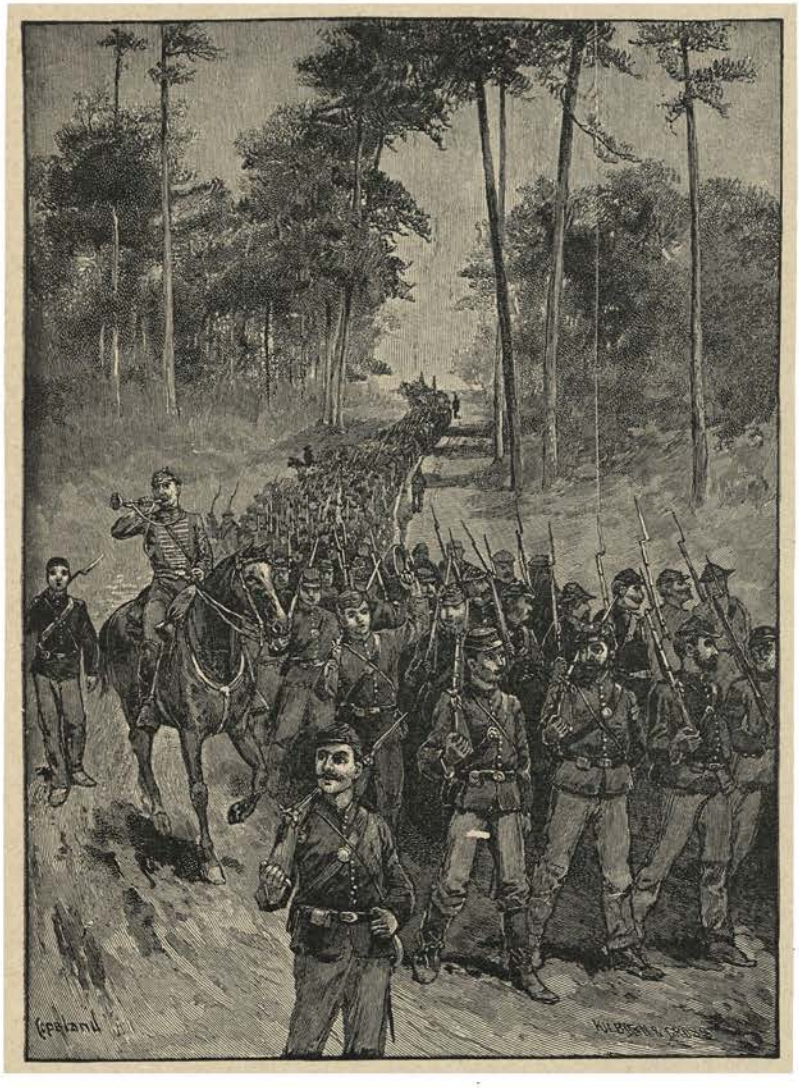
'Twas a pleasant summer's morning—
Just the day I like t'enjoy,
When I woke, and looked out early,
Puzzled how my time t'employ;
In such fine and splendid weather,
I don't care for work,—do you?
So I went to see my sweetheart,
As I'd nothing else to do.

Oft I started thro' the meadow,
Where the dew-beads pearled the pray,
And responsive to the song-birds,
I kept singing all the way;
Quite surprised she was to see me
Come so early there to woo,
'Till I said I'd just walked over,
'Cause I'd nothing else to do.

Then we rambled forth together,
Down the lane beneath the trees,
While so gentle stirred the shadows
Of their branches in the breeze;
And whenever our conversation
Languished for a word or two,
Why, of course I kindly kissed her,
As I'd nothing else to do.

But before the day was over,
I'd somehow made up my mind,
That I'd pop the question to hear,
If to me her heart inclined;
So I whispered "Sweet, my darling,
Will you have me, Yes, or No?"
"Well," said she, "perhaps I may my dear,
When I've nothing else to do."

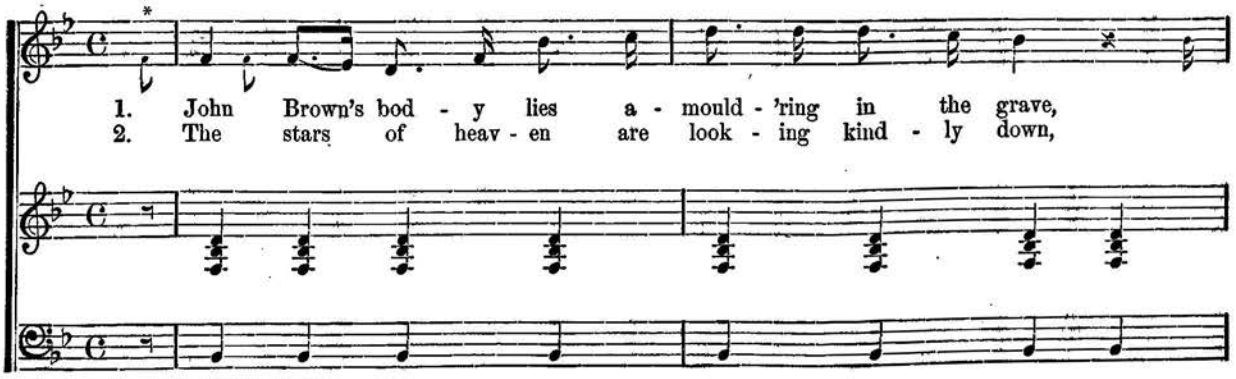
JOHN BROWN'S BODY.



I HAVE been able to obtain but meagre information about the famous refrain which became the marching song of the nation. The stern, almost religious enthusiasm of the words blended with the stirring tread of the music, and suited well the spirit in which Patriotism went forth to meet its foes. The words, except the first stanza, were written by CHARLES S. HALL, of Charlestown, Mass. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati, heard the melody in a colored Presbyterian church in Charleston, S. C., about 1859, and soon after introduced it at a convention of the Y. M. C. A. in Albany, N. Y., with the words,

"Say, brothers, will you meet us?"

JAMES E. GREENLEAF, organist of the Harvard Church in Charlestown, found the music in the archives of that church, and fitted to it the first stanza of the present song. This became so great a favorite with the Glee Club of the Boston Light Infantry, in 1861, that they asked Mr. HALL to write additional stanzas. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 14, 1865, said: "The street boys of London have decided in favor of 'John Brown's Body,' against 'My Maryland,' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.' The somewhat lugubrious refrain has excited their admiration to a wonderful degree, and threatens to extinguish that hard-worked, exquisite effort of modern minstrelsy, 'Slap Bang.'"



* *Small notes for 3d and 4th verses.*

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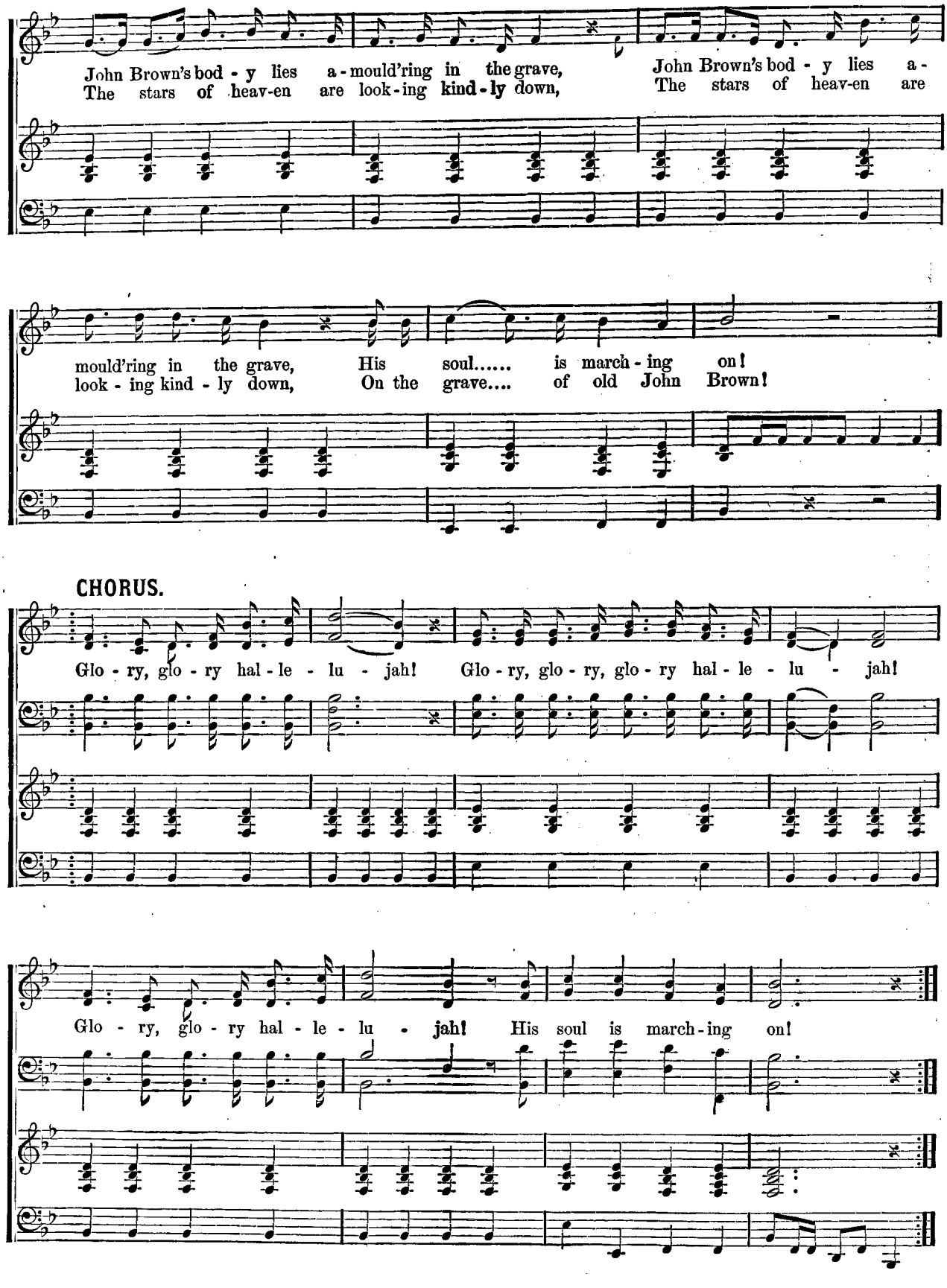

John Brown's bod - y lies a - mould'ring in the grave,
The stars of heav-en are look - ing kind - ly down,
John Brown's bod - y lies a -
The stars of heav-en are
mould'ring in the grave, His soul..... is march - ing on!
look - ing kind - ly down, On the grave.... of old John Brown!
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march - ing on!

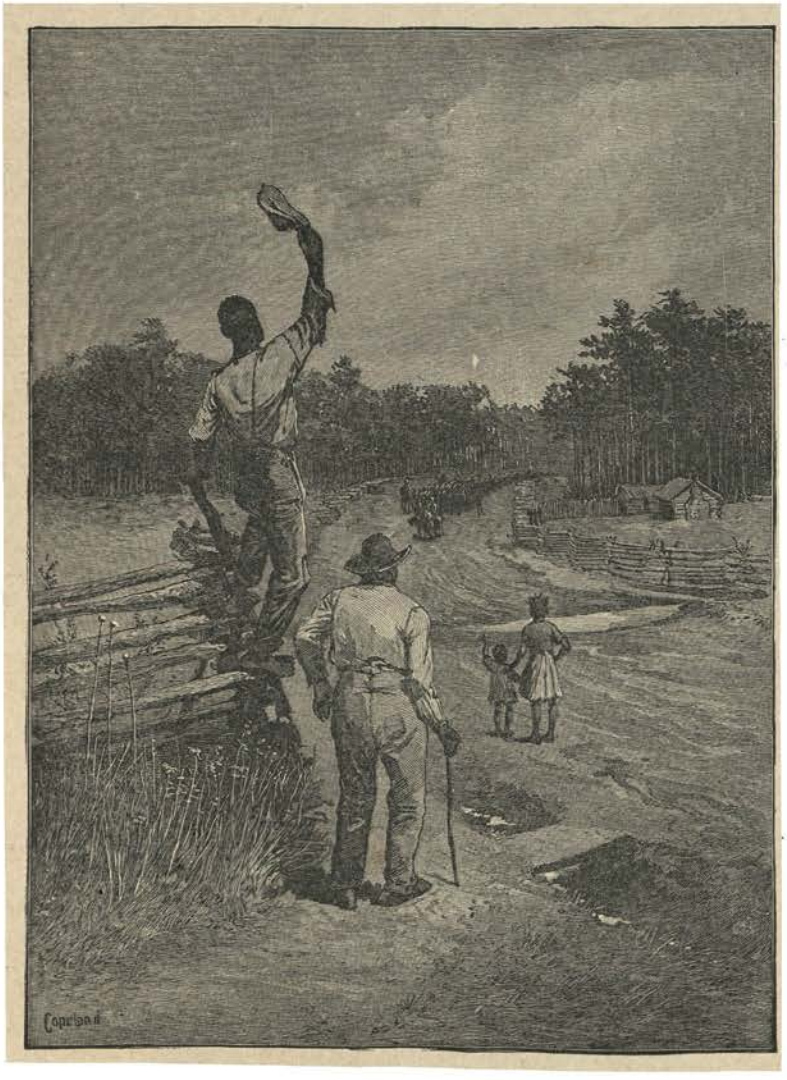
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on!
CHO.—Glory, *etc.*

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown!
CHO.—Glory, *etc.*

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
His soul is marching on.
CHO.—Glory, *etc.*

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
His soul is marching on.
CHO.—Glory, *etc.*

The following words were written by HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL, who died at Hartford, Conn., October 31, 1872, aged fifty-two. Mr. Brownell entitled his poem, "Words that can be sung to the 'Hallelujah chorus,'" and says, "If people will sing about Old John Brown, there is no reason why they shouldn't have words with a little meaning and rhythm in them."



Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the grave,
Old John Brown lies slumbering in his grave—
But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,
His soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He has gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord—
He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword,
When Heaven is marching on.
Glory, *etc.*
For Heaven is marching on.

He shall file in front where the lines of battle form—
He shall face to front when the squares of battle form—
Time with the column, and charge with the storm,
Where men are marching on.
Glory, *etc.*
True men are marching on.

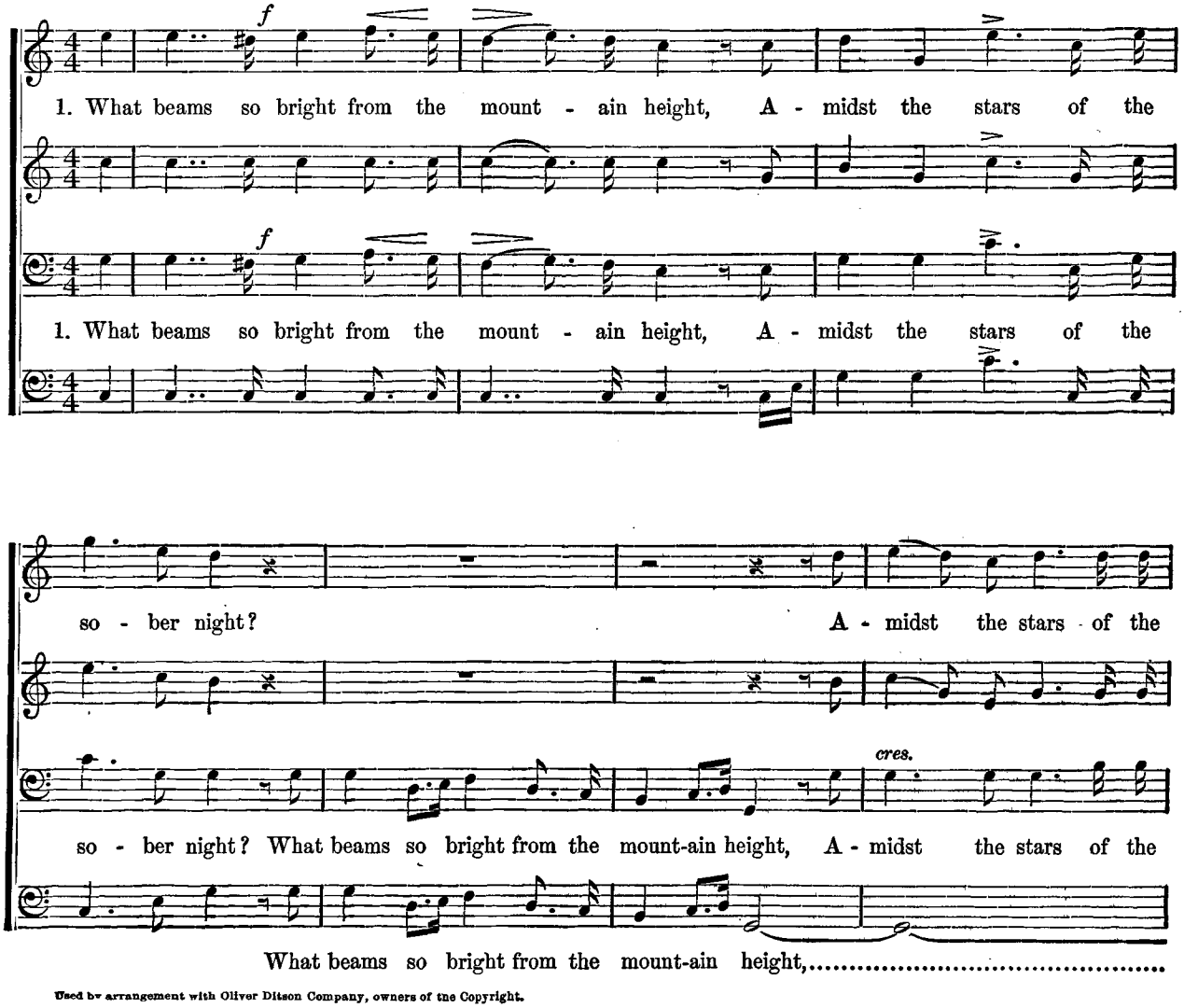
Ah, foul tyrants! do ye hear him where he comes?
Ah, black traitors! do ye know him as he comes?
In thunder of the cannon and roll of the drums,
As we go marching on.
Glory, *etc.*
We all go marching on.

Men may die, and moulder in the dust—
Men may die, and arise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the Just,
When Heaven is marching on.
Glory, *etc.*
The Lord is marching on.

THE CHAPEL.

MALE QUARTETTE.

COLLEGIANS and musical youth generally owe a debt of gratitude to CONRADIN KREUTZER, many of whose compositions are familiar to them in the "Arion" collection, for he redeemed the male part-songs from the triviality that characterized much of the rubbish written in that line before he raised the standard with his excellent work. He was a native of Baden, born in 1782, and became chorister of his birth-place, and served in a similar capacity in other towns. At the age of 17 he went to Freiburg to study medicine, but found his inclination so strong for music that he adopted it as a profession. His career began with five years in Switzerland as pianist, singer and composer. In 1804 he went to Vienna for further study, and began the composition of operas, the success of one of which gained for him the post of Kapell-meister to the King of Wurtemburg. He was subsequently called as Kapell-meister to various important musical centres, and conducted the orchestra at various theatres, a field of work which in Europeans is musically important. His most successful operas, which still hold the stage, are "Der Verschwender" and "Nachtlager in Granada," produced in Vienna in 1834. He died in 1849, having composed a number of operas and much piano and chamber music. The permanent portion of his work consists of his "lieder" for the single voice and part-songs for men's voices, which are very chaste and beautiful, of sterling merit as technical compositions, and recognized as standard in Germany and indeed throughout the musical world. "The Chapel" is perhaps the most familiar of them, and thoroughly characteristic.


f
1. What beams so bright from the mount - ain height, A - midst the stars of the
f
1. What beams so bright from the mount - ain height, A - midst the stars of the
so - ber night? A - midst the stars of the
cres.
so - ber night? What beams so bright from the mount-ain height, A - midst the stars of the
What beams so bright from the mount-ain height,.....

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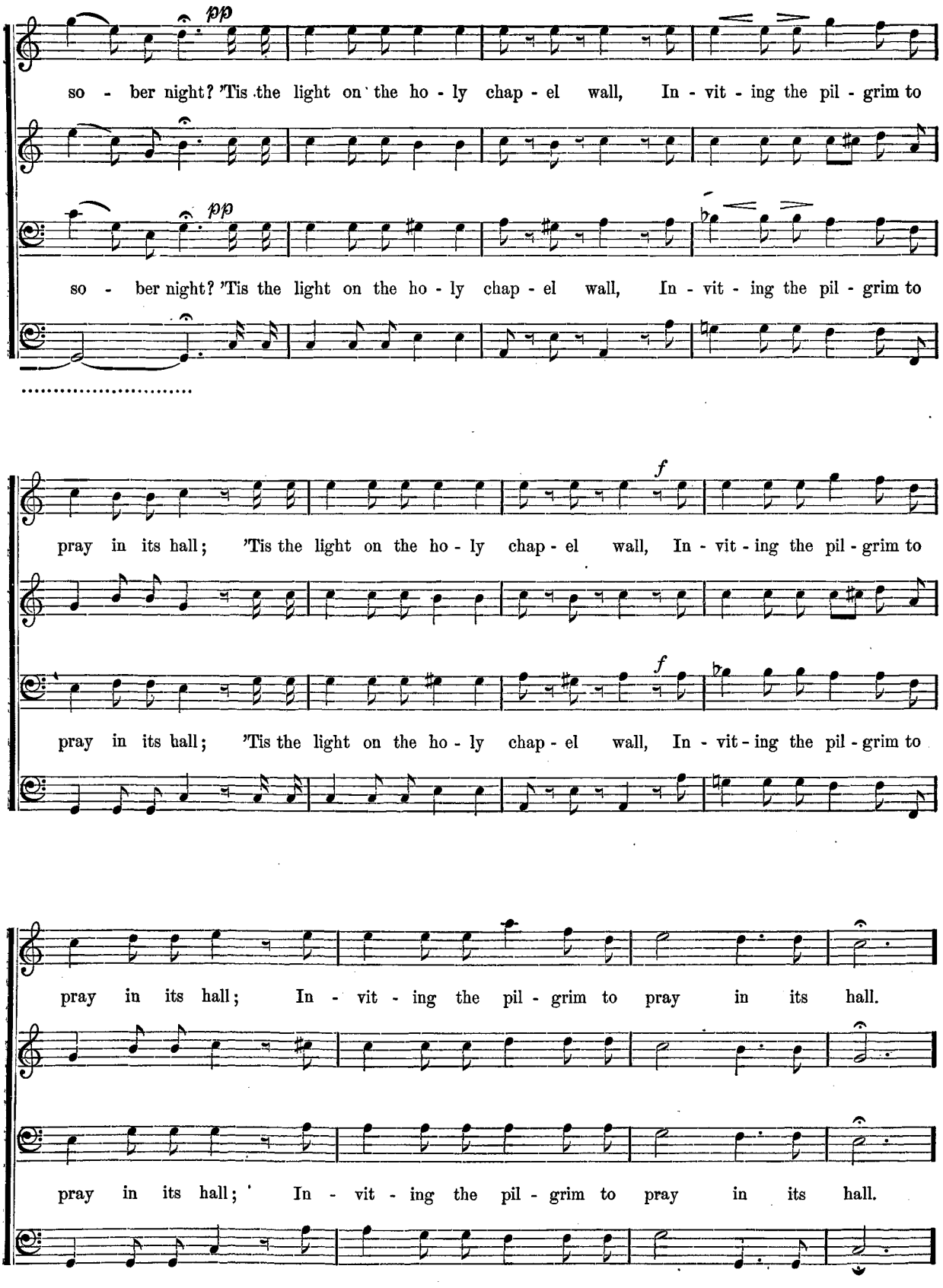
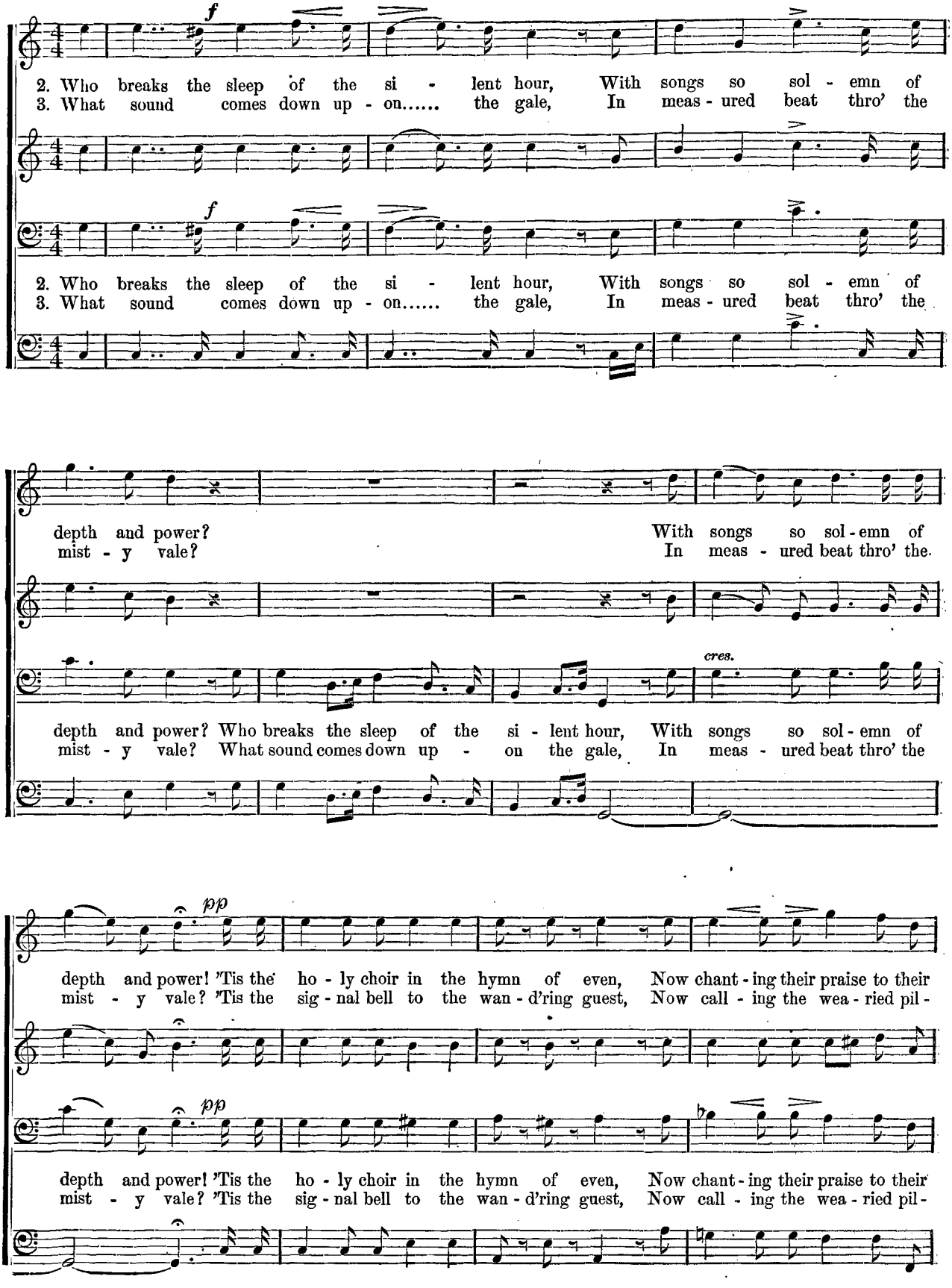
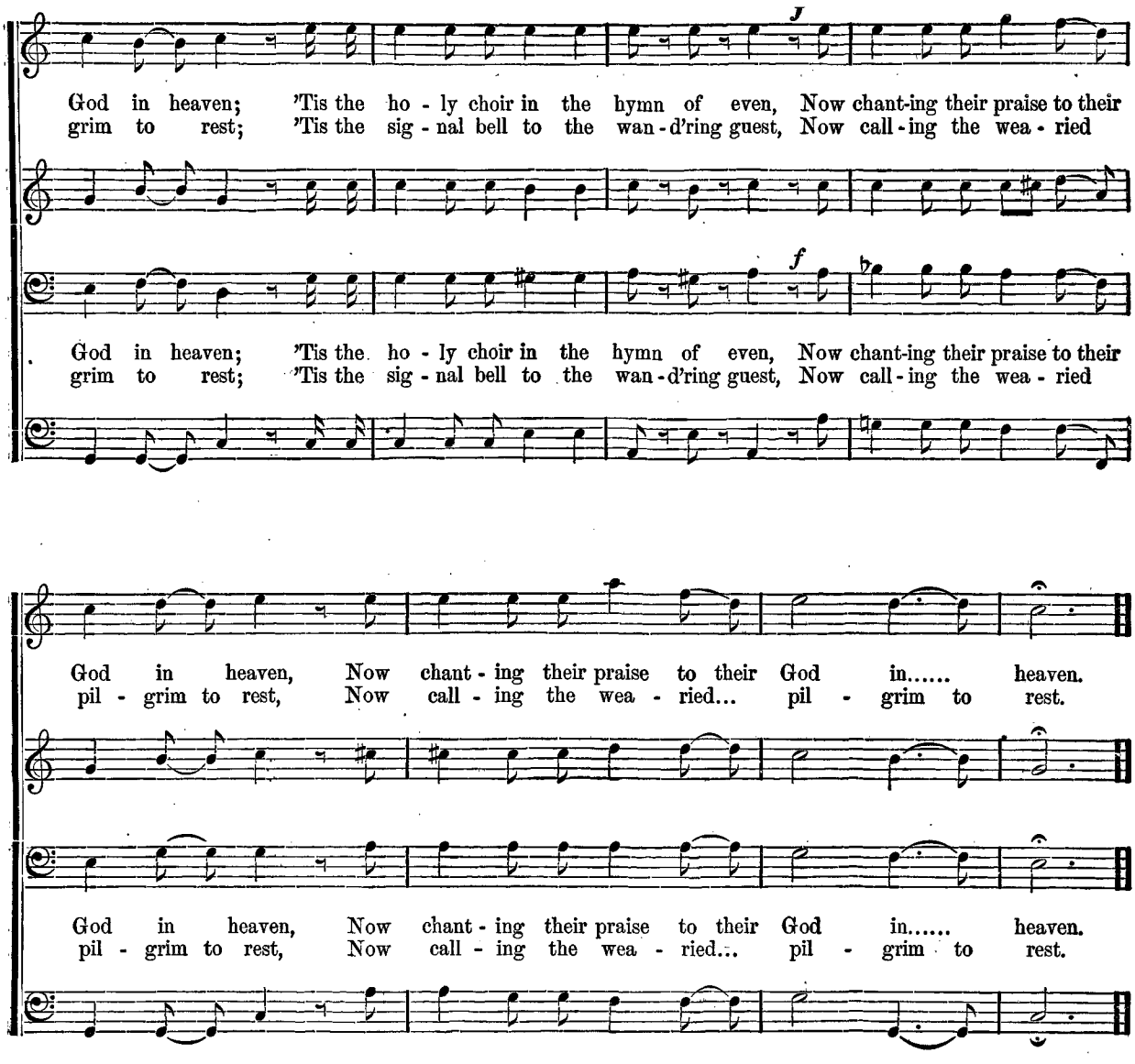

pp
so - ber night? 'Tis the light on the ho - ly chap - el wall, In - vit - ing the pil - grim to
pp
so - ber night? 'Tis the light on the ho - ly chap - el wall, In - vit - ing the pil - grim to
f
pray in its hall; 'Tis the light on the ho - ly chap - el wall, In - vit - ing the pil - grim to
f
pray in its hall; 'Tis the light on the ho - ly chap - el wall, In - vit - ing the pil - grim to
pray in its hall; In - vit - ing the pil - grim to pray in its hall.
pray in its hall; In - vit - ing the pil - grim to pray in its hall.


f
2. Who breaks the sleep of the si - lent hour, With songs so sol - emn of
3. What sound comes down up - on..... the gale, In meas - ured beat thro' the
f
2. Who breaks the sleep of the si - lent hour, With songs so sol - emn of
3. What sound comes down up - on..... the gale, In meas - ured beat thro' the
depth and power? With songs so sol - emn of
mist - y vale? In meas - ured beat thro' the
cres.
depth and power? Who breaks the sleep of the si - lent hour, With songs so sol - emn of
mist - y vale? What sound comes down up - on the gale, In meas - ured beat thro' the
pp
depth and power! 'Tis the ho - ly choir in the hymn of even, Now chant - ing their praise to their
mist - y vale? 'Tis the sig - nal bell to the wan - d'ring guest, Now call - ing the wea - ried pil -
pp
depth and power! 'Tis the ho - ly choir in the hymn of even, Now chant - ing their praise to their
mist - y vale? 'Tis the sig - nal bell to the wan - d'ring guest, Now call - ing the wea - ried pil -


God in heaven; 'Tis the ho - ly choir in the hymn of even, Now chant-ing their praise to their
grim to rest; 'Tis the sig - nal bell to the wan - d'ring guest, Now call - ing the wea - ried
God in heaven; 'Tis the ho - ly choir in the hymn of even, Now chant-ing their praise to their
grim to rest; 'Tis the sig - nal bell to the wan - d'ring guest, Now call - ing the wea - ried
God in heaven, Now chant - ing their praise to their God in..... heaven.
pil - grim to rest, Now call - ing the wea - ried... pil - grim to rest.
God in heaven, Now chant - ing their praise to their God in..... heaven.
pil - grim to rest, Now call - ing the wea - ried... pil - grim to rest.

What beams so bright from the mountain height,
Amidst the stars of the sober night?
'Tis the light on the holy chapel wall,
Inviting the pilgrim to pray in its hall.

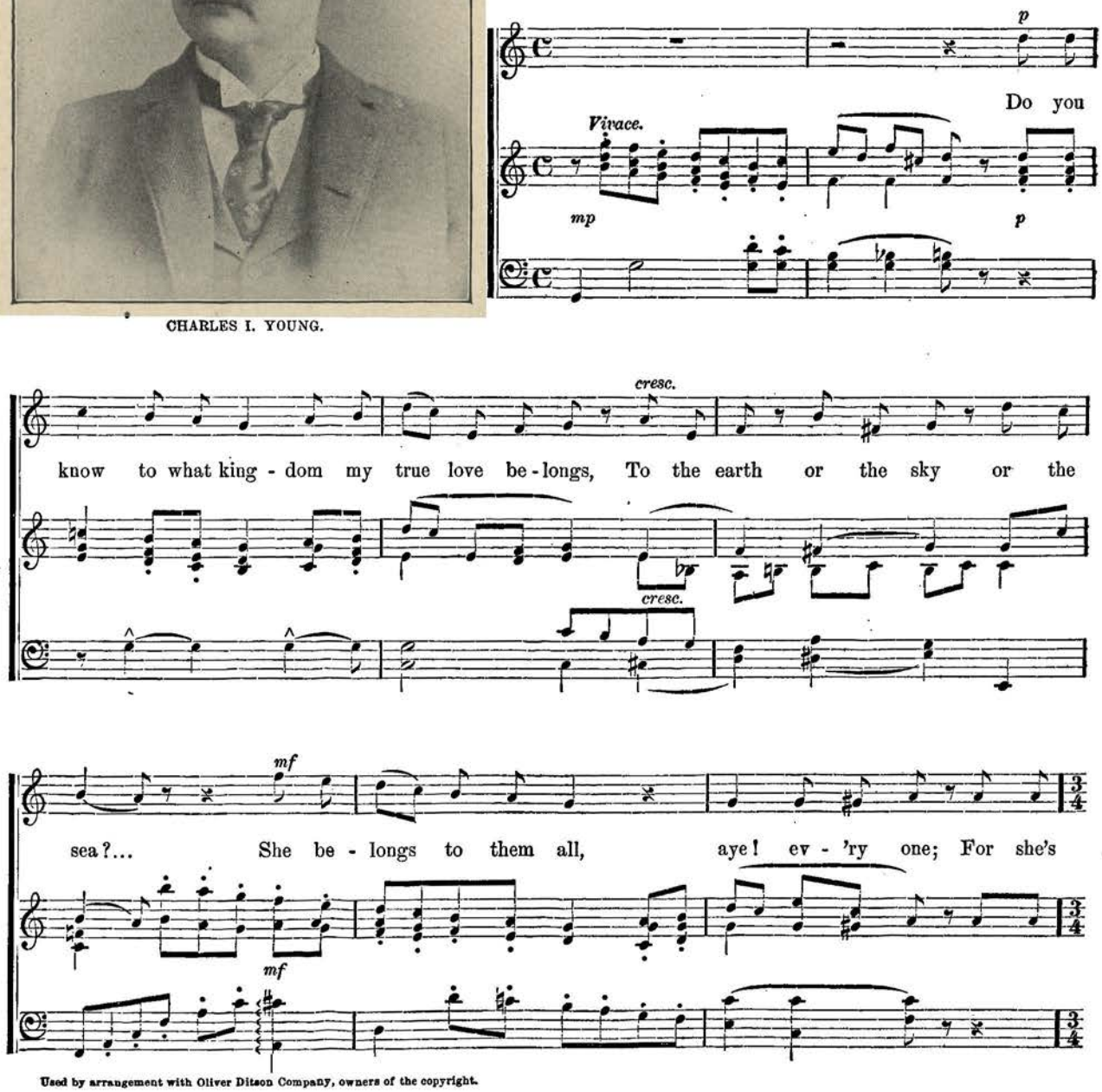
Who breaks the sleep of the silent hour,
With songs so solemn of depth and power?
'Tis the holy choir in the hymn of even,
Now chanting their praise to their God in heaven.

What sound comes down upon the gale,
In measured beat thro' the misty vale?
'Tis the signal bell to the wandering guest,
Now calling the wearied pilgrim to rest.

MY TRUE LOVE.

CHARLES I. YOUNG, the composer of this lively tenor song, is the great-grandson, the grandson and the son of three successive professors of physics and astronomy at Dartmouth. His father, perhaps the greatest of American astronomers, removed to Princeton; where the future composer graduated in 1883, at the age of twenty-one. Having studied the organ under James P. Dod, afterwards organist of the "Little Church Around the Corner" in New York, Mr. Young applied himself to electrical engineering and became permanently connected with the Westinghouse Company of Pittsburg, pursuing his subsequent musical studies *con amore*. "I feel," he says, "that I owe all I have gained in music since leaving Princeton to a careful study of Bach, Beethoven and Wagner." The words of "My True Love" are by WALTER LEARNED.

CHARLES I. YOUNG.


p
Do you
Vivace.
mp
p
cresc.
know to what king - dom my true love be - longs, To the earth or the sky or the
cresc.
mf
sea?... She be - longs to them all, aye! ev - 'ry one; For she's
mf

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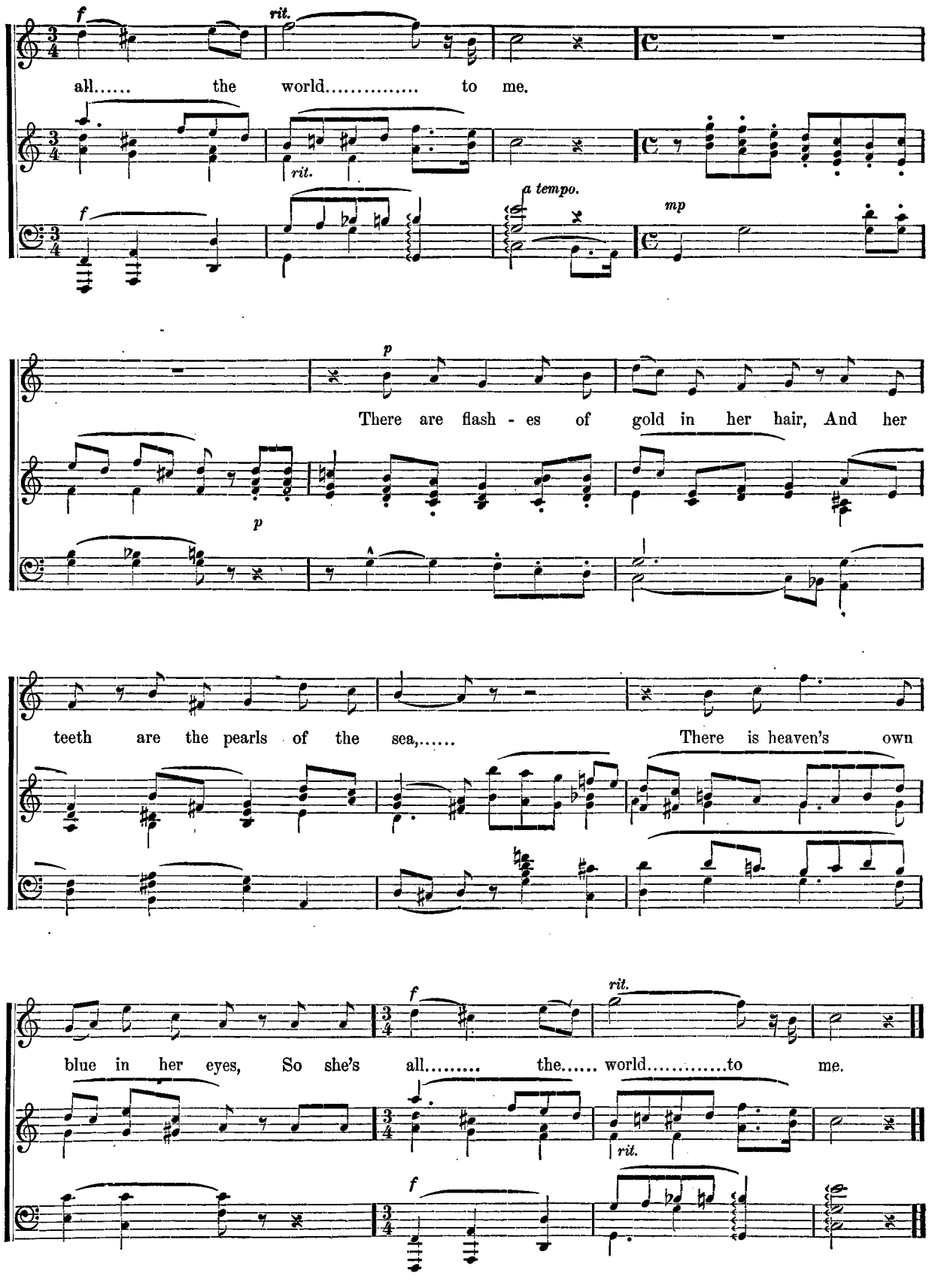
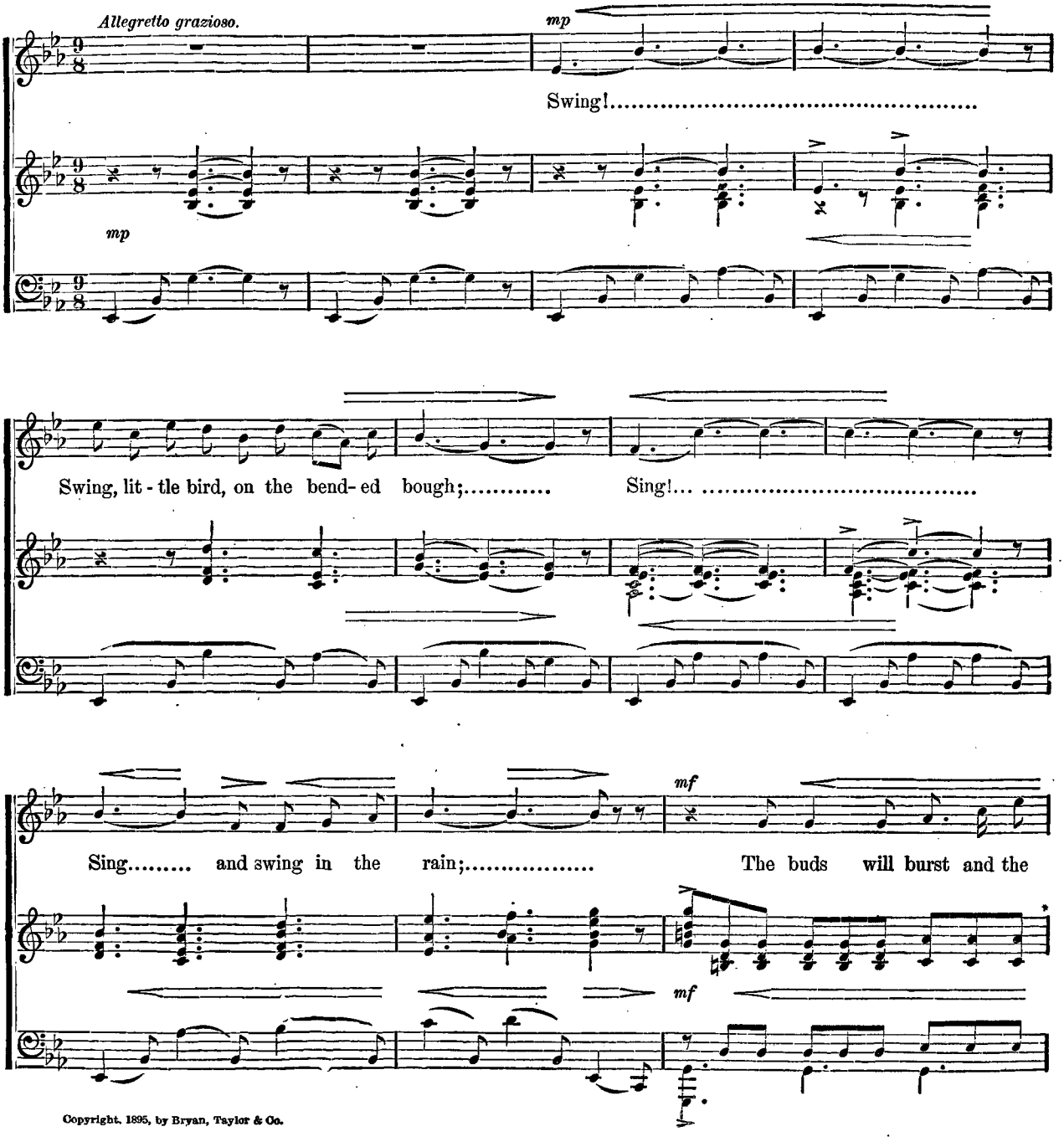

f
rit.
all..... the world..... to me.
rit.
a tempo.
mp
p
There are flash - es of gold in her hair, And her
p
teeth are the pearls of the sea,..... There is heaven's own
f
rit.
blue in her eyes, So she's all..... the..... world.....to me.
rit.
f

ON AN APRIL APPLE BOUGH.

MISS MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG, the composer of this song, is a daughter of the celebrated composer and conductor, B. J. Lang, of Boston, Mass. Miss Lang has distinguished herself by her songs, which have been eagerly sought for by publishers here and abroad. One of the most attractive features of a concert given by the Manuscript Society during the Season of 1894–5 was a group of her songs, written for the Society. The words are by Sylvia.



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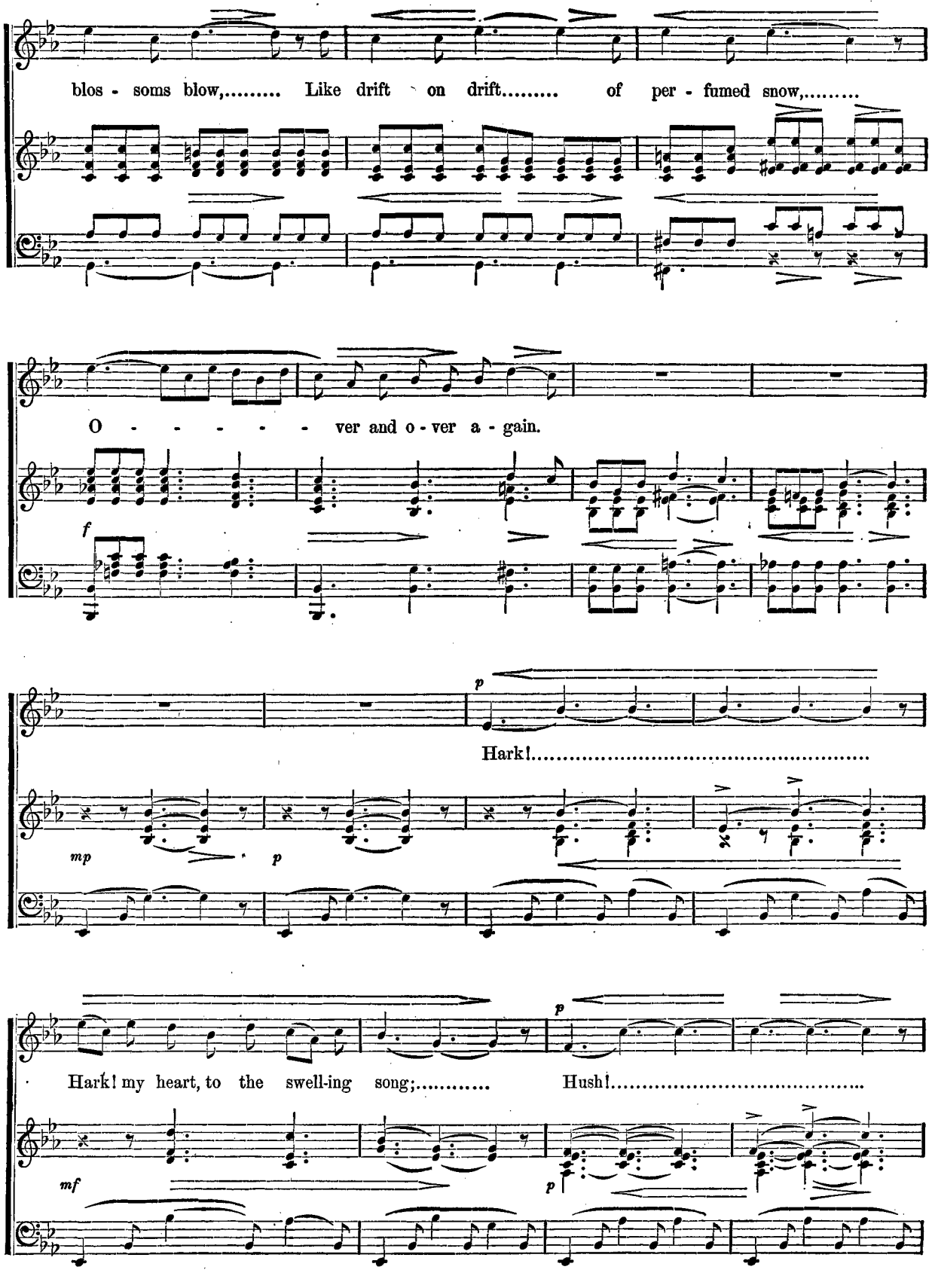
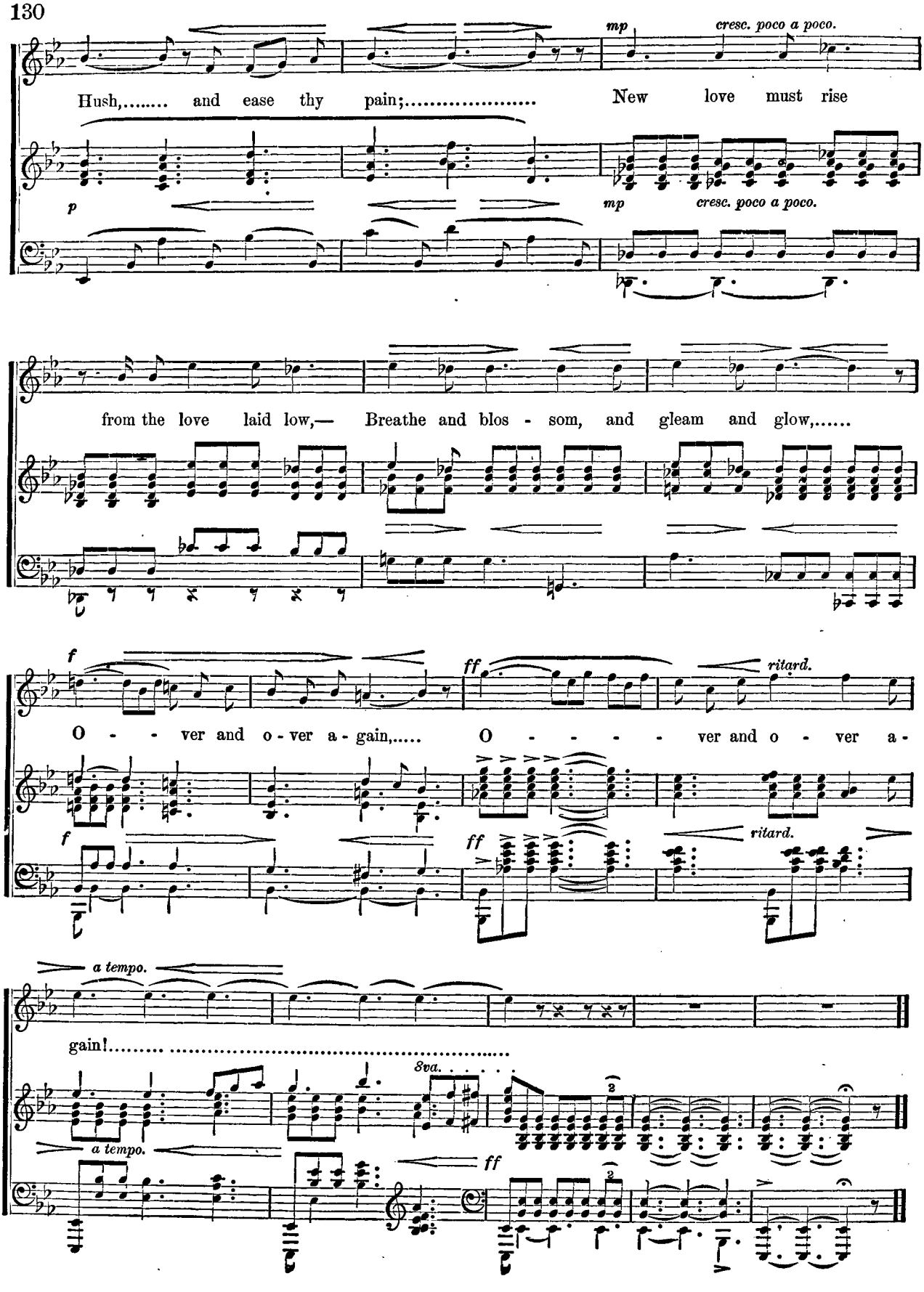

blos - soms blow,..... Like drift on drift..... of per - fumed snow,.....
O - - - - - - ver and o - ver a - gain.
f
p
Hark!.....
mp
p
Hark! my heart, to the swell-ing song;..... Hush!.....
p
mf
p


mp
cresc. poco a poco.
Hush,..... and ease thy pain;..... New love must rise
p
mp
cresc. poco a poco.
from the love laid low,— Breathe and blos - som, and gleam and glow,.....
f
ff
ritard.
O - - ver and o - ver a - gain,..... O - - - - - ver and o - ver a -
f
ff
ritard.
a tempo.
gain!..... .....
8va.
a tempo.
ff

A CONVIVIAL SONG IN THE TYROL.

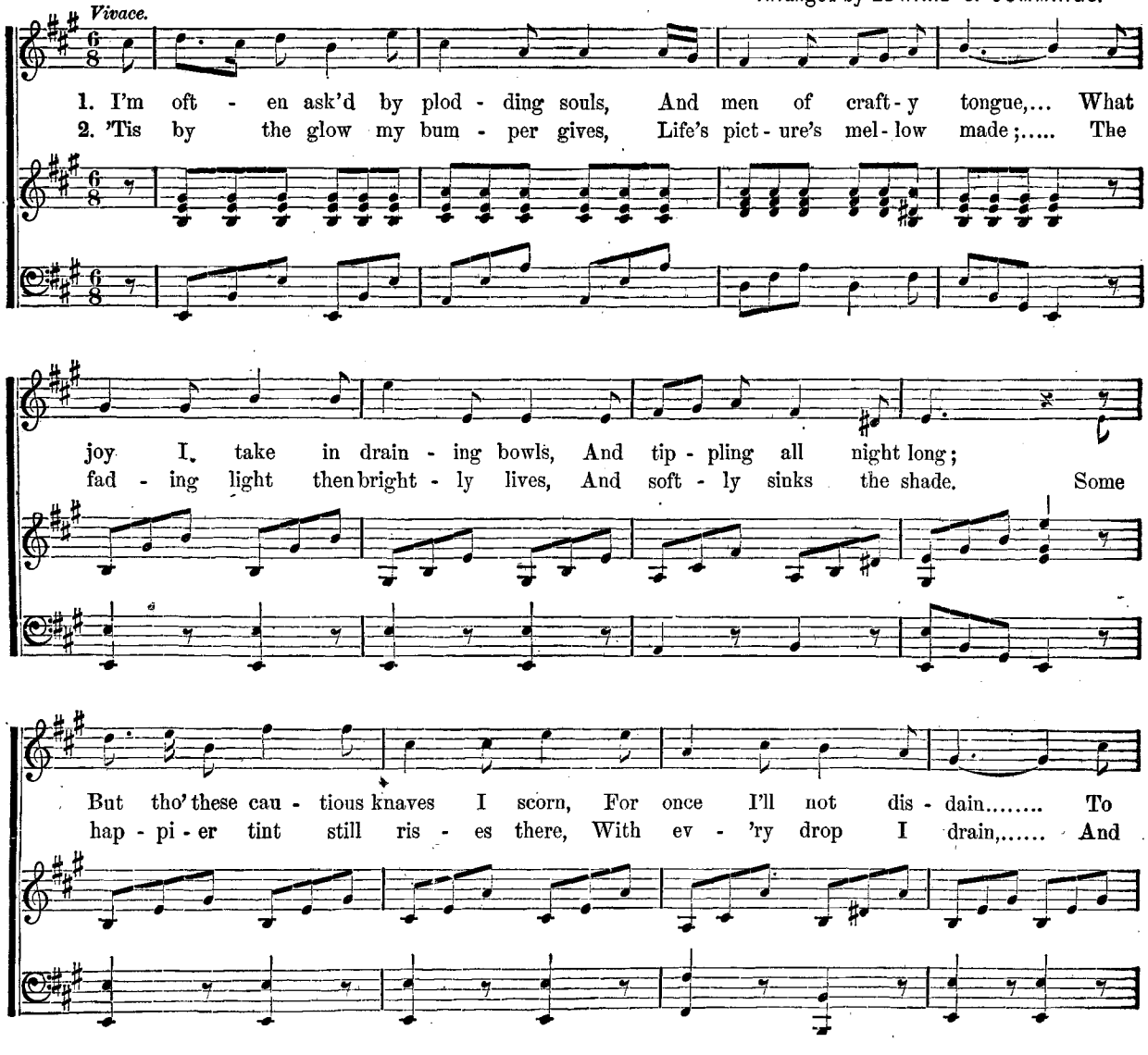
REASONS FOR DRINKING.

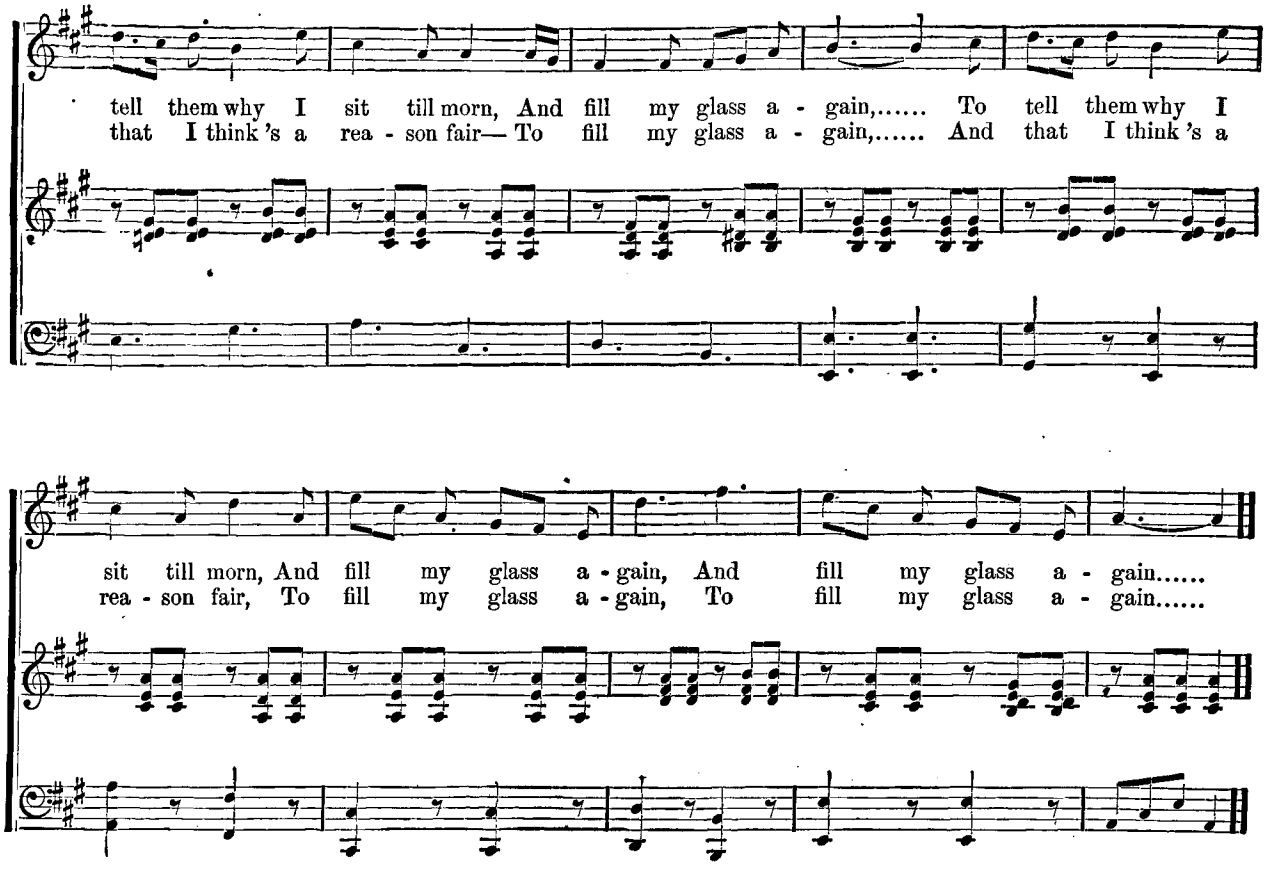
CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS, author of the following song, was born in Dorking, England, in 1739. He served his country during the American Revolution, and afterwards entered the Life Guards. He was a great social favorite on account of his ready wit and lively songs. He wrote hundreds of ditties, and professed to attempt the reform of music generally heard around the convivial board. In his own language, he wrote "to discipline anew the social bands of convivial life, to blend the sympathies of fellow-hearts, and wreathe a sweeter, gayer garland for the brow of festivity from the divine plants of concord, gratitude, friendship and love." The author had attempted the impossible; those "divine plants" flourish only under a purer watering. And the author found it so; for Thackeray, in his "George the Fourth," speaking of Morris, says: "This delightful boon companion of the prince's found 'a reason fair' to forego filling and drinking, saw the error of his ways, gave up the bowl and chorus, and died retired and religious."

Thomas Moore said: "Assuredly, had Morris written much that at all approached the following verse of his 'Reasons for Drinking,' few would have equalled him either in fancy or in that lighter kind of pathos which comes, as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth." Captain Morris died at Brockham Lodge, Dorking, in 1838. He had married the widow of Sir William Stanhope, and after his death she published four volumes of his poems.

The music of his "Reasons for Drinking" was composed by CHARLES DIBDIN.

Arranged by EDWARD S. CUMMINGS.


Vivace.
1. I'm oft - en ask'd by plod - ding souls, And men of craft - y tongue,... What
2. 'Tis by the glow my bum - per gives, Life's pict - ure's mel - low made;..... The
joy I take in drain - ing bowls, And tip - pling all night long;
fad - ing light then bright - ly lives, And soft - ly sinks the shade. Some
But tho' these cau - tious knaves I scorn, For once I'll not dis - dain..... To
hap - pi - er tint still ris - es there, With ev - 'ry drop I drain,..... And


tell them why I sit till morn, And fill my glass a - gain,..... To tell them why I
that I think 's a rea - son fair— To fill my glass a - gain,..... And that I think 's a
sit till morn, And fill my glass a - gain, And fill my glass a - gain.....
rea - son fair, To fill my glass a - gain, To fill my glass a - gain.....

I'm often asked by plodding souls
And men of crafty tongue,
What joy I take in draining bowls
And tippling all night long.
But though these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I sit till morn
And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives,
Life's picture 's mellow made;
The fading light then brightly lives,
And softly sinks the shade,
Some happier tint still rises there,
With every drop I drain,
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take
But round the bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
Then, if each nymph will have her share,
Before she'll bless her swain,
Why, that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

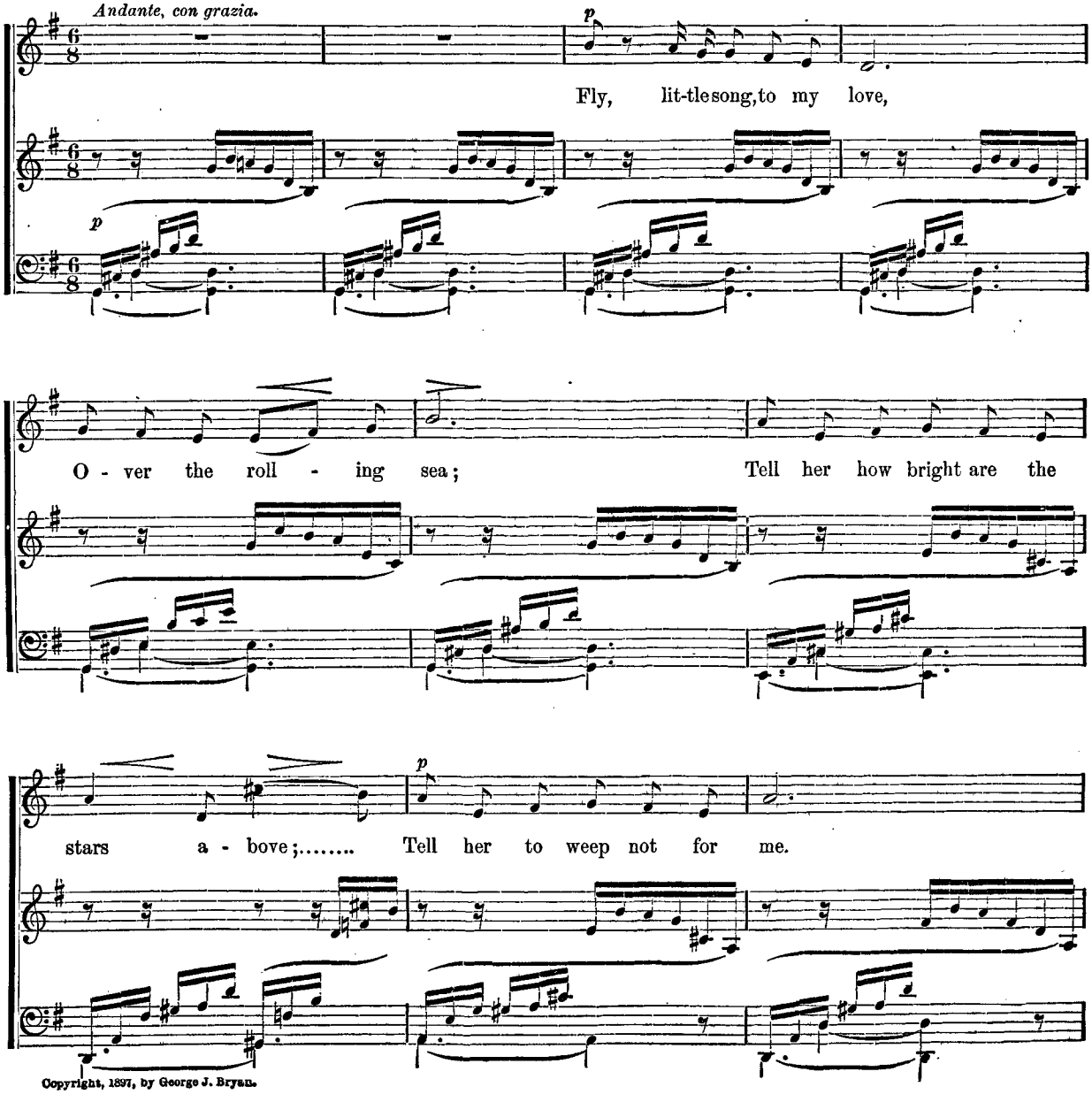
In life, I've rung all changes through,
Run ev'ry pleasure down,
'Mid each extreme of folly, too,
And liv'd with half the town:
For me, there's nothing new nor rare,
Till wine deceives my brain,
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

I find, too, when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I'm pros'd by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care;
Or, harder still, am doomed to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain,
And that I'm sure 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

There's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old,
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold:
But wine awhile drives off despair,—
Nay, bids a hope remain;—
Why, that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

FLY, LITTLE SONG, TO MY LOVE.

THE words of this song were first used with a setting composed to them by the late Alfred Cellier, in which they were attributed to "C. A." Except for the possible implication in this that the words also may have been written by Mr. Cellier, their origin is not known. The setting here given to them is the composition of LOUIS RAPHAEL DRESSLER, who perpetuates in the active musical world a name which gained distinction from the musical services of his father, William Dressler, well known in the early development of music in New York. Louis R. Dressler was born in New York in 1861, and studied under his father. He soon took his place among the better known organists and choirmasters of the city, and became favorably known as a composer of great merit. He has written considerable good church music and a number of very charming songs, among which are "Star of my Soul," "Rapture," "Ho! For Slumber Land," and "Serenade," His technical skill and musical sympathy gave him distinction in the difficult and exacting role of accompanist, which he filled most acceptably with such singers as Lilli Lehmann, Emma Thursby, the great Belgian violinist, Ovide Musin, and many others. Active in the development of good music, he was one of the original six who founded the Manuscript Society of New York, of which he has for a long time been the treasurer. In business he is associated with one of the great music houses in New York, where he has charge of an important department and acts in an advisory capacity.


Andante, con grazia.
p
Fly, lit-tle song, to my love,
p
O - ver the roll - ing sea;
Tell her how bright are the
p
stars a - bove;.....
Tell her to weep not for me.

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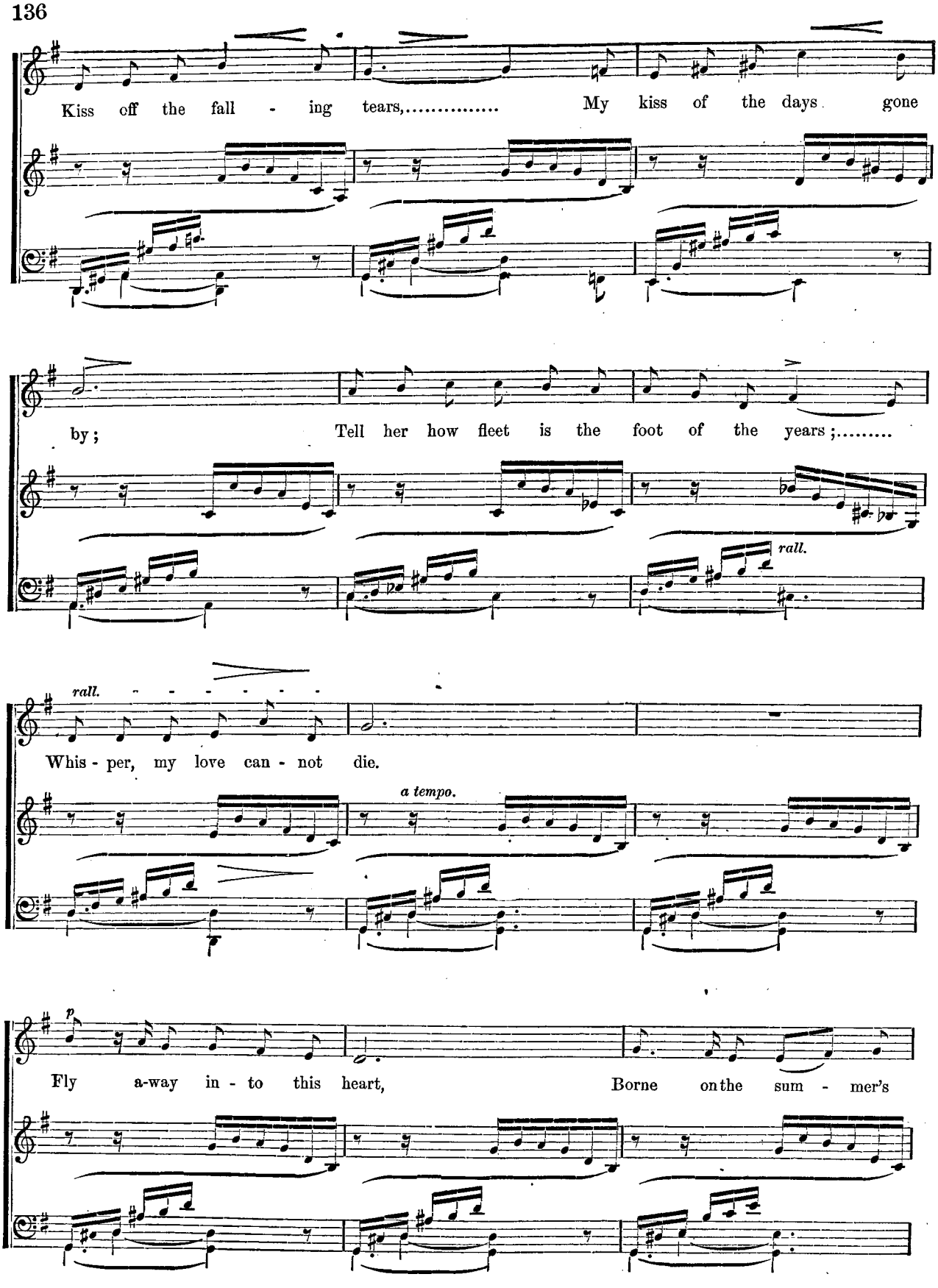
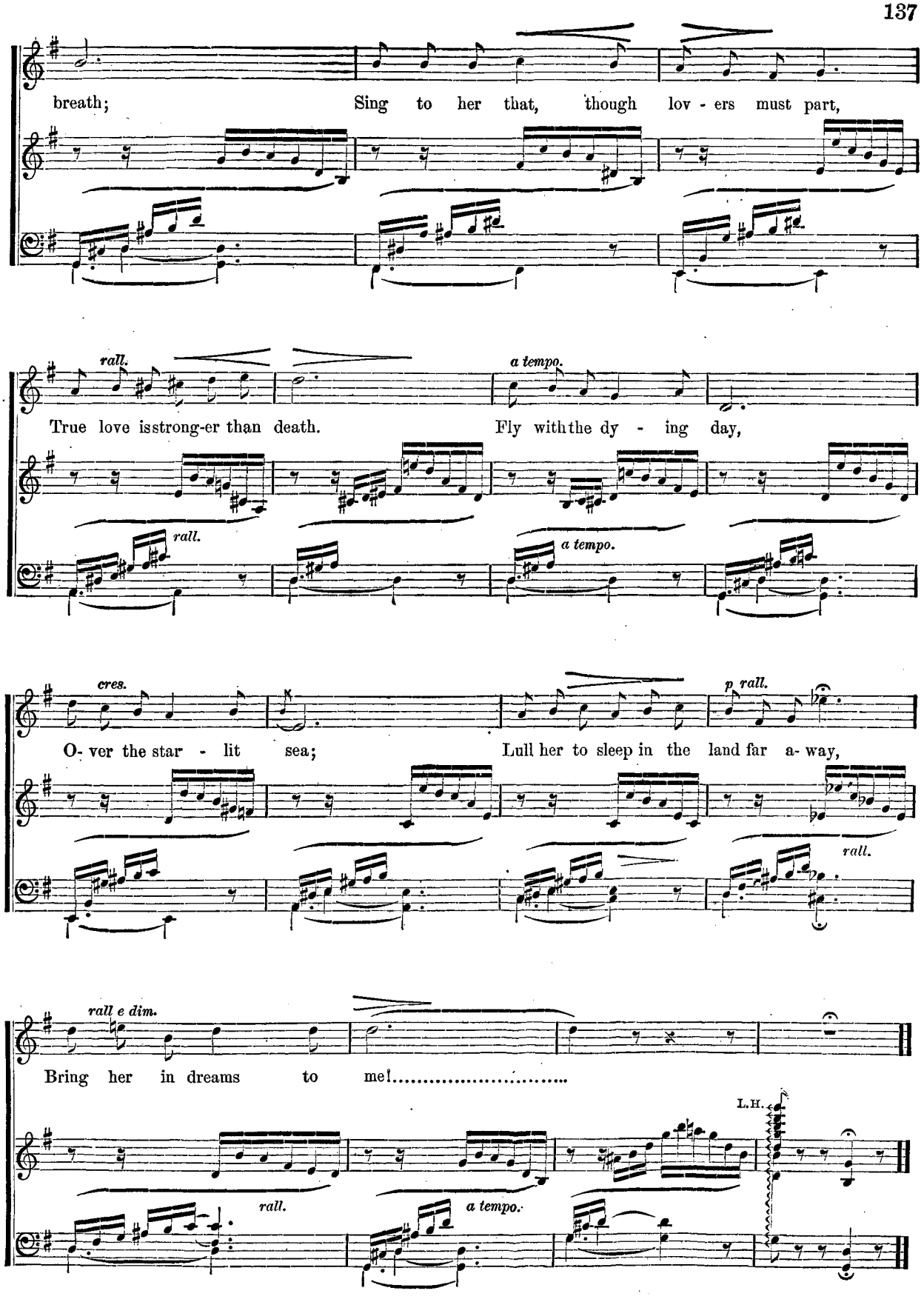
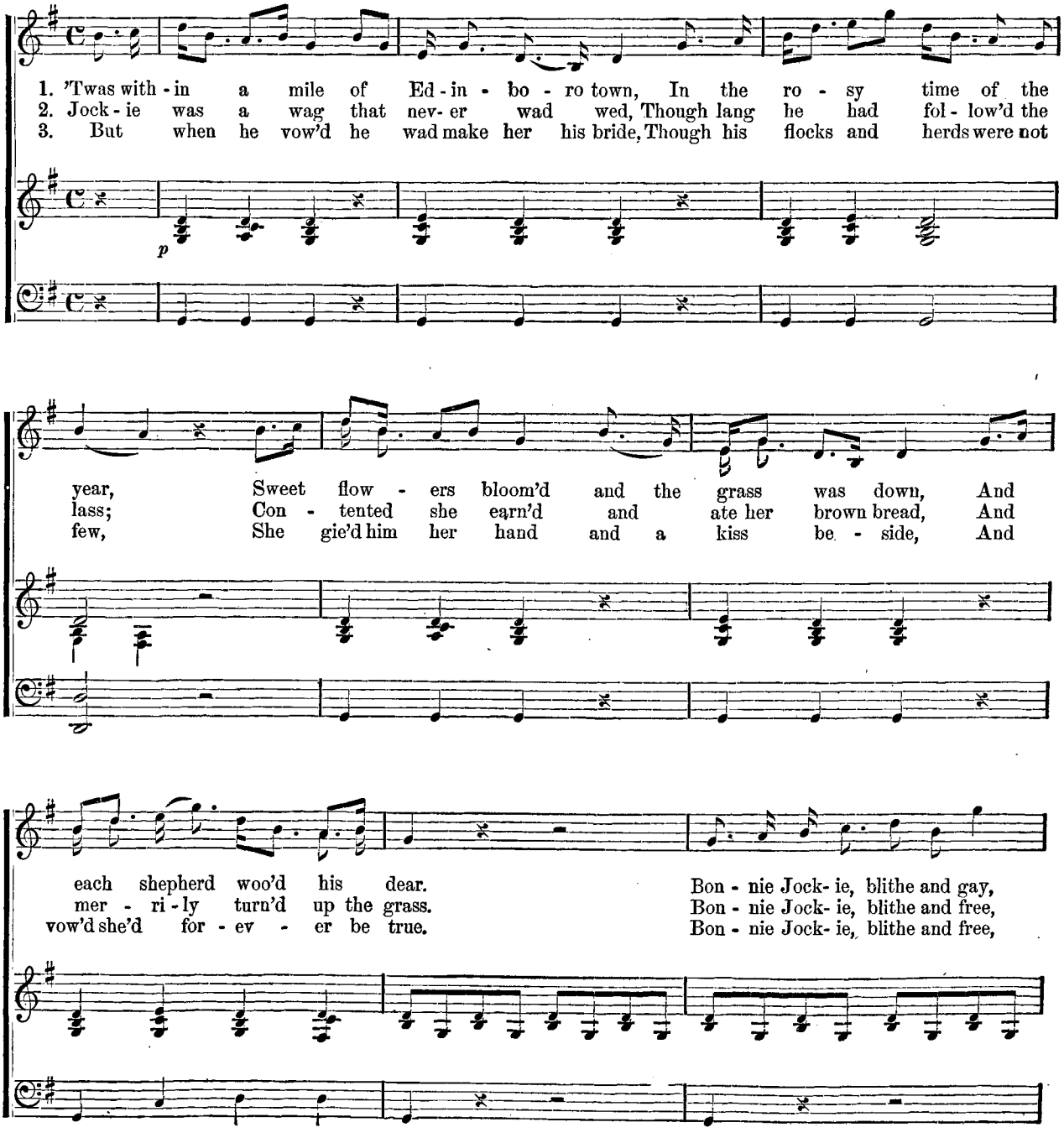

Kiss off the fall - ing tears,..... My kiss of the days gone
by; Tell her how fleet is the foot of the years;.....
rall.
rall.
Whis - per, my love can - not die.
a tempo.
p
Fly a-way in - to this heart, Borne on the sum - mer's


breath; Sing to her that, though lov - ers must part,
rall.
a tempo.
True love isstrong-er than death. Fly withthe dy - ing day,
rall.
a tempo.
cres.
p rall.
O- ver the star - lit sea; Lull her to sleep in the land far a- way,
rall.
rall e dim.
Bring her in dreams to me!.....
L.H.
rall.
a tempo.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'.

THIS song is a fine illustration of the immortality of a melody, whatever the words may be to which we are obliged to hum it. These words are a modern version of a song that appeared in 1698, called "Within a furlong of Edinburgh town," supposed to have been written by THOMAS D'URFEY, a English dramatist and musician, born in 1649. He performed his own music before Charles II., James, William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George, Prince of Denmark. He died in 1723.

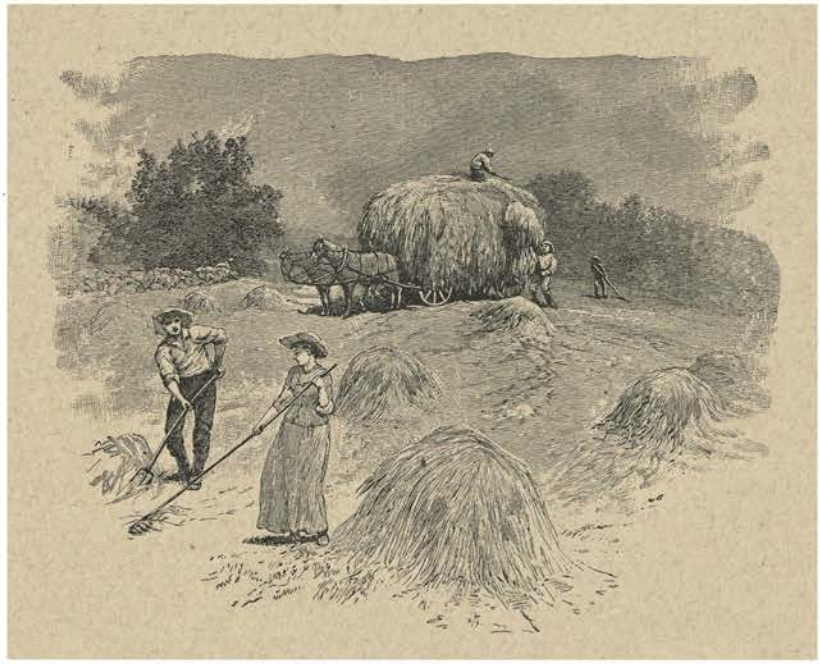
The present striking air was composed by JAMES HOOK, father of Theodore Hook. James Hook was born in Norwich, England, in 1746. He received his first musical instruction there, and threw himself into the profession with an enthusiastic devotion which won him popularity. Besides sonatas, concertos, and other musical works, he is said to have composed two thousand song melodies, of which his English ballads were remarkably successful. He wrote many comic operas. He died in 1827.


1. 'Twas with - in a mile of Ed - in - bo - ro town, In the ro - sy time of the
2. Jock - ie was a wag that nev- er wad wed, Though lang he had fol - low'd the
3. But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not
p
year, Sweet flow - ers bloom'd and the grass was down, And
lass; Con - tented she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And
few, She gie'd him her hand and a kiss be - side, And
each shepherd woo'd his dear.
mer - ri - ly turn'd up the grass.
vow'd she'd for - ev - er be true.
Bon - nie Jock - ie, blithe and gay,
Bon - nie Jock - ie, blithe and free,
Bon - nie Jock - ie, blithe and free,

Kiss'd young Jennie mak - ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win- na do; I
Won her heart right mer- ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win- na do; I
Won her heart right mer- ri - ly; At kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it win- na do; I

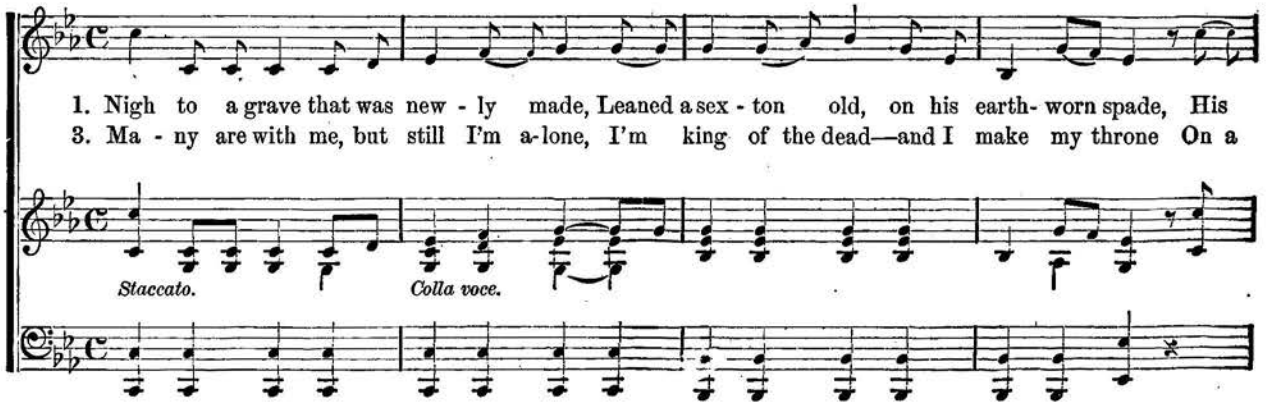
can- na, can- na, win- na, win- na, maun-na buck - le to."

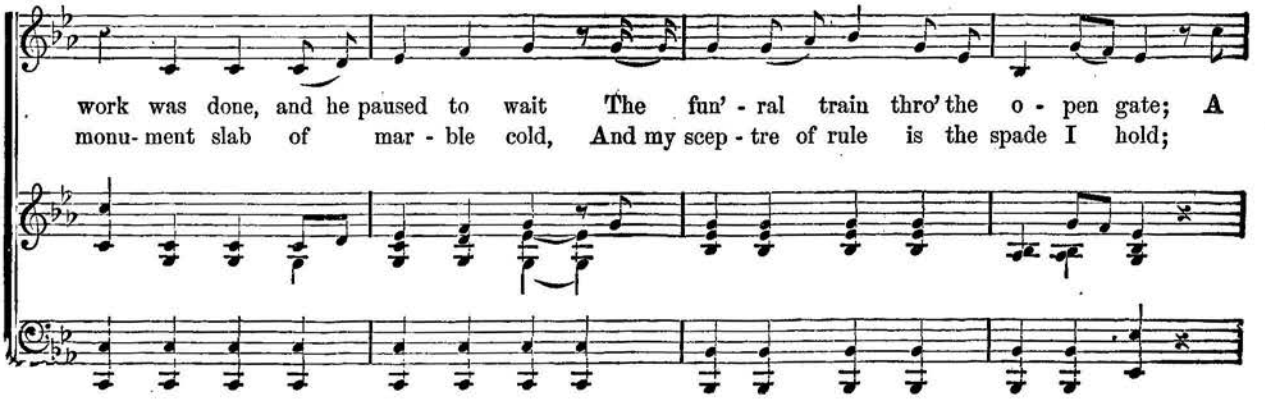
f

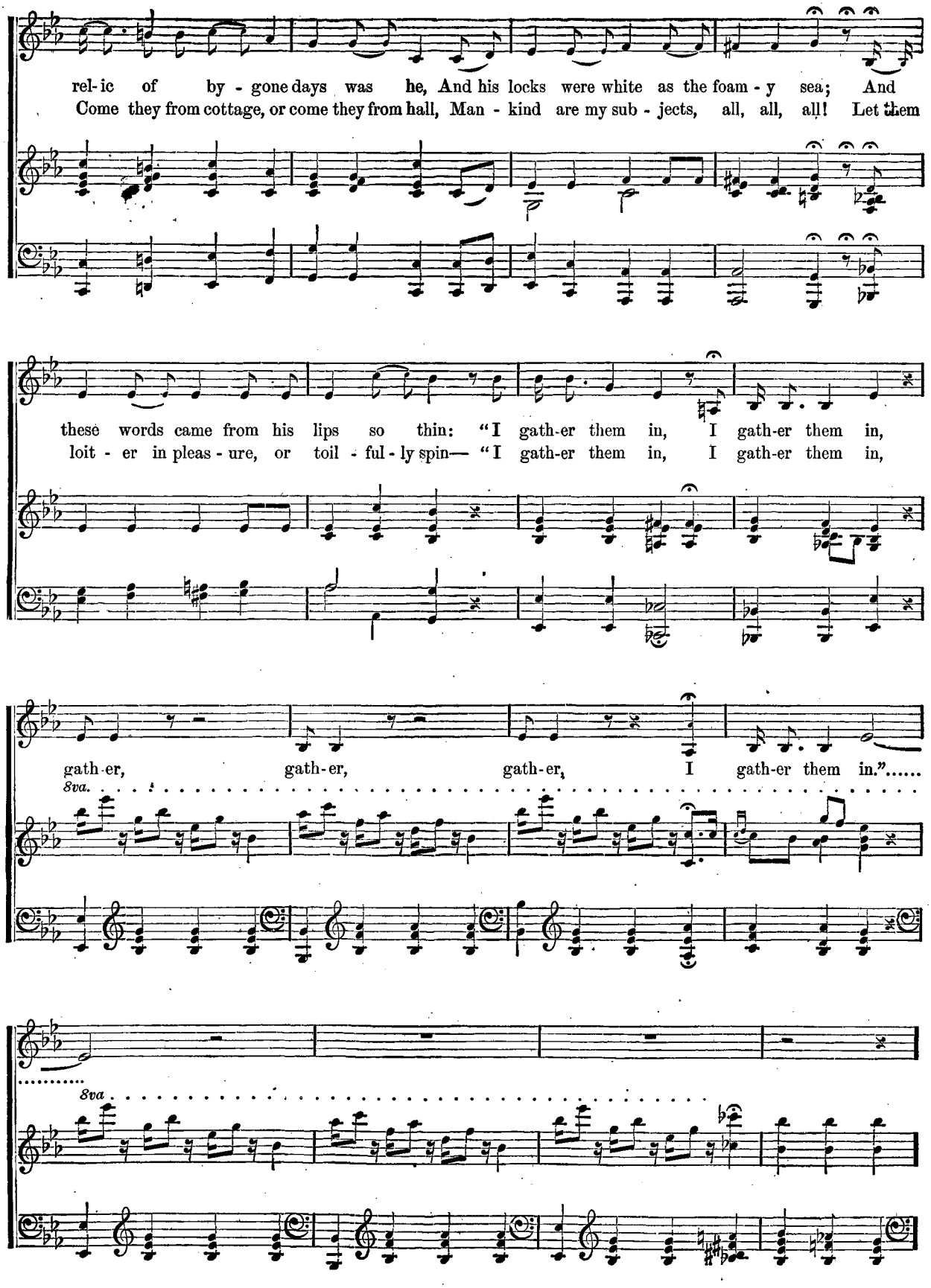


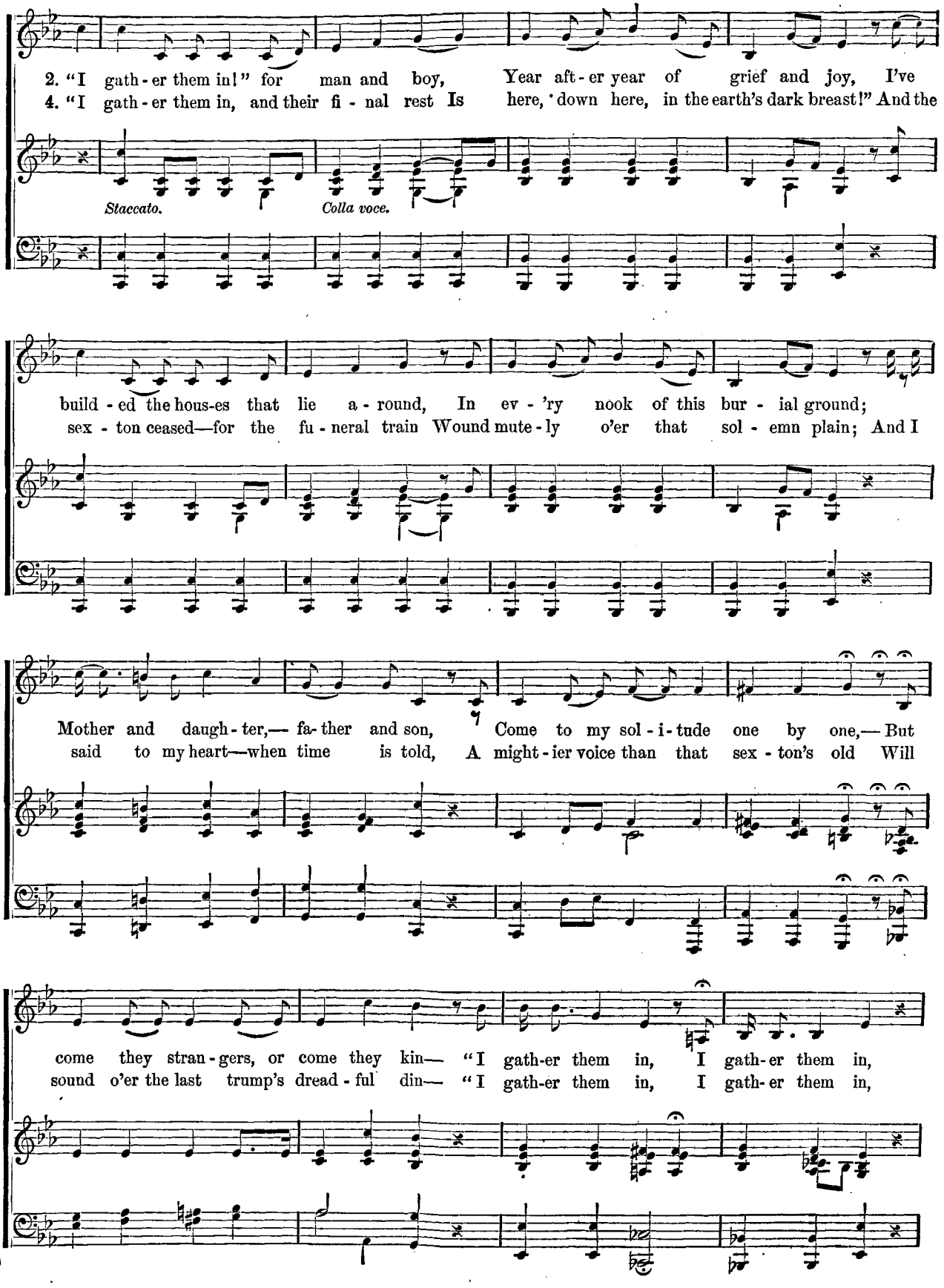
THE OLD SEXTON.

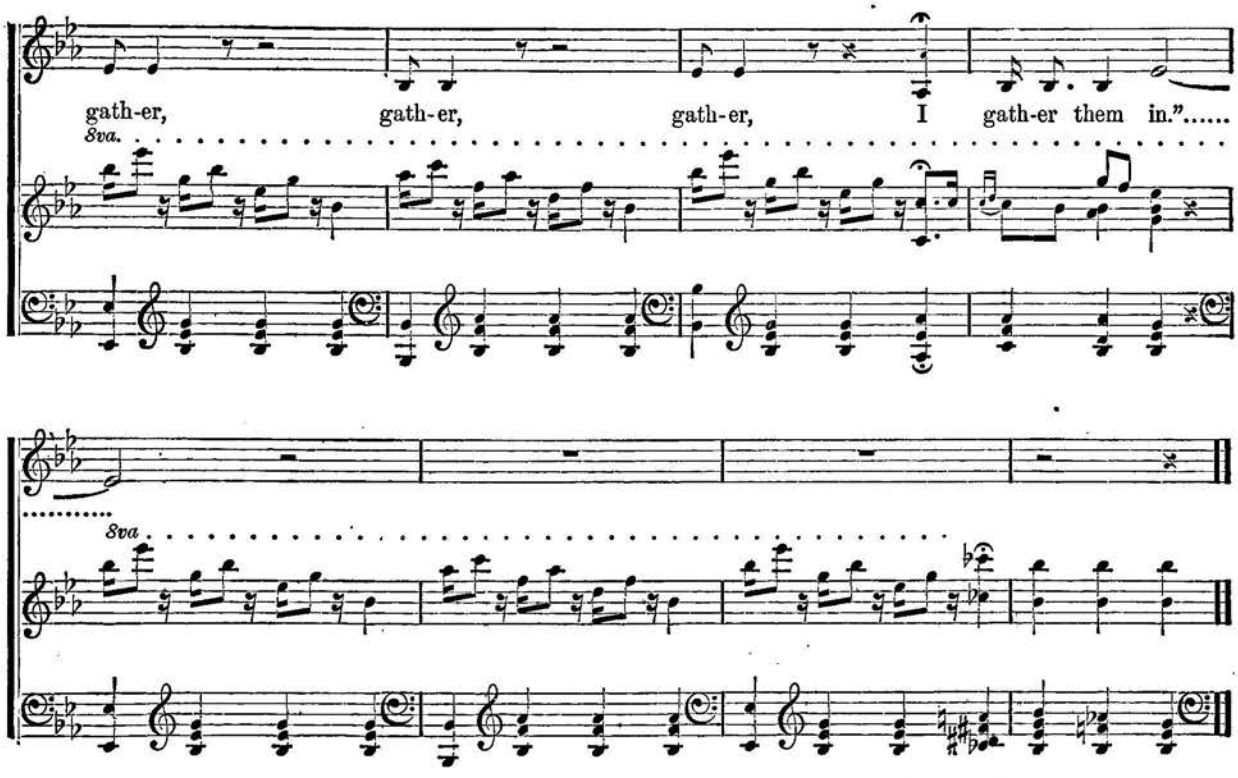
PARK BENJAMIN, author of the words of "The Old Sexton," was born in Demerara, British Guiana, August 14, 1809. His parents had removed there from New England, and, on account of illness in his infancy, which resulted in serious lameness, Park was sent to his father's home in Connecticut for medical treatment. He studied at Trinity and Harvard Colleges, and began to practice law in Boston. He soon left the profession, devoted himself to literary pursuits, and became founder, editor, or contributor of several American magazines. His lyrics attained wide popularity, but have never been collected; some of them, it is said, have not even been in print, but have descended from school-boy to school-boy as declamations. Mr. Benjamin died in New York city, September 12, 1864. "The Old Sexton" was written expressly for HENRY RUSSELL, who composed the music.


1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made, Leaned a sex - ton old, on his earth- worn spade, His
3. Ma - ny are with me, but still I'm a-lone, I'm king of the dead—and I make my throne On a
Staccato.
Colla voce.


work was done, and he paused to wait The fun' - ral train thro' the o - pen gate; A
monu- ment slab of mar - ble cold, And my scep - tre of rule is the spade I hold;


rel-ic of by-gone days was he, And his locks were white as the foam-y sea; And
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall, Man-kind are my sub-jects, all, all, all! Let them
these words came from his lips so thin: "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
loit-er in pleas-ure, or toil-ful-ly spin— "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
gath-er, gath-er, gath-er, I gath-er them in."
8va.
8va


2. "I gath-er them in!" for man and boy, Year aft-er year of grief and joy, I've
4. "I gath-er them in, and their fi-nal rest Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!" And the
Staccato.
Colla voce.
build-ed the hous-es that lie a-round, In ev-'ry nook of this bur-ial ground;
sex-ton ceased—for the fu-neral train Wound mute-ly o'er that sol-emn plain; And I
Mother and daugh-ter,— fa-ther and son, Come to my sol-i-tude one by one,— But
said to my heart—when time is told, A might-ier voice than that sex-ton's old Will
come they stran-gers, or come they kin— "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
sound o'er the last trump's dread-ful din— "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,



Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade,
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train at the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin;
"I gather them in: I gather them in."

"I gather them in! for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy;
I've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial ground;
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one,—
But come they strangers or come they kin—
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

"Many are with me, but still I'm alone,
I'm king of the dead—and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold;
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold;
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin—
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

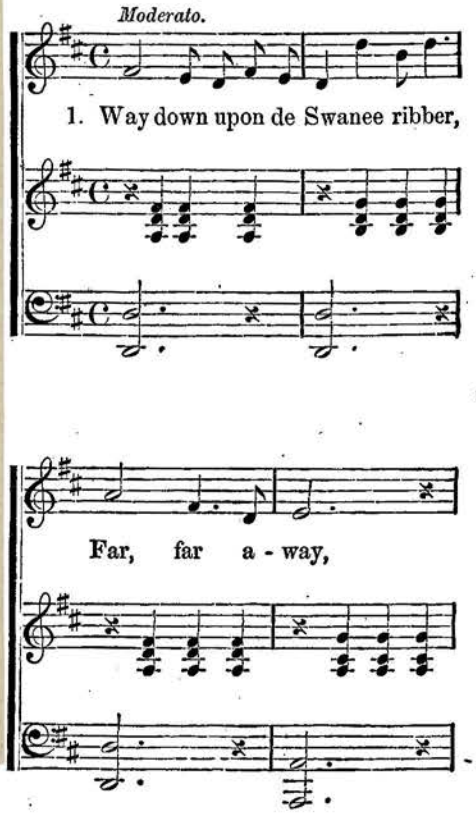
"I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!"
And the sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain!
And I said to my heart, when time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din—
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

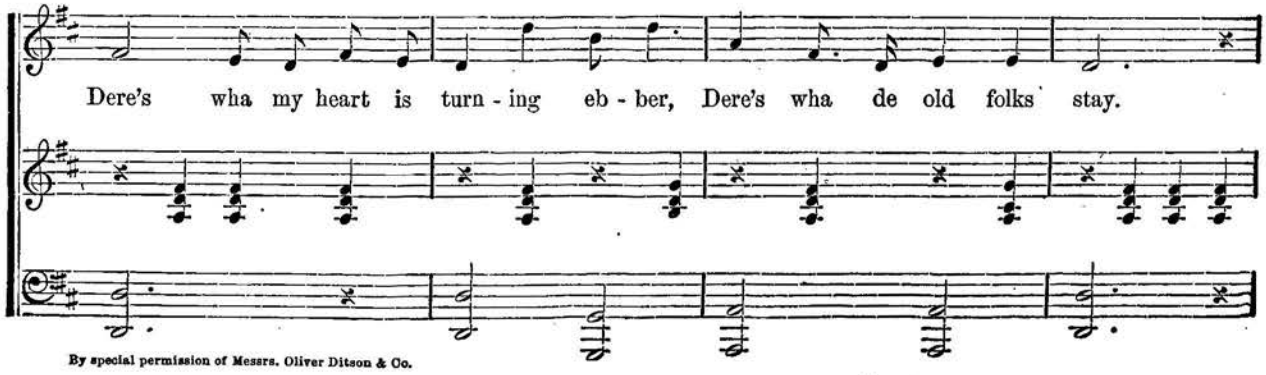
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

As she appeared when singing "Old Folks at Home."

FOR its age, this is one of the best known songs in the world. Four hundred thousand copies of it were sold, and E. P. Christy, of minstrel fame, paid four hundred dollars for the privilege of having his name printed upon a single edition as its author and composer. The true author and composer was STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.





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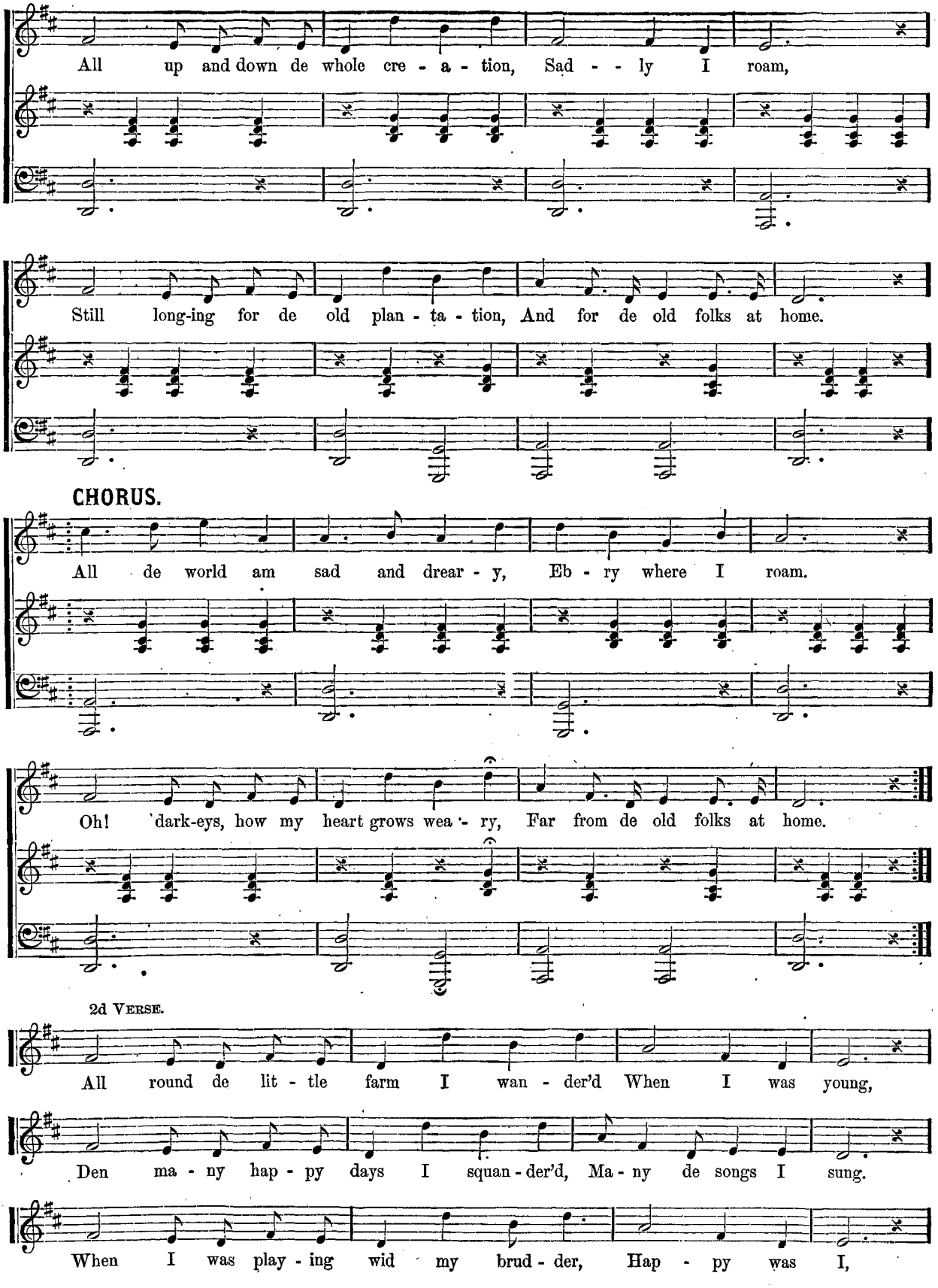
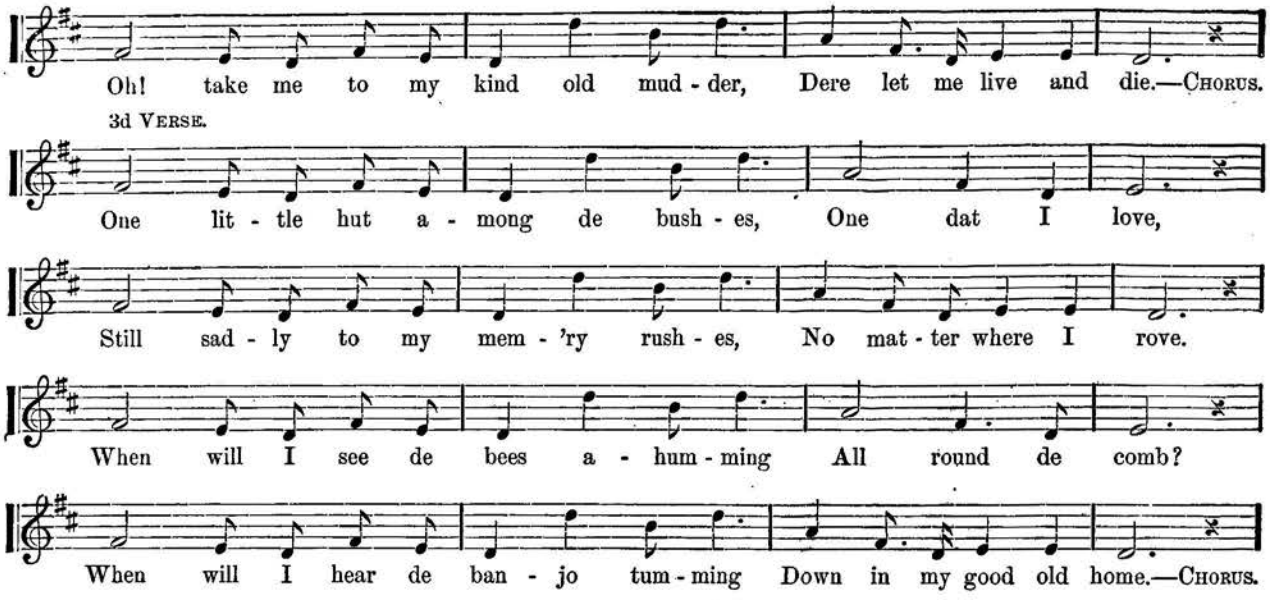
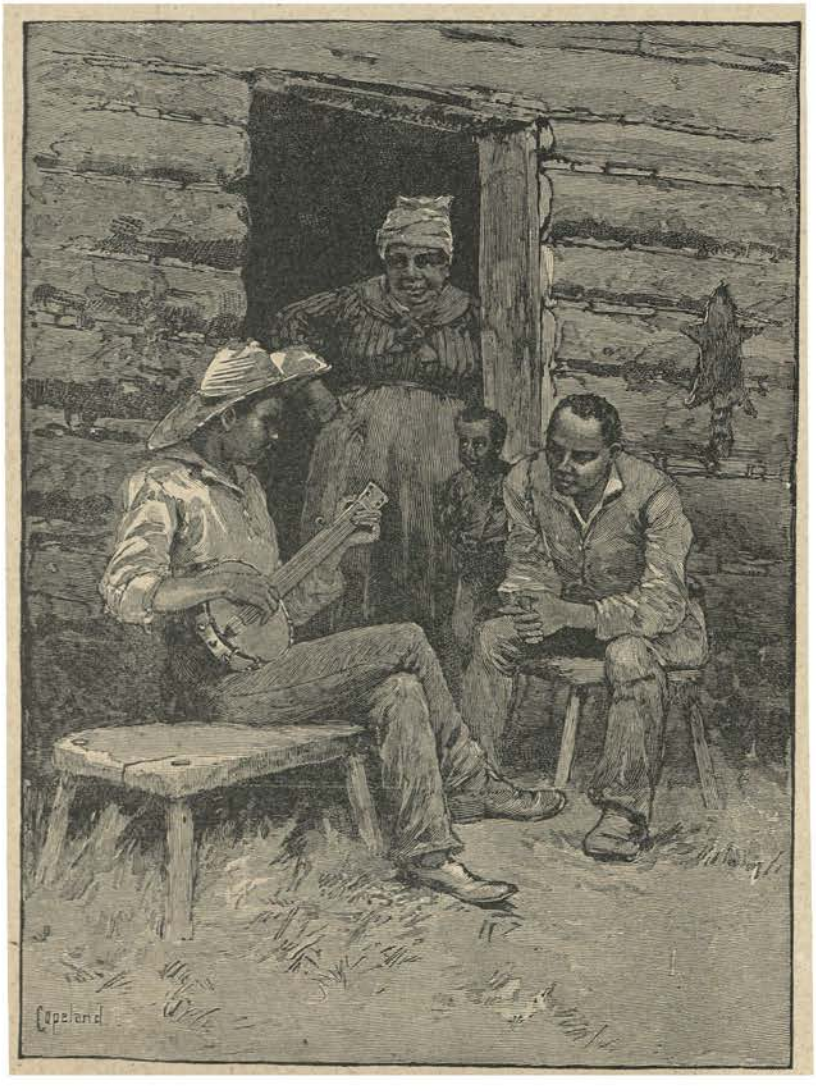

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - - ly I roam,
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
CHORUS.
All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam.
Oh! dark-eys, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.
2d VERSE.
All round de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,
Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan - der'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,


Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.—Chorus.
3d Verse.
One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a - hum - ming All round de comb?
When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming Down in my good old home.—Chorus.



Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus.

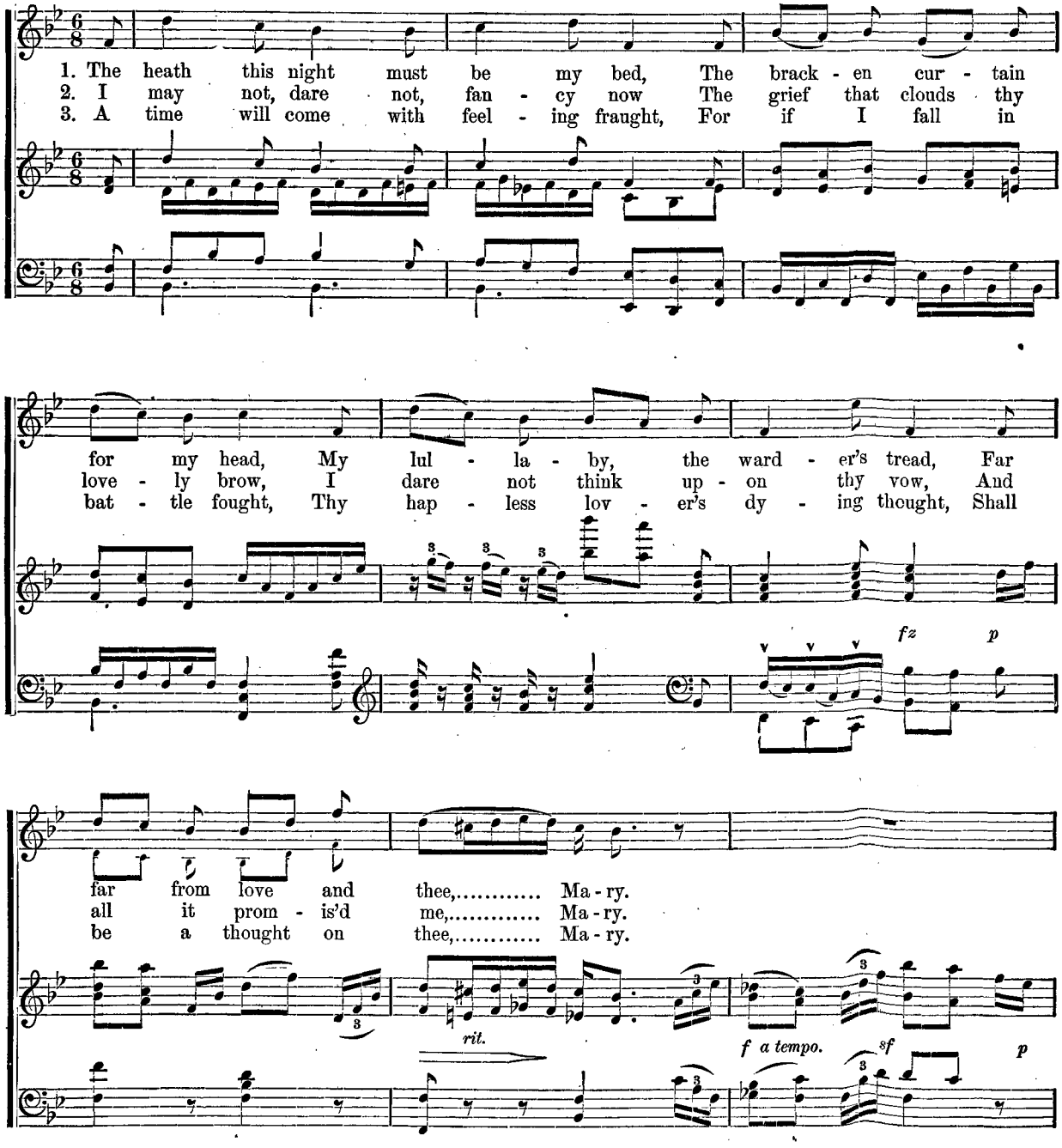
All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebrywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

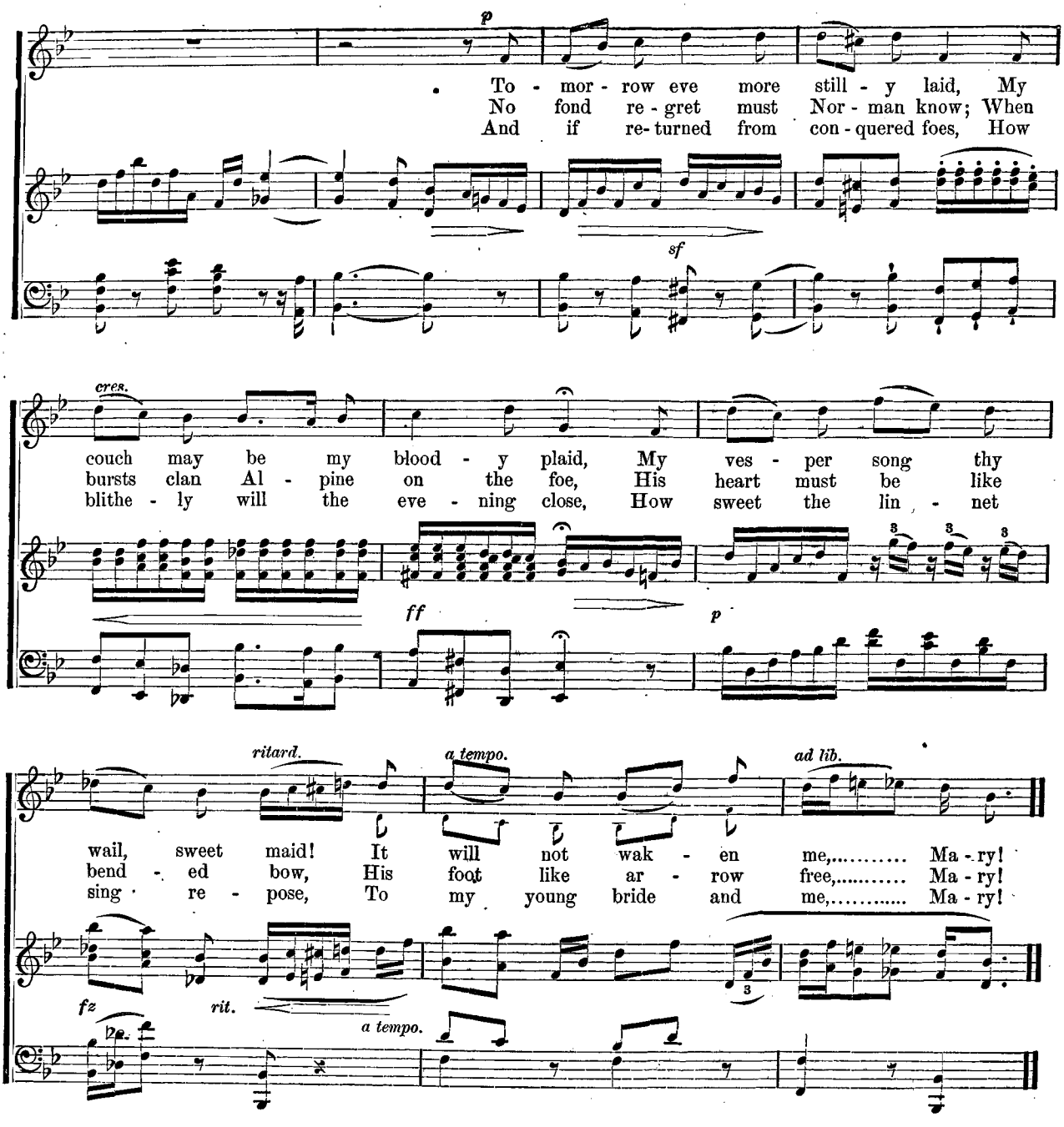
All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

"THE Heath this night must be my bed," is the song of Norman in SCOTT'S "Lady of the Lake." Several airs have been written for the song, but I think the one that follows is the work of JOSEPH, COUNT MAZZINGHI. This distinguished composer was born in England in 1760. His mother was English, but his father was descended from an ancient Tuscan family. He developed musical ability so early, that he became director of the opera house when but eighteen years old, and he once restored the orchestral parts of a lost opera of Paeisiello's from memory. His own operas—"Paul and Virginia," "The Blind Girl," "The Turnpike Gate," &c., were very popular, and Scott thanked him warmly for the manner in which he adapted several of his lyrics. Mazzinghi died in 1844.


1. The heath this night must be my bed, The brack - en cur - tain
2. I may not, dare not, fan - cy now The grief that clouds thy
3. A time will come with feel - ing fraught, For if I fall in
for my head, My lul - la - by, the ward - er's tread, Far
love - ly brow, I dare not think up - on thy vow, And
bat - tle fought, Thy hap - less lov - er's dy - ing thought, Shall
fz
p
far from love and thee,..... Ma - ry.
all it prom - is'd me,..... Ma - ry.
be a thought on thee,..... Ma - ry.
rit.
f a tempo.
sf
p


p
To - mor - row eve more still - y laid, My
No fond re - gret must Nor - man know; When
And if re- turned from con - quered foes, How
sf
cres.
couch may be my blood - y plaid, My ves - per song thy
bursts clan Al - pine on the foe, His heart must be like
blithe - ly will the eve - ning close, How sweet the lin - net
ff
p
ritard.
a tempo.
ad lib.
wail, sweet maid! It will not wak - en me,..... Ma - ry!
bend - ed bow, His foot like ar - row free,..... Ma - ry!
sing re - pose, To my young bride and me,..... Ma - ry!
fz
rit.
a tempo.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby, the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary.
To-morrow eve more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts clan Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary!

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought,
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary.

A "MAID OF ATHENS!"

MAID OF ATHENS.

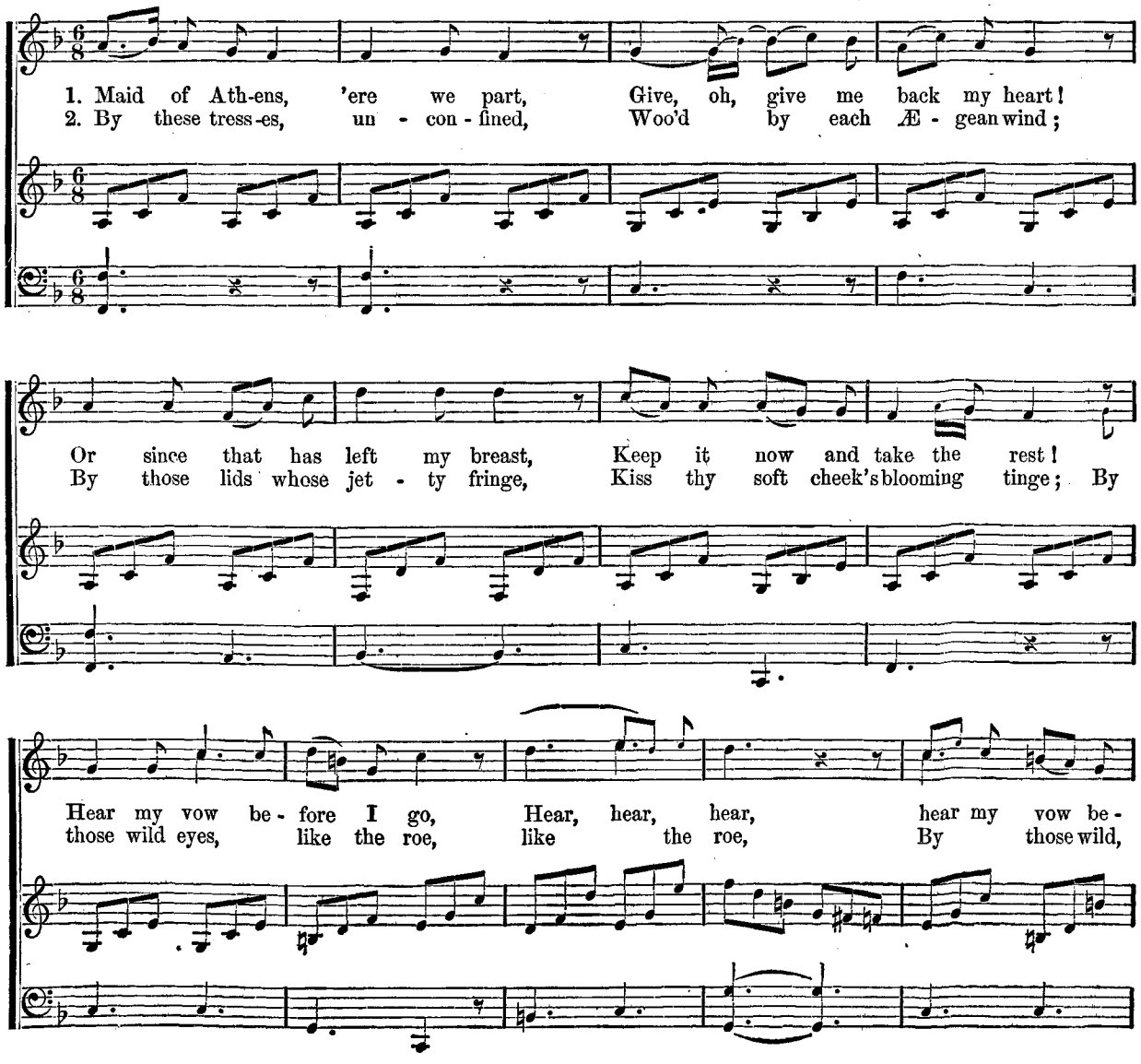
LORD BYRON wrote these stanzas while in Athens. The lady who inspired them was Theresa Macri, daughter of the English vice-consul, celebrated for her beauty. She afterwards married an Englishman named Black, who resided in her native city. In a note appended to the poem, Byron says: "The closing line of each stanza, *Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ*, is a Romaic expression of tenderness. If I translate it, I should affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I suppose they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, 'My life, I love you!' which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day, as Juvenal tells us the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenized." He says the line in the third stanza which reads:

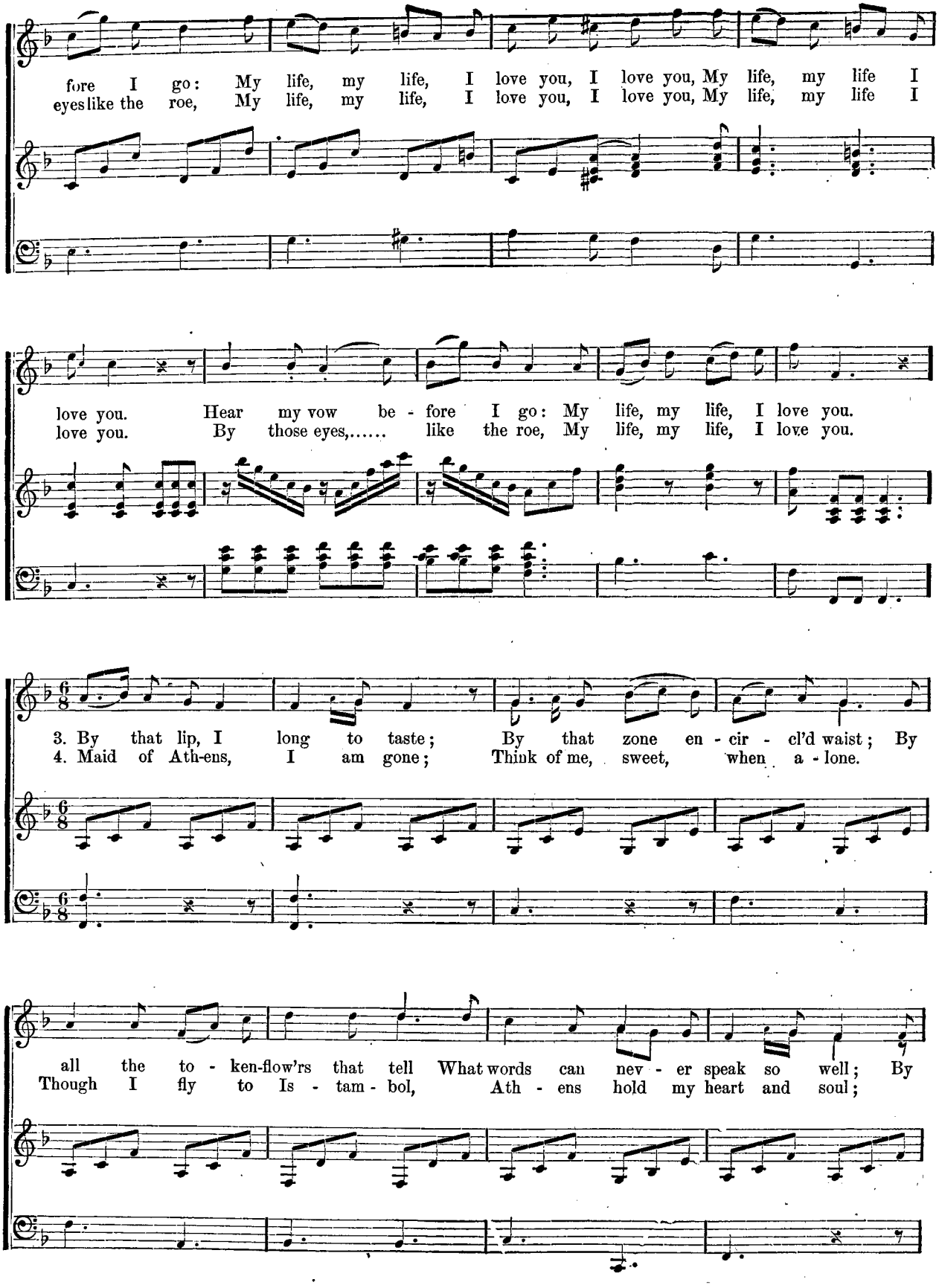
"By all the token-flowers that tell,"

refers to a custom in the East (where ladies cannot write,) of exchanging sentiments by means of flowers.

Lord Byron was born in London, January 22, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 19, 1824.

The music for the "Maid of Athens" was composed by ISAAC NATHAN, who was born in Canterbury, England, in 1792. He was intended for the Jewish priesthood, and was carefully educated, but turned his attention to music, and soon became a favorite composer of both secular and sacred works.


1. Maid of Ath-ens, 'ere we part, Give, oh, give me back my heart!
2. By these tress-es, un - con - fined, Woo'd by each Æ - gean wind;
Or since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the rest!
By those lids whose jet - ty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge; By
Hear my vow be - fore I go, Hear, hear, hear, hear my vow be -
those wild eyes, like the roe, like the roe, By those wild,


fore I go: My life, my life, I love you, I love you, My life, my life I
eyes like the roe, My life, my life, I love you, I love you, My life, my life I
love you. Hear my vow be - fore I go: My life, my life, I love you.
love you. By those eyes,..... like the roe, My life, my life, I love you.
3. By that lip, I long to taste; By that zone en - cir - cl'd waist; By
4. Maid of Ath-ens, I am gone; Think of me, sweet, when a - lone.
all the to - ken-flow'rs that tell What words can nev - er speak so well; By
Though I fly to Is - tam - bol, Ath - ens hold my heart and soul;

love's al - ter - nate joy and woe, joy,..... and woe, By love's al - ter- nate
Can I cease to love..... thee? no, no, no! Can I cease to

joy and woe, My life, my life, I love you, I love you, My life, my life, I
love thee? no! My life, my life, I love you, I love you, My life, my life, I

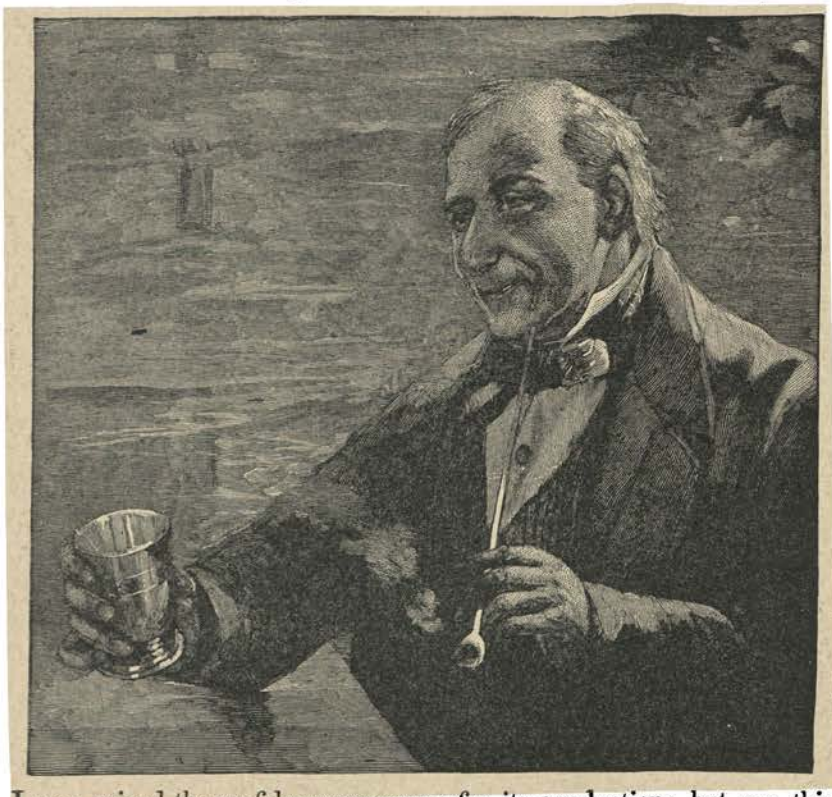
love you. By love's al - ter - nate joy and woe, My life, my life, I love you.
love you. Can I cease to love thee? no! My life, my life, I love you.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

THIS song is altered from an old ballad, entitled "The old and the young Courtier." Pepys writes in his Diary, June 16, 1668: "Come to Newbery, and there dined—and musick: a song of the 'Old Courtier of Queen Elizabeth,' and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out." The old ballad begins:

An old song made by an aged old pate
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the Queen's
And the Queen's old courtier.

The "Fine old English Gentleman" was made the subject of a curious copyright trial, an account of which is given by Mr. Henry Phillips, in his "Recollections." He says: "Having been invited to an evening party in the City, where music was to be the presiding deity, I met (I believe for the first time) an amateur of some celebrity, Mr. Crewe, who was a bookseller in Lamb's, Conduit Street, and possessed of a beautiful voice. He sang the Irish melodies charmingly, generally without accompaniment, which gave them a wildness and originality, that at times was quite enchanting. 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore,' was one of his great songs; in fact, I think he rarely escaped without singing it. This evening he threw off his bardic mantle, and sang a song we had never heard before, 'The old English Gentleman." All were in raptures with it; 'Whose is it?' 'Where did it come from?' 'How did you obtain it?' were the questions put from all quarters, terminating with, 'Do sing it again!' As for me, I was in ecstasies; I saw in an instant what I could do with it, and eagerly inquired where it could be obtained. Whether I might introduce it to the public. I felt it was a fortune to me if I could be the person to do so. Mr. Crewe informed me it was a very old song, and that any one had a right to it. With this, I begged a copy, which he said he would send me the next day. In strict accordance with his promise, I received and immediately began to study it. My conception of the reading was rapid in the extreme, and I soon gained the confidence necessary for its production; but one thing presented itself as an obstacle to success, which was, that the third verse related to the death of the old English gentleman. 'This won't do,' thought I; 'the living multitudes do not like to hear of the old gentleman dying, so I wrote a fourth verse myself, which ran thus:



'These good old times have passed away, and all such customs fled,
We've now no fine old gentlemen, or young ones in their stead;
Necessity has driven hope and charity away,
Yet may we live to welcome back that memorable day,
Which reared those fine old gentlemen, all of the olden time.'

"The first time I sang it in public, was at a grand concert given on the stage of her Majesty's Italian Opera in the Haymarket, where Sir George Smart conducted. We had a very large orchestra, led by Mori, and nearly all the first Italian and English singers appeared during the evening. Towards the end of the first act, I sat down to the grand piano-forte, and commenced 'The old English Gentleman.' At the end of the

first verse, the applause was great; at the termination of the second verse, still greater; at the third, it increased; and at the end such a storm arose that I was quite bewildered, and could not understand whether it meant condemnation of my song, or a re-demand. In my hesitation I hurried off the stage, and made for our anteroom at the back. Sir George hastened after me, saying rather angrily, 'Why don't you come back?'

"What is it, Sir George?" said I. "Are they hissing me?"

"Hissing!" he replied; "no, it's a tremendous encore."

"And it was an encore, indeed, such as I had never received before, and never witnessed since. After that you may be sure I fired away at the 'Old English Gentleman' wherever I went. Next morning, my friend Mori asked me all about this song, as he was anxious to publish it. I told him all I knew, where I first heard it, shewed him the manuscript copy sent to me by Mr. Crewe, and that I understood from that gentleman it was a very old song, and the property of any one who liked to take it up. In less than a week it appeared with my name on the title-page, and a conspicuous line saying no copy was correct or genuine but that published by Mori and signed by me. The song began to sell immensely, and for a few days promised an abundant harvest; when lo! out came an edition by Mr. Purday, of Holborn, and simultaneous with that, half-a-dozen other music shops issued their version; for it spread rapidly that I had said it was an old song and the property of any one. Mr. Purday fired the first shot by issuing a notice to all transgressors that the song was his property and his alone, and demanding the withdrawal of all other editions, and an account of all the copies that had been sold. A most unenviable mark I stood in the midst of all this contention. I could do no more than repeat my information. Mr. Purday publicly questioned my veracity; and Mr. Mori threatened me with all sorts of vengeance for having deceived him; until, in the end, all set Mr. Purday at defiance, and that gentleman having nothing left but to bring the case before a jury, an action was consequently commenced and fixed to take place, with as little delay as possible, in Westminster Hall. Mr. Purday everywhere asserted he had purchased the copyright, which was not then credited; for though he was not a very young-looking gentleman, we were quite sure he did not live during the reign of Elizabeth, at about which period we knew the words were written. So all remained a mystery till the trial, which was certainly a very droll one, and caused more laughter than is usually heard in courts of law.

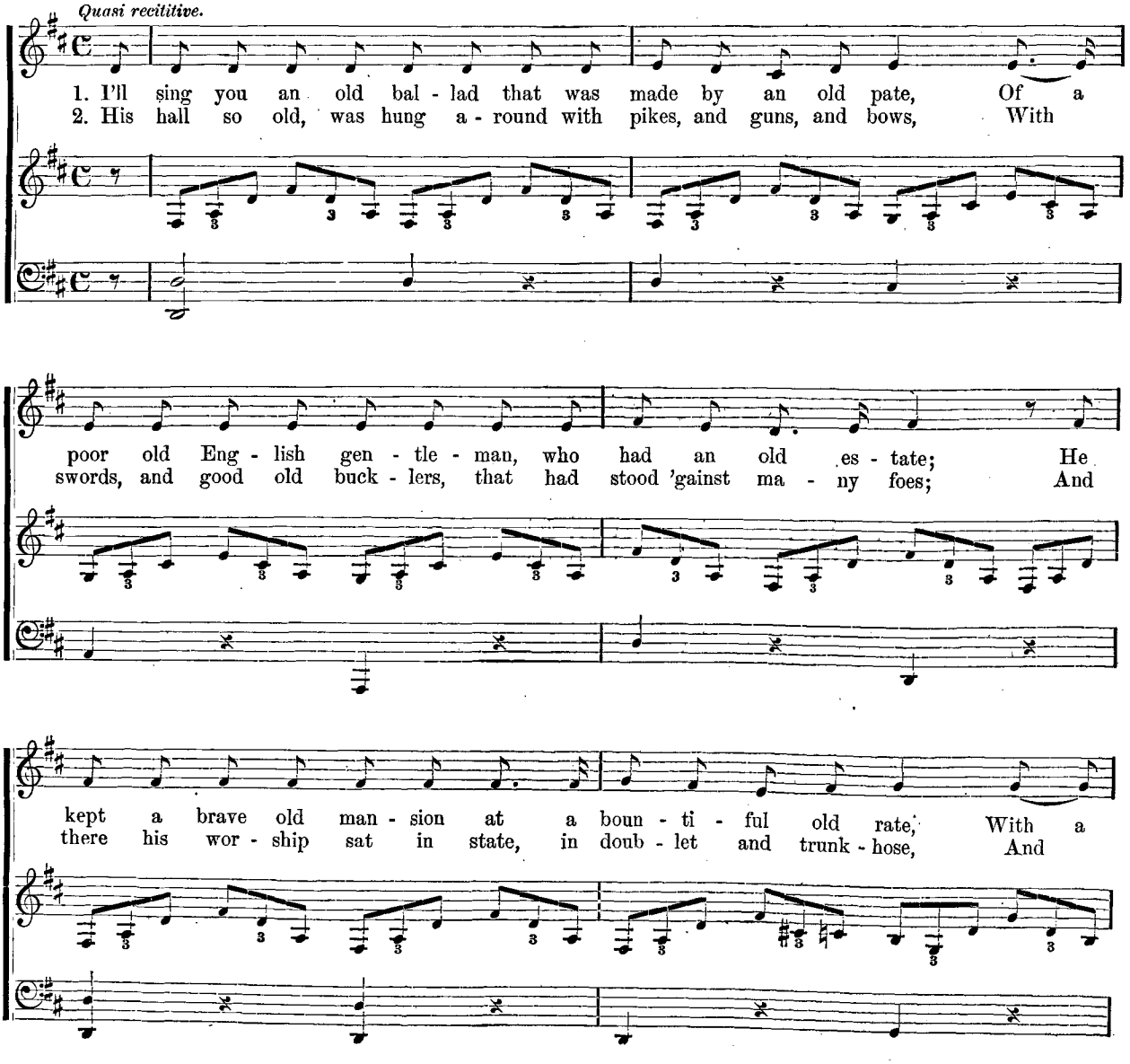
"All the editions were now withdrawn, with the exception of that claimed by Mr. Purday, and, by the day fixed for the trial, every species of musical authority had been summoned, as it became evident to the legal advisers that the question must turn upon the originality of the melody. It would not be sufficient for even the author to make oath that it was his composition, if it was like something else, for people generally thought the air was familiar. All speculation at length ceased, and the musical world stood breathless, waiting the issue of this interesting inquiry. When the trial came on, the court was crowded with persons connected with such matters.

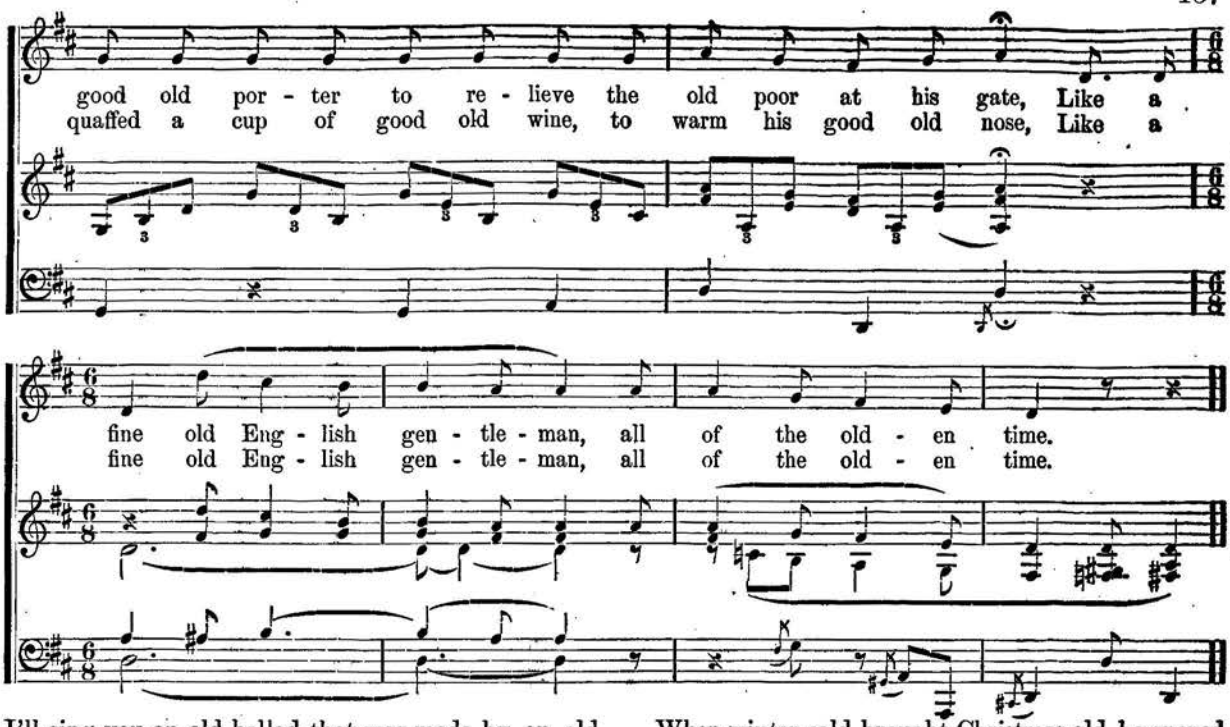
"After several eminent musicians had been called, but had failed to throw any light on the question, Mr. Tom Cooke was called. Up jumped Mr. Tom into the witness-box, as light as a fairy. Every one seemed under the impression that this witness would turn the scale, though the barristers were much disposed to think, with Dr. Johnson, that 'fiddlers have no brains.'"

Counsel.—Your name is Thomas Cooke, I believe? *Tom.*—So I've always been led to believe. *Counsel.*—And a professor of music? *Tom.*—A professor of the divine art. *Counsel.*—We'll put the divinity aside, for the present, Mr. Cooke. *Tom* (*sotto voce*).—Don't like music. *Counsel.*—Do you know a song called "The old English gentleman?" *Tom.*—No! I do not; I've heard it. *Counsel.*—Don't know it, but has heard it, my Lud. I suppose, sir, if you were asked, you could sing it? *Tom.*—I'm not quite sure I could; I've a bad memory, unless I receive a refresher. A loud laugh went through the court. *Usher.*—Si——lence! *Counsel.*—I see you're inclined to be very witty, Mr. Cooke. *Tom.*—Upon my honor, I'm not, I'm only telling the truth. (Another general laugh). *Usher.* Si——lence! *Counsel.*—Now, Mr. Cooke, attend particularly to this question. Do you or do you not believe that the melody in dispute is an ancient melody or a modern one? *Tom.*—Well, that, you see, depends entirely on when it was written. It might be five hundred years old, or it may have been written yesterday. It's a mighty accommodating tune, and would do for either period. *Counsel.*—It really appears to me that there is no probability of coming to any definite conclusion, unless his Lordship and the Court were to hear it. We cannot ask you, Mr. Cooke, of course to sing it; but if you had an instrument, could you play it? *Tom.*—What! at sight? (A roar of laughter). *Counsel.*—I don't know what you mean by at sight, sir, but if the tune were put before you, could you play it? *Tom.*—I think if my nerve does not fail me, I could. *Counsel.*—What instrument can we get you sir? *Tom.*—Oh, anything. *Counsel.*—Oh, anything. A Jew's-harp? *Tom.*—No; it might require a Jew's eye to read the music. *Counsel.*—Will a fiddle do, sir? *Tom.*—Yes. *Counsel.*—Let a fiddle be got.

"The fiddle was brought into court, and handed to the witness, who tuned it and placed the music before him. A suppressed laugh ran through the court. Mr. Cooke had just produced the first note, when the usher called out, 'Si——lence!'" *Tom.*—What! mustn't I play it? *Counsel.*—Yes, yes; go on, sir. Mr. Cooke played it slowly and deliberately through. *Judge.*—Is that all? *Tom.*—It is, my Lord. *Judge.*—Well, that appears to be very simple and easy. *Tom.*—(Holding out the bow and violin.)—It is. Will your Lordship try it? This sally was followed by roars of laughter. *Counsel.*—Now, Mr. Cooke, as you profess to be a musician, will you tell us, in the first place, is that which you have just played, a melody? *Tom.*—Well, I really don't think it is. The first part is merely ascending the scale, and the few bars afterwards I don't think really amount to a melody. *Counsel.*—This is evading the question. Do you know what a melody is? *Tom.*—I'm an Irishman, and I think I do. *Counsel.*—Well, define it. *Tom.*—Define what? Both parties were now in a passion. *Counsel.*—Define, sir, what is a melody. *Tom.*—It's impossible. *Counsel.*—Can you decline a verb, sir? *Tom.*—I think I can. *Counsel.*—Do, then. *Tom.*—(Seeming to think, and casting his eyes about him with a satirical smile.)—I'm an ass, he's an ass, and (pointing to the barrister) you're an ass. (Roars of laughter, in which the Judge joined.) *Counsel.*—Let that witness stand down.

"All means and witnesses having failed to stamp the song as an original melody, the decision was left in the hands of the jury, who, under all the circumstances, declared in favor of Mr. Purday, and he became sole possessor of the 'Old English Gentleman.'"


Quasi recititive.
1. I'll sing you an old bal - lad that was made by an old pate, Of a
2. His hall so old, was hung a - round with pikes, and guns, and bows, With
poor old Eng - lish gen - tle - man, who had an old es - tate; He
swords, and good old buck - lers, that had stood 'gainst ma - ny foes; And
kept a brave old man - sion at a boun - ti - ful old rate, With a
there his wor - ship sat in state, in doub - let and trunk - hose, And

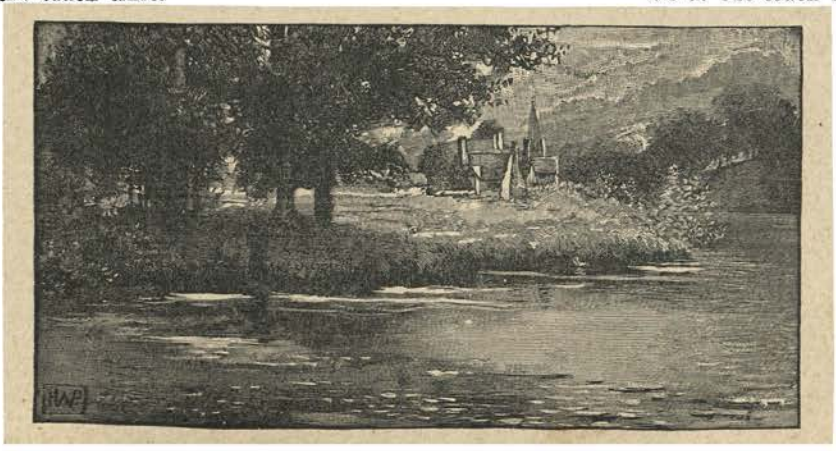

good old por - ter to re - lieve the old poor at his gate, Like a
quaffed a cup of good old wine, to warm his good old nose, Like a
fine old Eng - lish gen - tle - man, all of the old - en time.
fine old Eng - lish gen - tle - man, all of the old - en time.

I'll sing you an old ballad that was made by an old pate,
Of a poor old English gentleman, who had an old estate;
He kept a brave old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall so old, was hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows,
With swords, and good old bucklers, that had stood 'gainst many foes;
And there his worship sat in state, in doublet and trunk-hose,
And quaffed a cup of good old wine, to warm his good old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

When winter cold brought Christmas old, he opened house to all,
And, though three score and ten his years, he featly led the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven from the hall,
For, while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the small—
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

But time, though old, is strong in flight, and years rolled swiftly by,
When autumn's falling leaf foretold this poor old man must die!
He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's latest sigh,
While heavy sadness fell around, and tears bedewed each eye—
For this good old English gentleman, all of the olden time.



SWEETHEART, SIGH NO MORE.

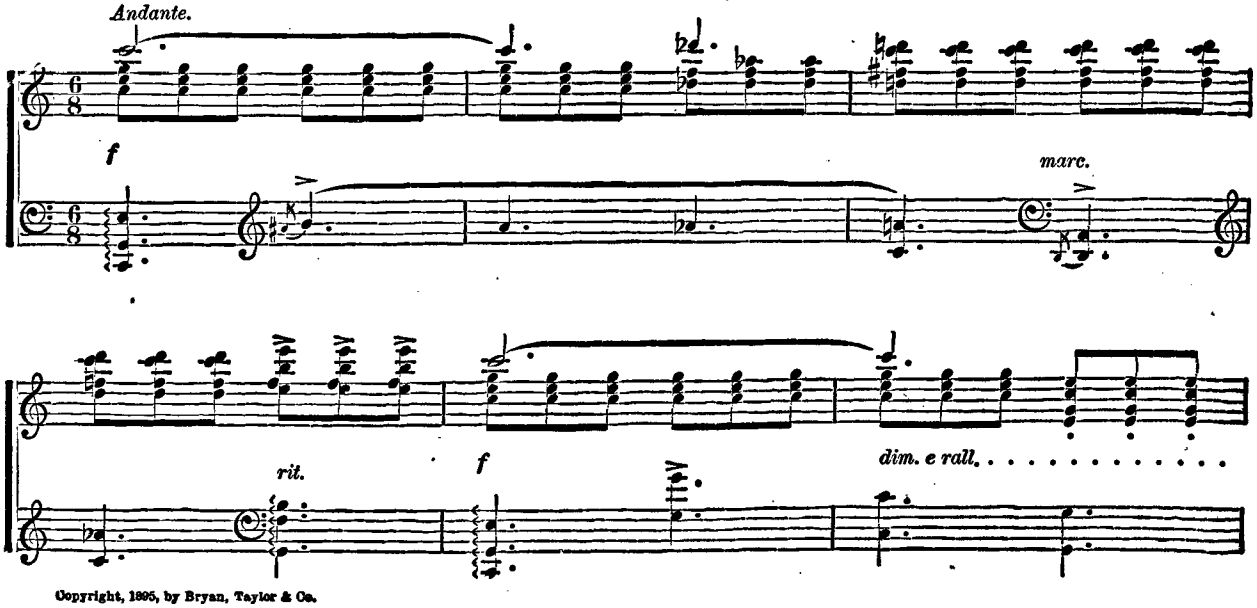
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH'S life has been an almost unbroken literary career, successful and richly productive. While at no time achieving the highest rank as editor and author he yet walks with firmness and grace in paths where prophets and bards have strolled in their choicest moods. There is a flavor of the best things in both his prose and poetry. He comes into American literature when it begins a growth of its own independently of foreign models and secures from the most fastidious of English critics a recognition of the exquisite daintiness of his verse. This quality appears in one of his earliest poems "Baby Bell," (1856) which was written at the age of twenty and gained immediate and wide popularity.

Aldrich began a course of college training which was cut short by the death of his father. He attempted a business career in a New York counting room, where he remained but three years. At this time he commenced writing for various journals. Then came his beautiful poem "Baby Bell," and its reception by the public determined his career. Thus he became the architect of his own fame with but little aid from the artificial devices commonly known as education. *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* His literary work was now carried on through many channels. He contributed to *Knickerbocker* and *Putnam's Magazines*, was on the staff of *The Home Journal* at the time when N. P. Willis and Geo. P. Morris were associated in its publication, and was the Editor of *Every Saturday* while published, from 1870–1874.

Those were delightful and exhilarating days to some of us just let loose in these fresh and open fields of American periodical literature. How much we owe Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, Park Godwin, Geo. Wm. Curtis, John Burroughs and kindred workers in those fields! How sadly we regretted the passing away of *Putnam's* and *Knickerbocker*. But the *Atlantic* soon appeared to fill their places. For many years Aldrich wrote for its pages and then in 1881, became its Editor, continuing until 1890.

The writings of Aldrich in all, prose and verse, would make too long a list to barely name here. His works have been republished in England, France, and Germany. After forty years of labor to our profit and delight he still works among us; yet though he were gone the "Touch of his hand" and the "Sound of his voice would remain."

The melody of "Sweetheart, Sigh No More," is by HOMER N. BARTLETT.



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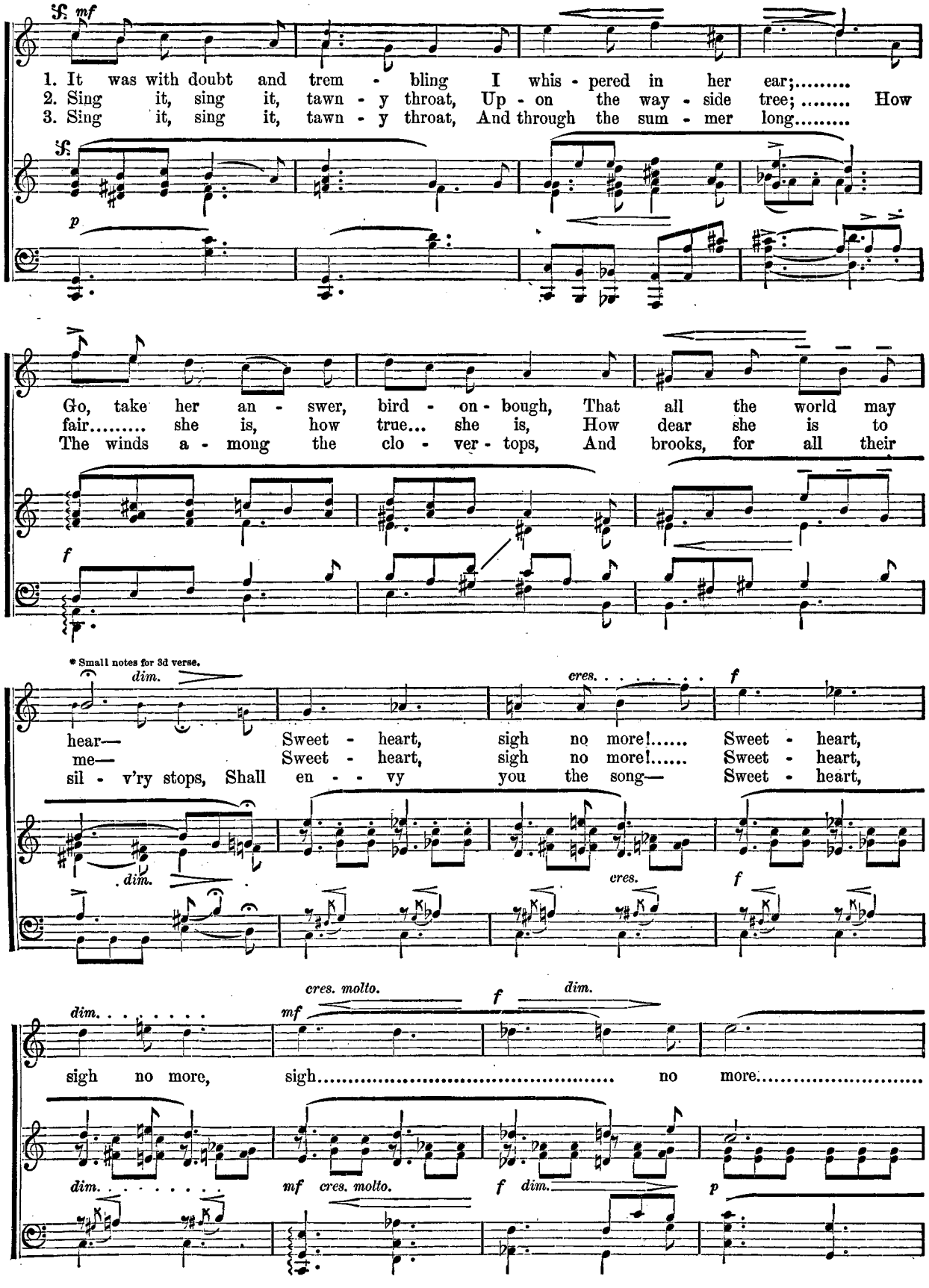
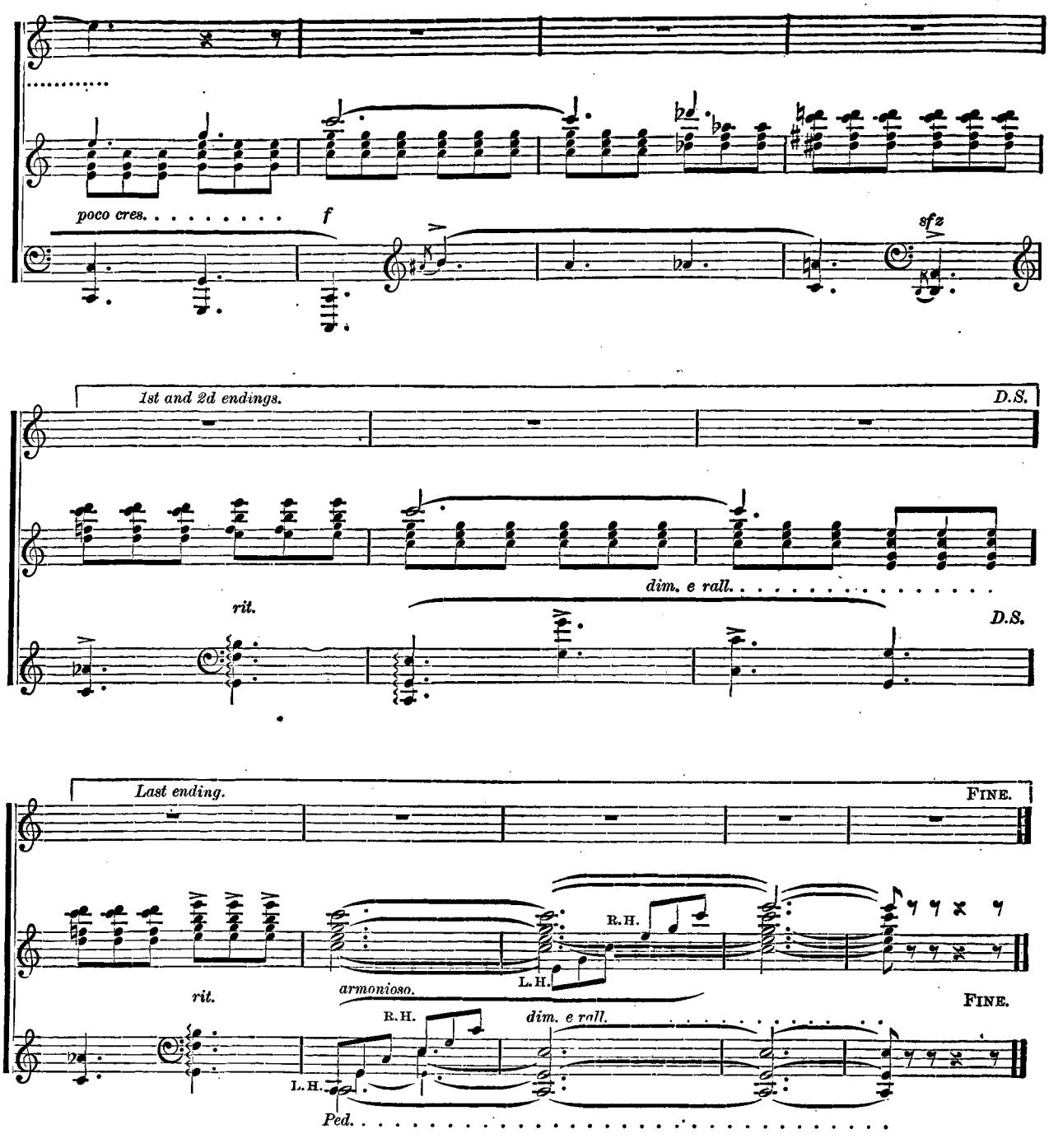

1. It was with doubt and trem - bling I whis - pered in her ear;.....
2. Sing it, sing it, tawn - y throat, Up - on the way - side tree; ..... How
3. Sing it, sing it, tawn - y throat, And through the sum - mer long.....
Go, take her an - swer, bird - on - bough, That all the world may
fair..... she is, how true... she is, How dear she is to
The winds a - mong the clo - ver - tops, And brooks, for all their
* Small notes for 3d verse.
hear— Sweet - heart, sigh no more!..... Sweet - heart,
me— Sweet - heart, sigh no more!..... Sweet - heart,
sil - v'ry stops, Shall en - - vy you the song— Sweet - heart,
sigh no more, sigh..... no more.....



It was with doubt and trembling
I whispered in her ear.
Go, take my answer, bird-on-bough,
That all the world may hear—
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,
Upon the wayside tree,
How fair she is, how true she is,
How dear she is to me—
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,
And through the summer long
The winds among the clover-tops,
And brooks, for all their silvery stops,
Shall envy you the song—
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

THE author of this song is unknown. Previous to Christmas, 1795–'6, when the English claim that it appeared in an English pantomime, an old familiar Scottish song was touched up by Burns, which referred to the fording of the little River Rye. It read:

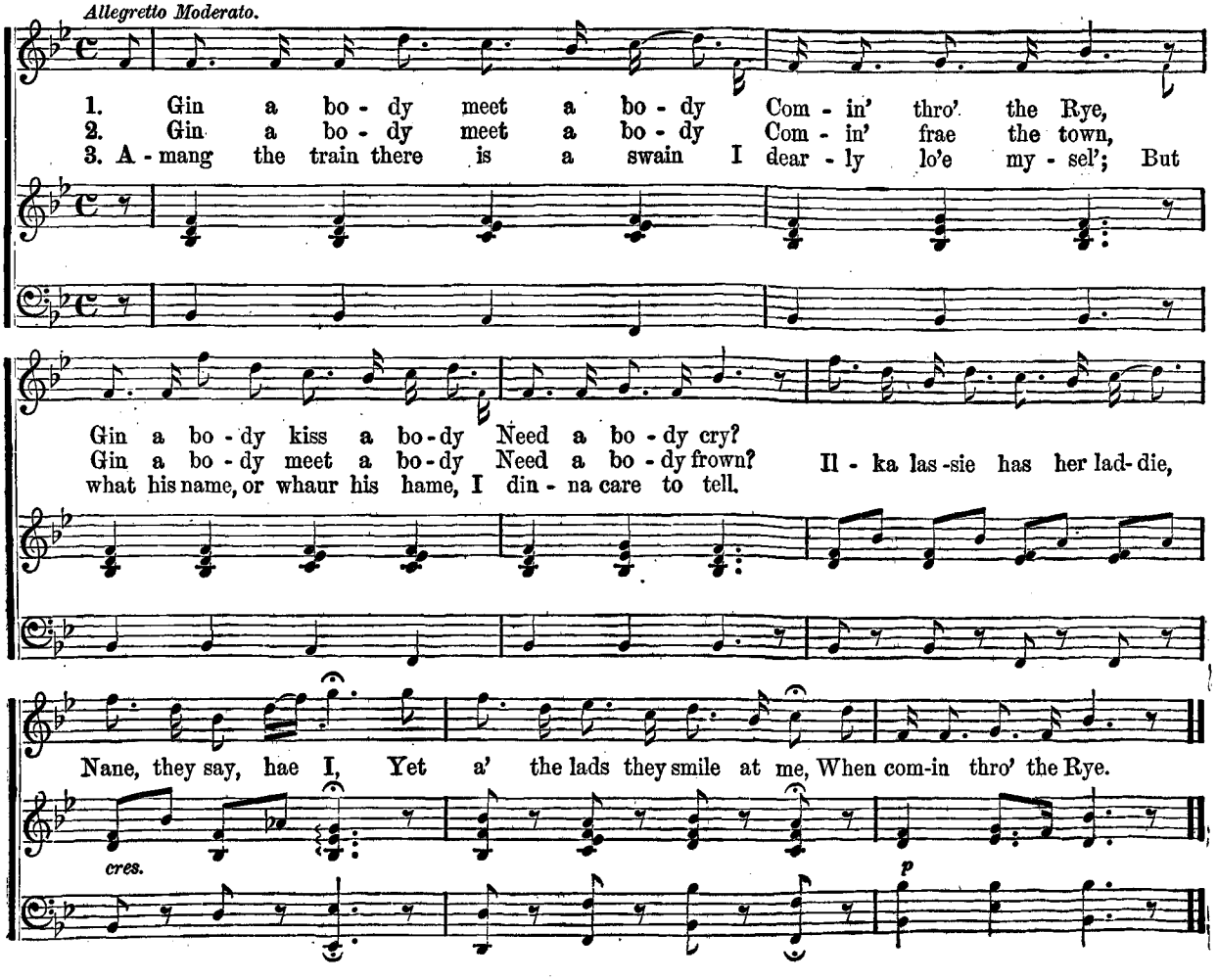
Comin' through the Rye, poor body,
Comin' through the Rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
Comin' through the Rye.
Oh, Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Comin' through the Rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' through the Rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the warld ken?

O Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Comin' through the Rye.

So we see that the popular idea of the song, understood as having reference to passing through a field of grain, is erroneous. It furnishes a striking example of that popular comprehension, or want of comprehension, which so often catches at a word instead of an idea. In pictorial title-pages, and other ways, the song has been often illustrated,—and always as an encounter in a waving field of rye. Recently the idea has been utilized by the manufacturers of a celebrated brand of rye whiskey, who have hung in every bar-room a finely executed chromo representing the lovers in the rye-field. The full significance of the song is apparent when we know that custom established a toll of kisses to be exacted from lasses who were met in crossing the stream on the stepping-stones. The first stanza of an old English song, reads:

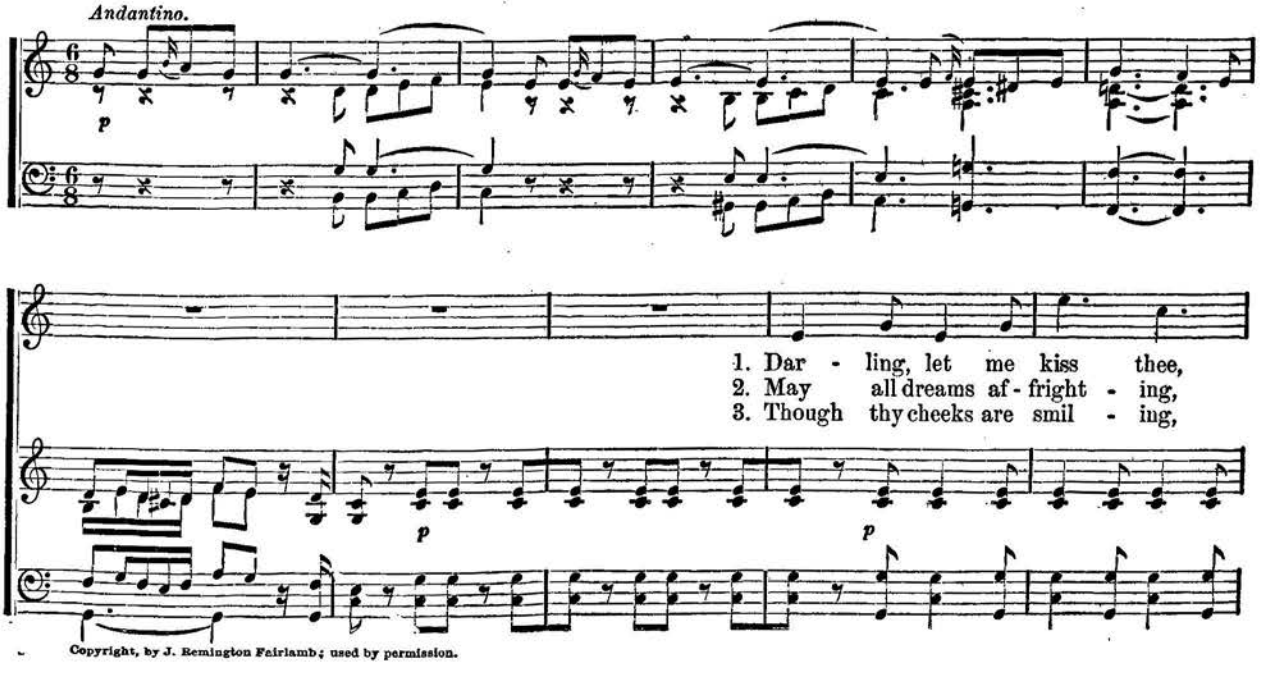
If a body meet a body,
Going to the fair,
If a body kiss a body
Need a body care?


Allegretto Moderato.
1. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' thro' the Rye,
2. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' frae the town,
3. A - mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel'; But
Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy Need a bo - dy cry?
Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Need a bo - dy frown?
what his name, or whaur his hame, I din - na care to tell.
Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die,
Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in thro' the Rye.
cres.
p

CRADLE SONG.

LIKE many prominent musicians, Mr. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB received his first musical instruction at the hands of his mother. Although he was exceedingly fond of his music, while very young he was more fond of "dreaming" than of "practicing" at the piano. But at the age of twelve the boy came across a copy of Spohr's oratorio "The Last Judgment," which seems to have satisfied his craving and shaped his career. When fourteen years of age he obtained a position as organist of the Western Methodist Church, the first of its denomination in Philadelphia to obtain an organ. He afterwards filled the same position in the Tabernacle Baptist Church and succeeded one of the best church musicians of that city as organist and choir master of the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church. During his twentieth year Mr. Fairlamb went to Europe and studied first in Paris, the piano under Marmontel, voice under Masset, and harmony under Danhauser; subsequently he continued his studies under Mabellin in Florence, Italy. Returning to America about the outbreak of the Civil War, and being incapacitated for military service by defective eyesight, Mr Fairlamb accepted the position of Musical Director of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington, D. C. Here he enjoyed the acquaintauce of many notable people, including President and Mrs Lincoln. Being appointed United States consul at Zurich in Switzerland by Mr. Lincoln, he returned to Europe and remained there four years. His compositions number about two hundred in all. His music is distinguishable by dramatic intensity and orchestral ideas. He has published a part of a romantic opera, "Valerie," and a quartet opera, "Love's Stratagem." His songs published in "St. Nicholas Songs" and "Harper's Young People," are so simple, quaint and delicate that, says a prominent New York contralto, "he would live had he composed nothing else, forever in these." His "Cradle Song" is a worthy speciman of this style of composition. Mr. Fairlamb has charge of societies in Newburgh, Hudson and Catskill.

MR. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.



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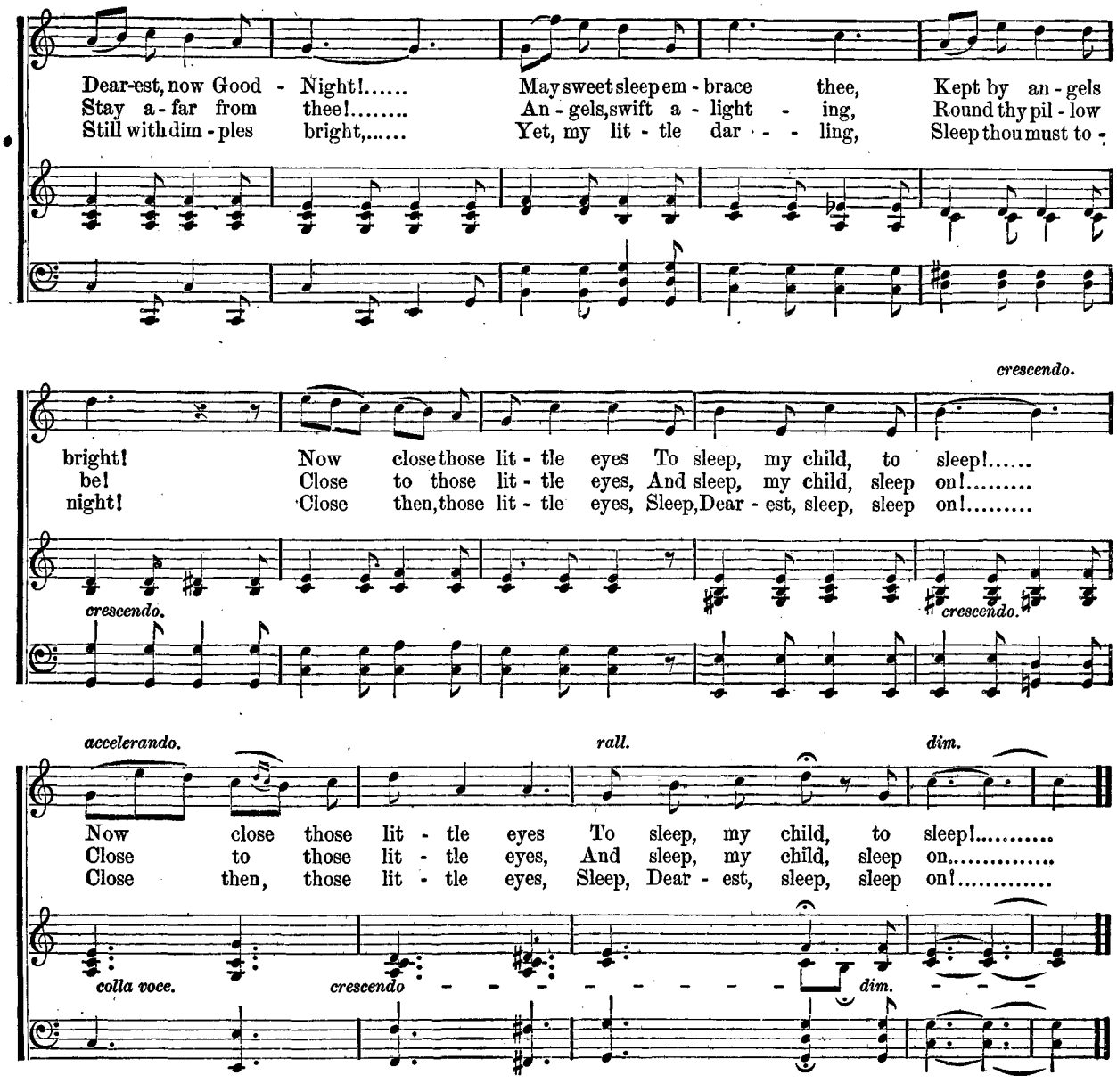

Dear-est, now Good - Night!.....
Stay a - far from thee!.....
Still with dim - ples bright,.....
May sweet sleep em - brace thee,
An - gels, swift a - light - ing,
Yet, my lit - tle dar - - - ling,
Kept by an - gels
Round thy pil - low
Sleep thou must to -
crescendo.
bright!
be!
night!
Now close those lit - tle eyes To sleep, my child, to sleep!.....
Close to those lit - tle eyes, And sleep, my child, sleep on!.....
Close then, those lit - tle eyes, Sleep, Dear - est, sleep, sleep on!.....
crescendo.
crescendo.
accelerando.
rall.
dim.
Now close those lit - tle eyes To sleep, my child, to sleep!.....
Close to those lit - tle eyes, And sleep, my child, sleep on.....
Close then, those lit - tle eyes, Sleep, Dear - est, sleep, sleep on!.....
colla voce.
crescendo
dim.

Darling, let me kiss thee,
Dearest, now Good-Night!
May sweet sleep embrace thee,
Kept by angels bright!
Now close those little eyes,
To sleep, my child, to sleep!
Now close those little eyes,
To sleep, my child, to sleep!

May all dreams affrighting,
Stay afar from thee!
Angels, swift alighting,
Round thy pillow be!
Close to those little eyes,
And, sleep, my child, sleep on!
Close to those little eyes,
And sleep, my child, sleep on.

Though thy cheeks are smiling,
Still with dimples bright,
Yet, my little darling,
Sleep thou must to-night!
Close then, those little eyes,
Sleep, Dearest, sleep, sleep on!
Close then, those little eyes,
Sleep, Dearest, sleep, sleep on!

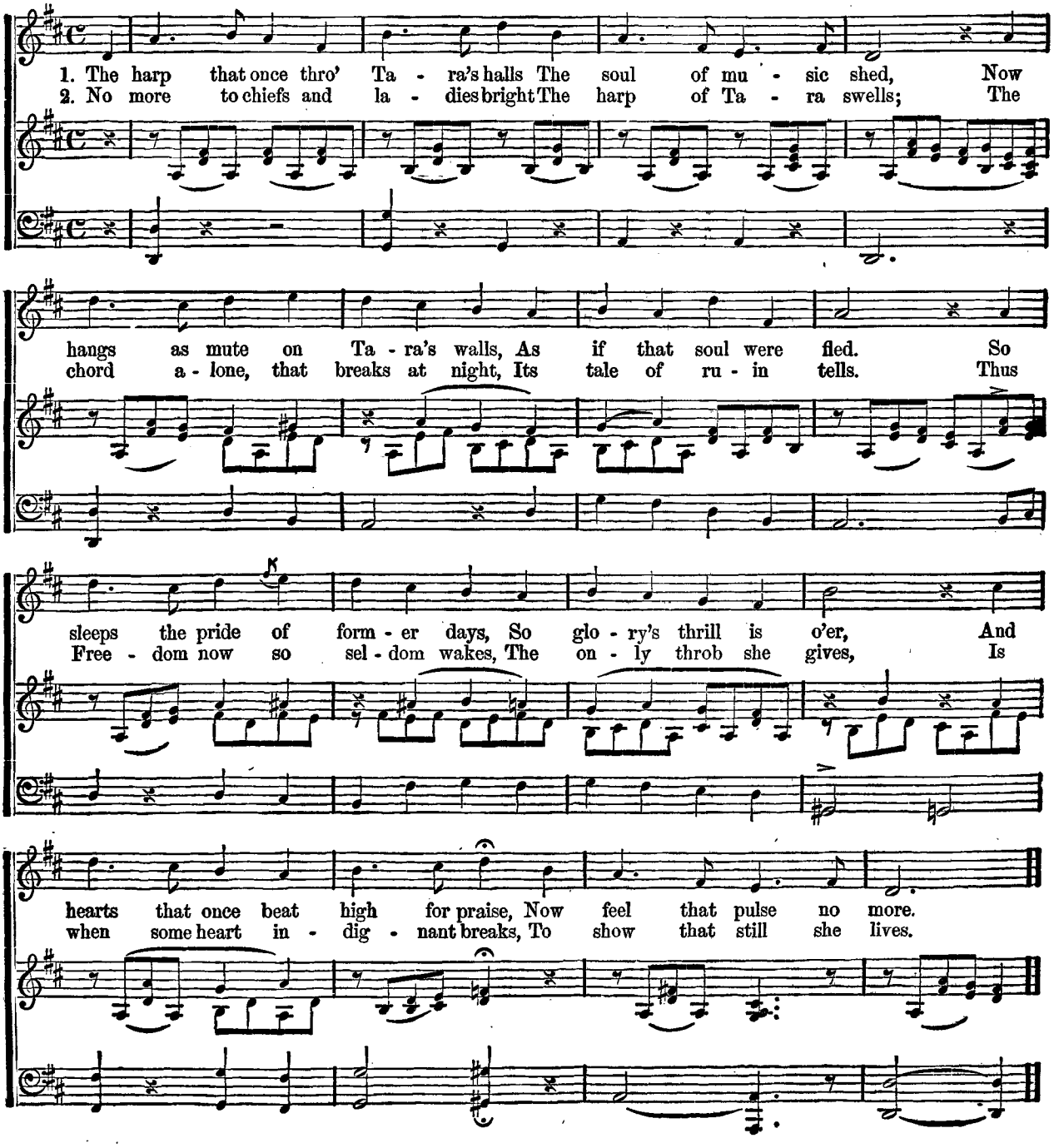
THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

ABOUT nine hundred years before Christ, Ollav Fola, King of Ireland, founded schools of philosophy, astronomy, poetry, medicine, and history. He also organized a species of parliament, by a triennial assemblage of chiefs, priests, and bards, at Teamor, or Tara, and the record of their laws was called "The Psalter of Tara." THOMAS MOORE'S song of the glories of his country's past, calls to mind the lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes on the death of Moore:

"Shine soft, ye trembling tears of light
That strew the mourning skies;
Hushed in the silent dews of night,
The harp of Erin lies.

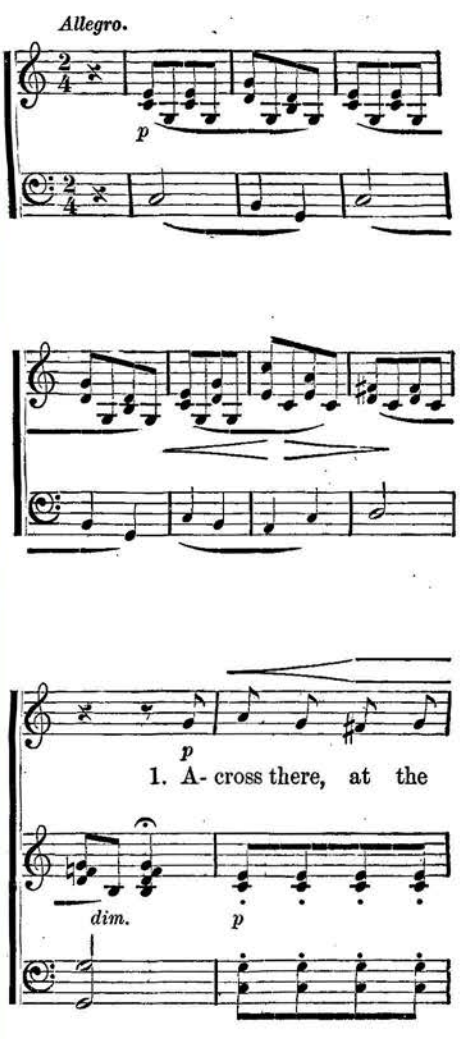
What though her thousand years have past,
Of poets, saints, and kings,—
Her echoes only hear the last
That swept those golden strings."

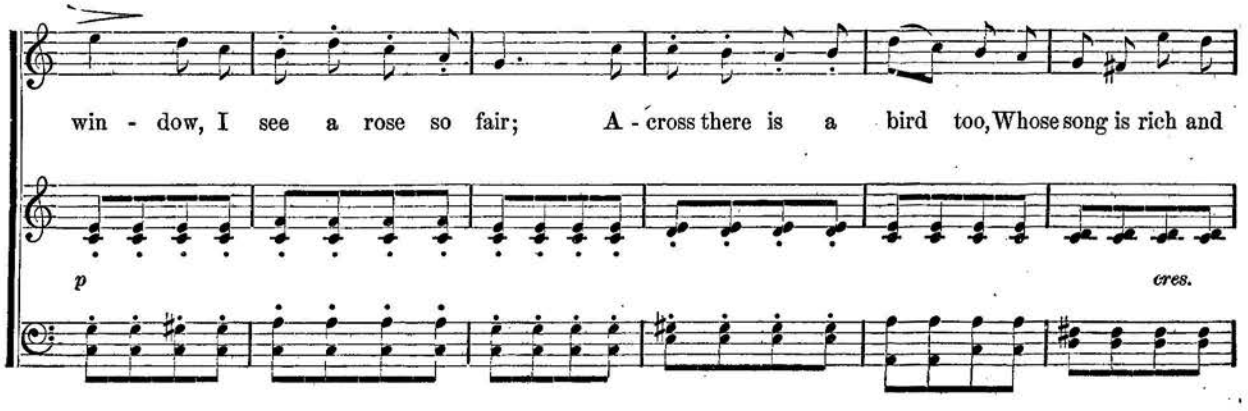
"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," is set to the plaintive old air of "Grammachree."

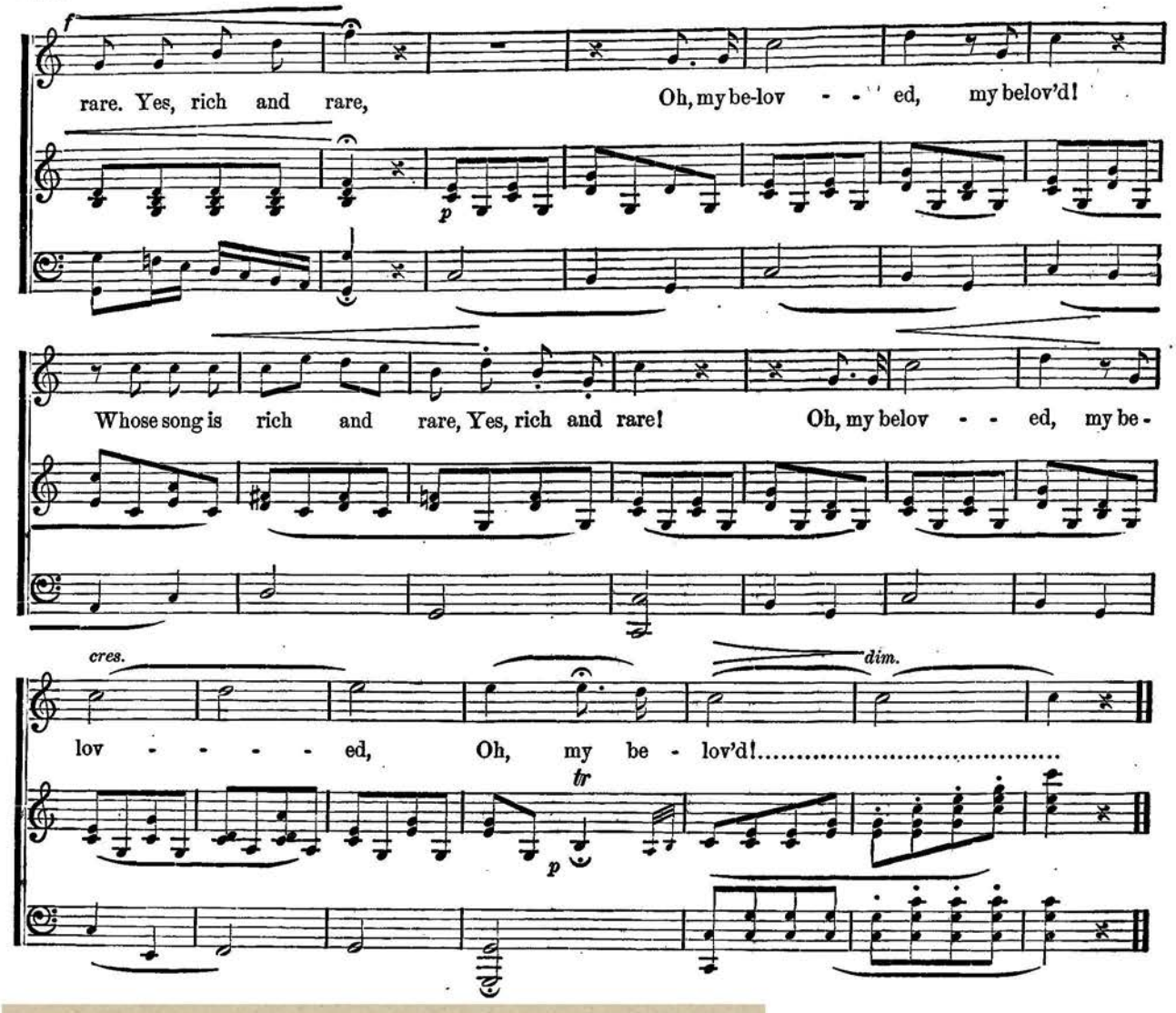

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The
hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled. So
chord a - lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus
sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And
Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is
hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

ACROSS THERE AT THE WINDOW.

THIS is a popular German love song by F. Möhring. The name of the writer of the words is not known.






rare. Yes, rich and rare,
Oh, my be-lov - - ed, my belov'd!
Whose song is rich and rare, Yes, rich and rare!
Oh, my belov - - ed, my be-
cres.
dim.
lov - - - - ed,
Oh, my be - lov'd!
tr

1 Across there, at the window,
I see a rose so fair;
Across there is a bird too,
Whose song is rich and rare.
Oh, my beloved!

2 And where the rose is blooming,
And where the bird I hear,
Across there, at the window,
Two loving eyes appear.
Oh, my beloved!

3 There lives a lovely maiden,
Behind the window there.
Oh, would I were the birdling!
Would I the rose-tree were!
Oh, my beloved!

A CONCERT IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

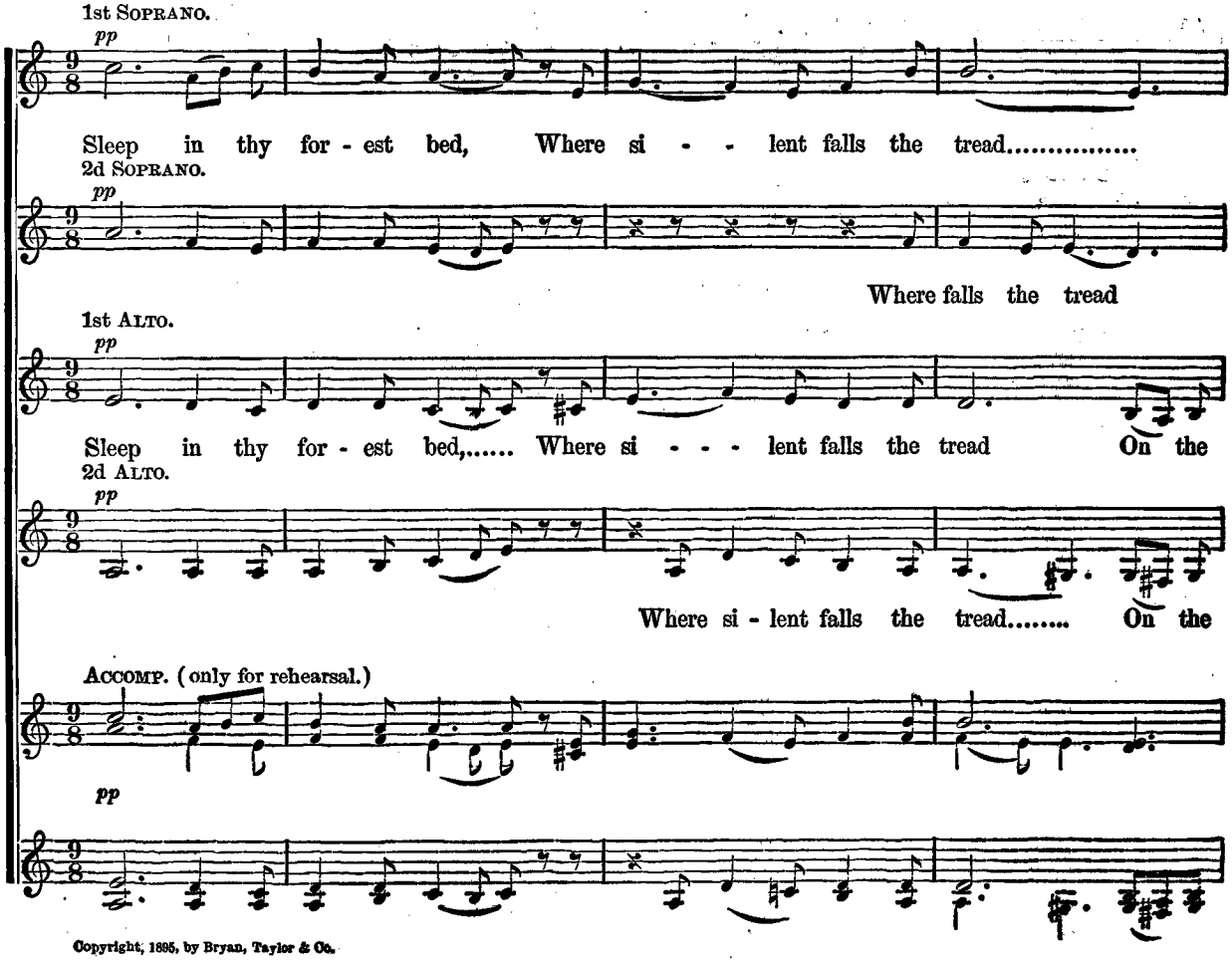
AN INDIAN LULLABY.

PART SONG FOR FEMALE VOICES.

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH, of Boston, Massachusetts, has the reputation of being the first American woman, whose compositions were played by the Symphony Society of New York.

Owing to unusual evidences of musical ability, the musical training of Mrs. Beach was begun when she was four years old, and at the age of sixteen she played with full orchestra in Boston Music Hall.

Her capacity for composition also manifested itself during her childhood, and to-day she stands on a plane with the best composers of this country. Her better known works are a Mass in E Flat performed by the Handel & Haydn Society of Boston; a Concert Aria for contralto from "Mary Stuart" first sung at a concert of the New York Symphony Society; "Festival Jubilate" performed under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, and the "Minstrel and the King." She has published sixty-two compositions in addition to those already named, including works for piano alone, songs, duets, part-songs, anthems and responses. Among her works still in manuscript are a cycle of part-songs for female voices, a ballad for female chorus with soprano solo, and the Gaelic Symphony. In "An Indian Lullaby," Mrs. Beach has caught the mournful Indian rhythm to perfection.


1st SOPRANO.
pp
Sleep in thy for - est bed, Where si - - lent falls the tread.....
2d SOPRANO.
pp
Where falls the tread
1st ALTO.
pp
Sleep in thy for - est bed,..... Where si - - - lent falls the tread On the
2d ALTO.
pp
Where si - lent falls the tread..... On the
ACCOMP. (only for rehearsal.)
pp

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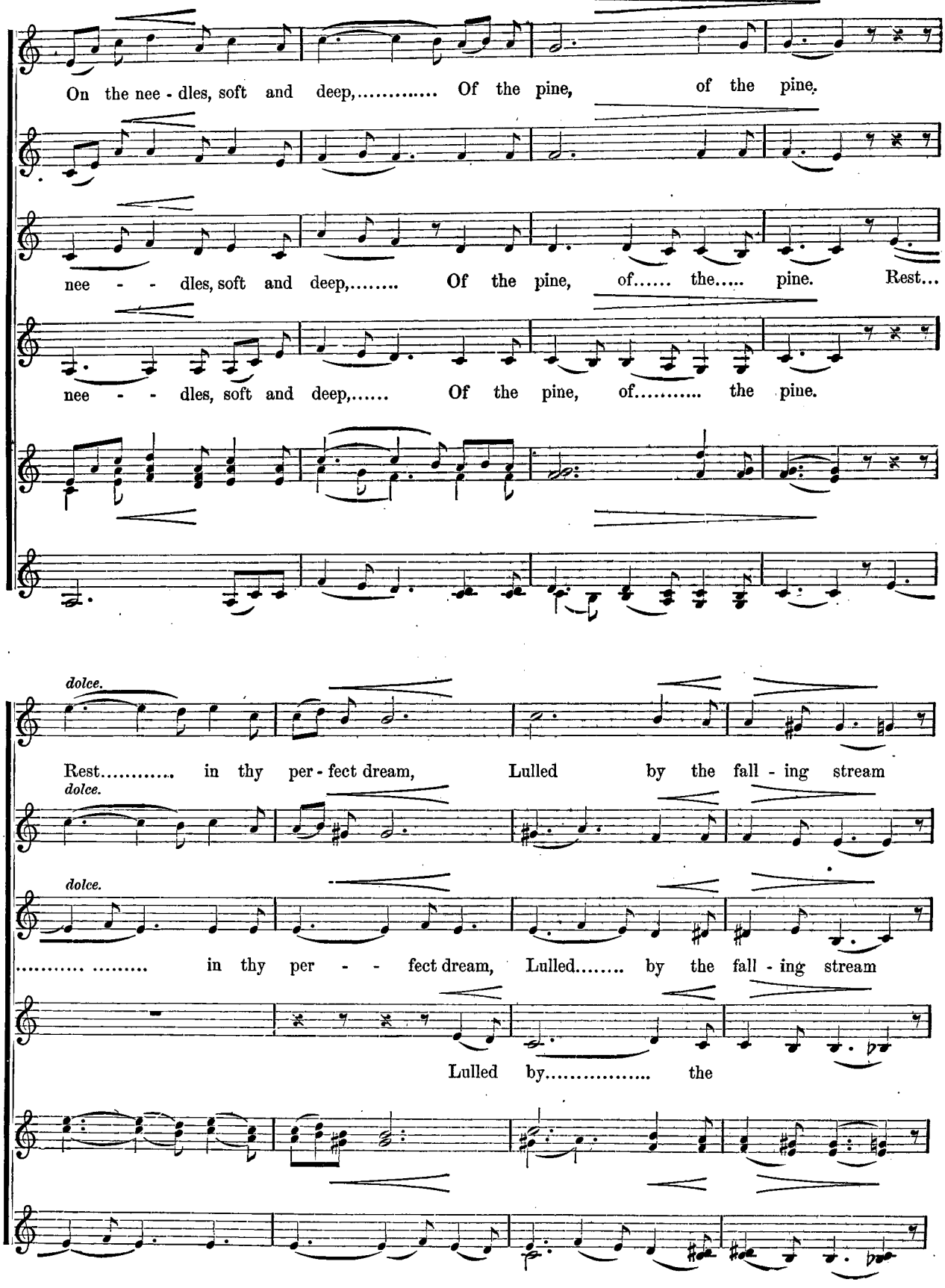
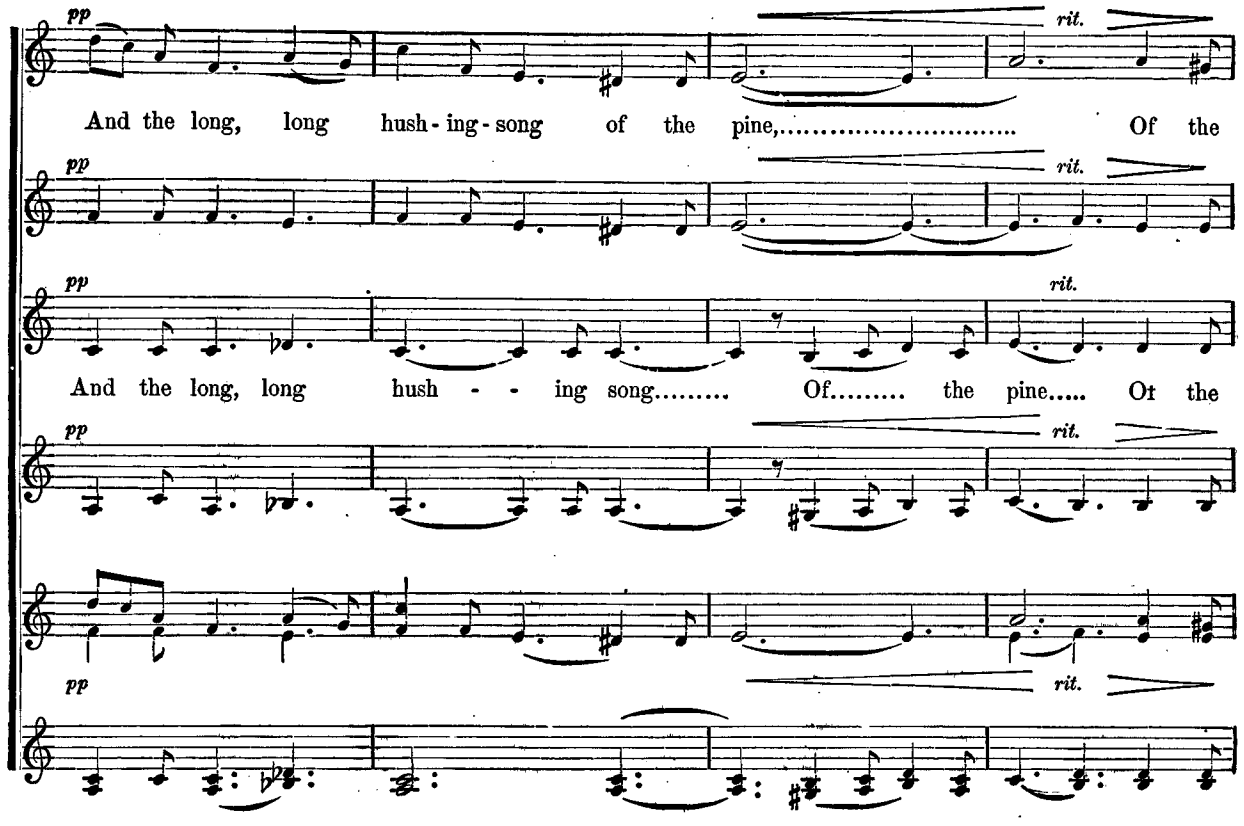
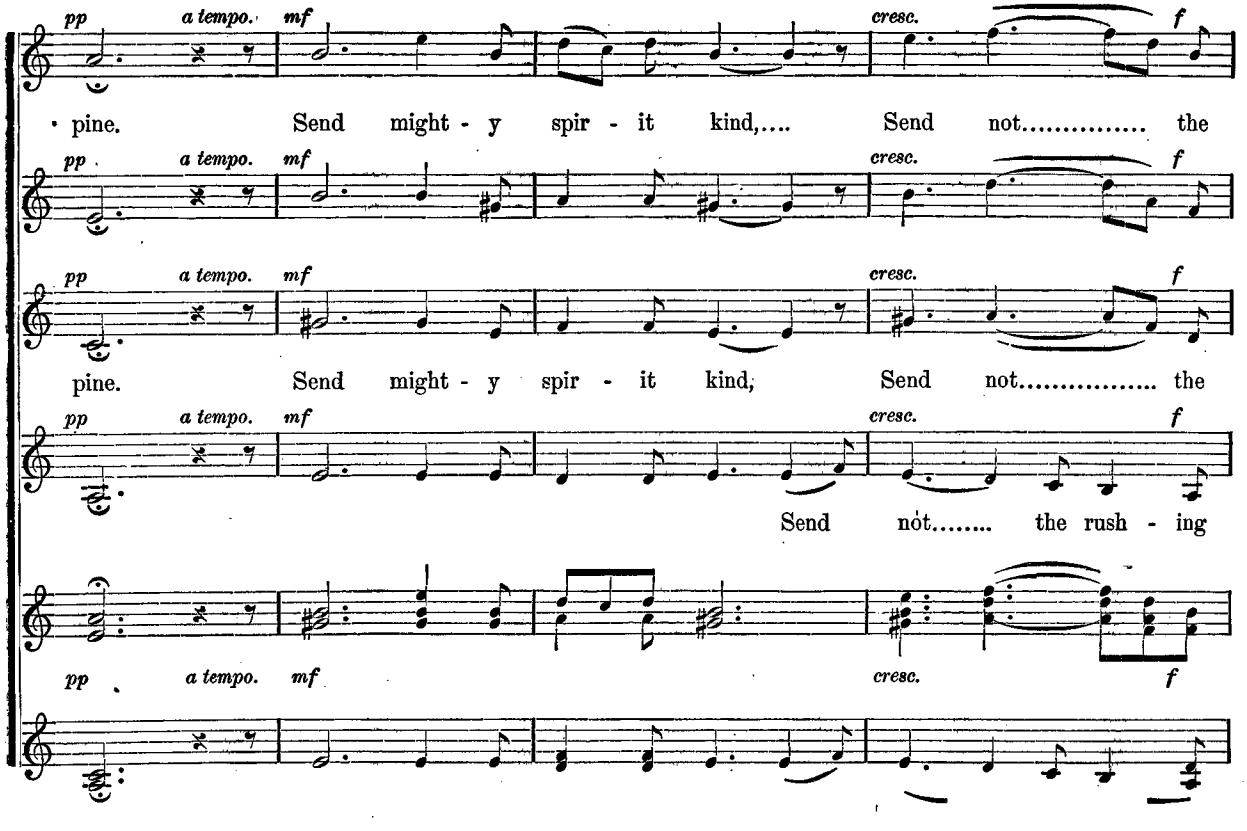
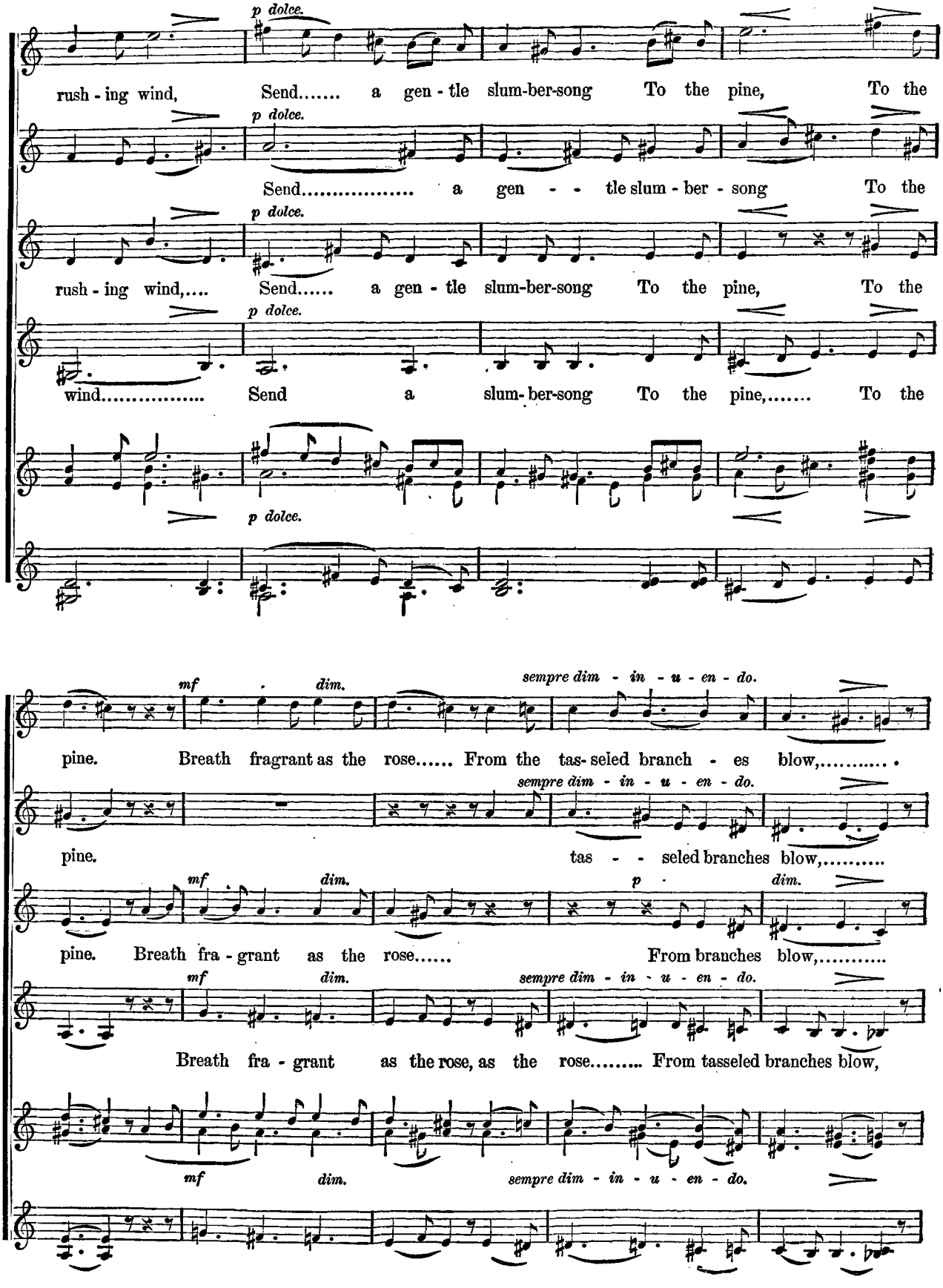

On the nee - dles, soft and deep,..... Of the pine, of the pine.
nee - - dles, soft and deep,..... Of the pine, of..... the..... pine. Rest...
nee - - dles, soft and deep,..... Of the pine, of..... the pine.
dolce.
Rest..... in thy per - fect dream, Lulled by the fall - ing stream
dolce.
dolce.
.... in thy per - - fect dream, Lulled..... by the fall - ing stream
Lulled by..... the


pp
rit.
And the long, long hush-ing-song of the pine,..... Of the
pp
rit.
pp
rit.
And the long, long hush - - ing song..... Of..... the pine..... Ot the
pp
rit.
pp
rit.


pp
a tempo.
mf
cresc.
f
pine. Send might - y spir - it kind,.... Send not..... the
pp
a tempo.
mf
cresc.
f
pp
a tempo.
mf
cresc.
f
pine. Send might - y spir - it kind, Send not..... the
pp
a tempo.
mf
cresc.
f
Send not..... the rush - ing
pp
a tempo.
mf
cresc.
f


p dolce.
rush - ing wind, Send..... a gen - tle slum-ber-song To the pine, To the
Send..... a gen - - tle slum - ber - song To the
rush - ing wind,.... Send..... a gen - tle slum-ber-song To the pine, To the
wind..... Send a slum- ber-song To the pine,..... To the
mf dim.
sempre dim - in - u - en - do.
pine. Breath fragrant as the rose..... From the tas- seled branch - es blow,.....
pine. tas - - seled branches blow,.....
pine. Breath fra - grant as the rose..... From branches blow,.....
Breath fra - grant as the rose, as the rose..... From tasseled branches blow,
p

rall - en - - - tan - - - do.

pp

Soft - ly breathe up - on my child, Moth - er pine,..... Moth-er pine.

rall - en - - - tan - - - do.

pp

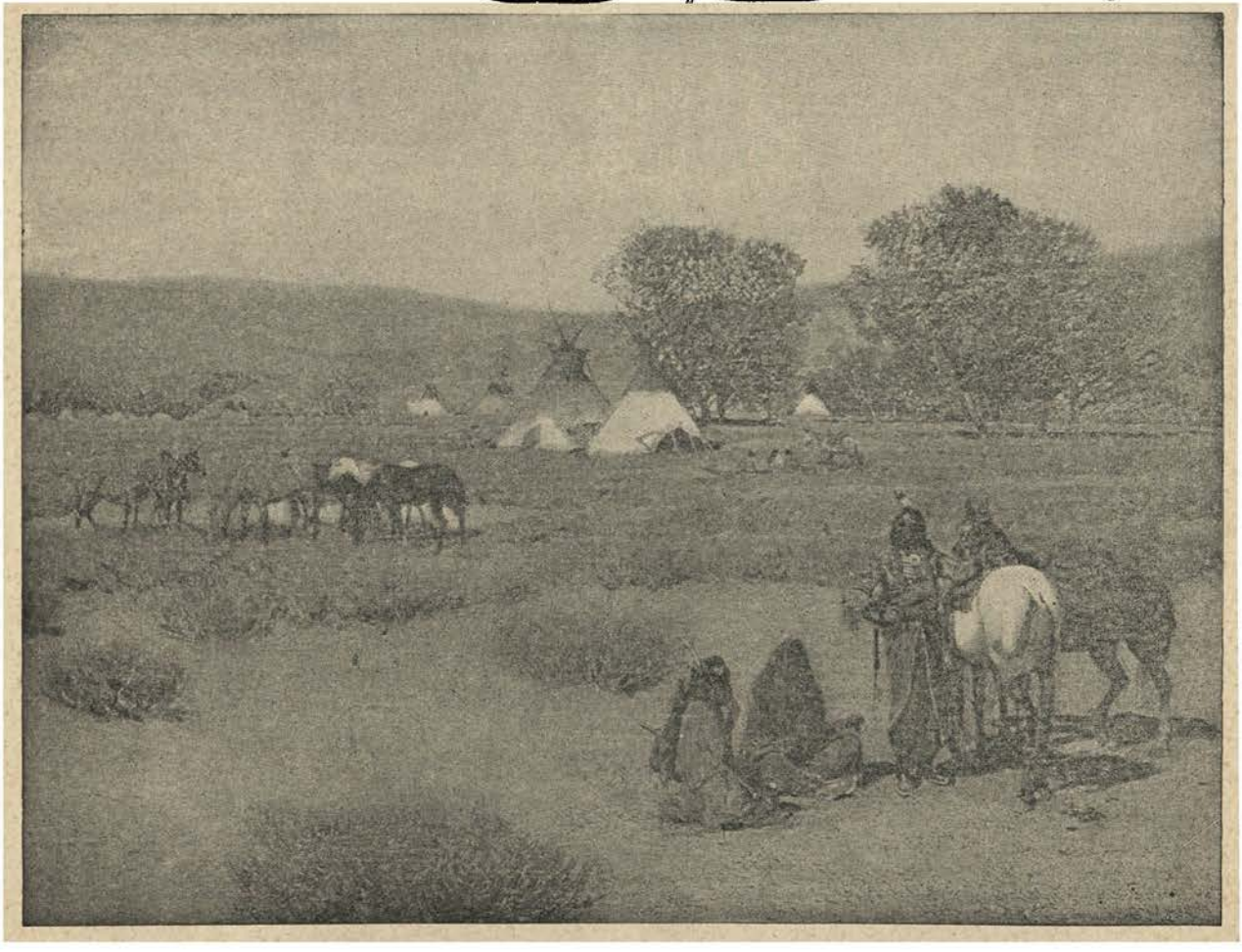
Soft - ly breathe up - on my child, ... Moth - - er pine, Moth-er pine.

rall - en - - - - tan - - - do.

pp

rall - en - - tan - - - do.

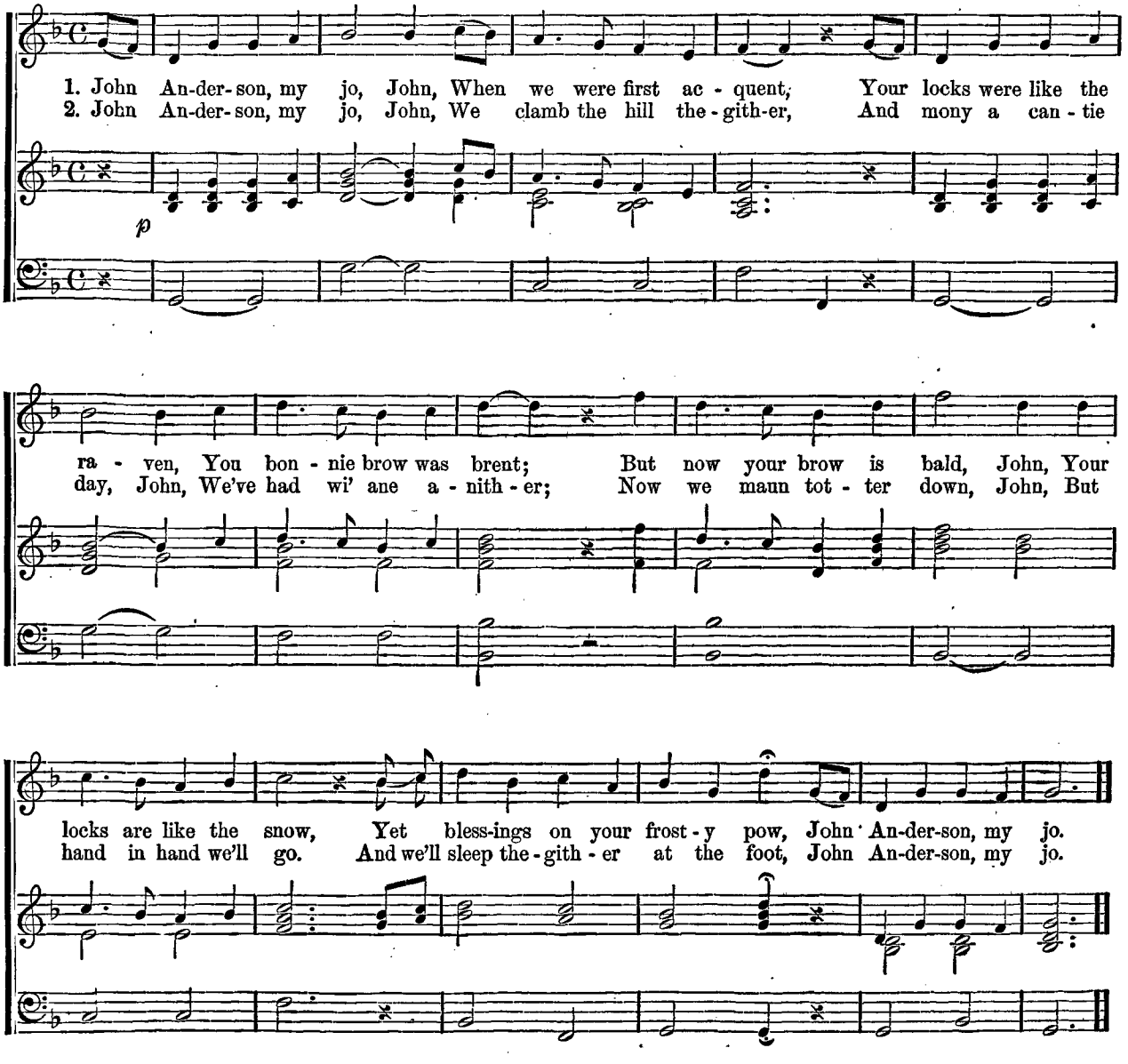
pp



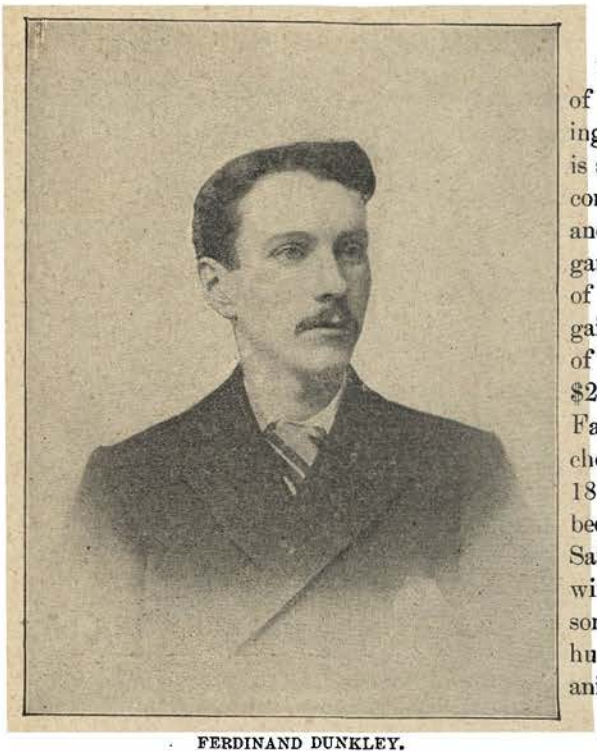
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

THERE was a very ancient fragment of song which bore this name, and tradition points to the town piper of Kelso, a famous wag, as the original John. The tune is very old. As early as 1578, it was found written in Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book." Some English authorities think it is a modification of an ancient English air, "I am the Duke of Norfolk." Moore altered it, and included it among his Irish melodies, under the title of "Cruiskin Lawn." Only the two stanzas really written by BURNS are given here, although many by inferior hands have been added from time to time. Perhaps the one most familiarly associated with Burn's lines, is the following stanza, by WILLIAM REID, who was a bookseller in Glasgow, and a personal friend of Burns.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When Nature first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her masterpiece was man;
And you amang them a', John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe—
She proved to be nae journeyman,
John Anderson, my jo.

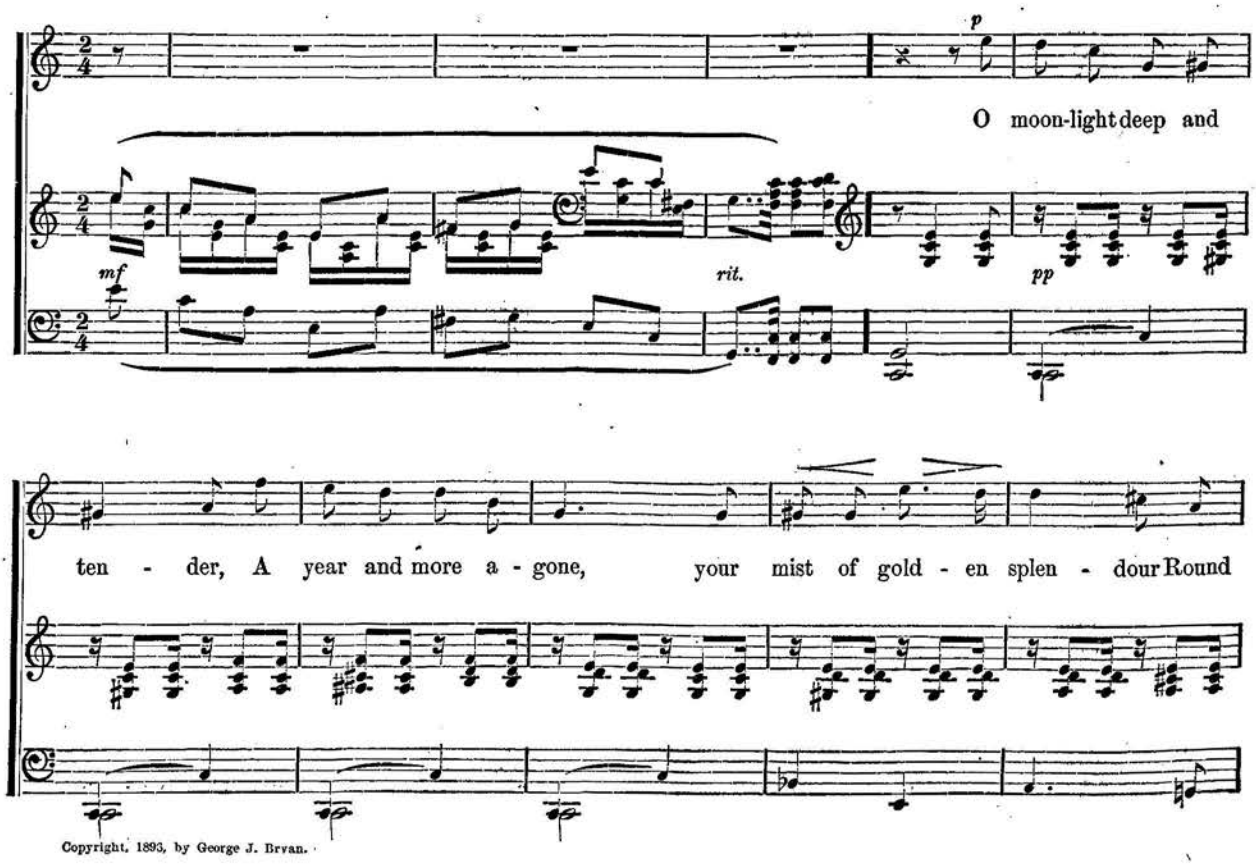

1. John An-der-son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your locks were like the
2. John An-der-son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill the - gith-er, And mony a can - tie
p
ra - ven, You bon - nie brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, Your
day, John, We've had wi' ane a - nith - er; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, But
locks are like the snow, Yet bless-ings on your frost - y pow, John An-der-son, my jo.
hand in hand we'll go. And we'll sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An-der-son, my jo.

O, MOONLIGHT DEEP AND TENDER.



FERDINAND DUNKLEY.

THIS song, which has been set to one of the most beautiful of the poems of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, has many pleasing qualities. The expression is passionate, and the harmony is sympathetic and interesting. FERDINAND DUNKLEY, the composer, is a blood relation of Henry and Sir George Smart, and was born in London, England, July 16, 1869. He began the study of music very early in life; and was a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists at the age of sixteen. He gained a free scholarship for composition at the Royal College of Music in 1886; and three years later he won a prize of $260 for an orchestral suite entitled "In Yon Mountain Fastnesses." His "Wreck of the Hesperus," a ballad for chorus and orchestra, were performed at the Crystal Palace in 1893; and in the same year he removed to America, having been appointed by Bishop Doane Master of the Music at Saint Agnes School in Albany. Professor Dunkley's young wife, who accompanied him here from England, is a noted song-writer, and is the authoress of many of the lyrics of her husband's songs. This song is directed to be rendered with animation and passion, but at first with restraint.



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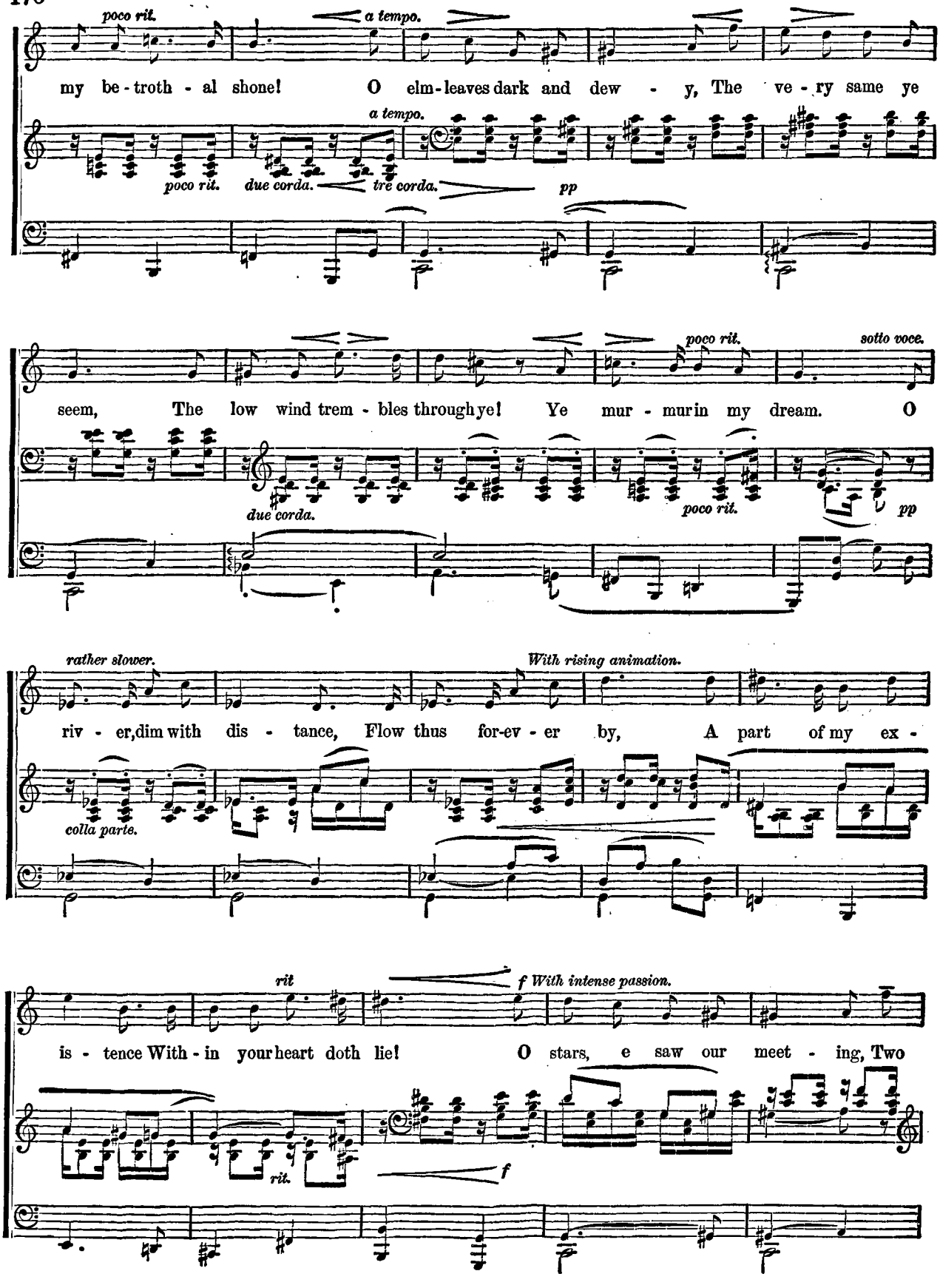
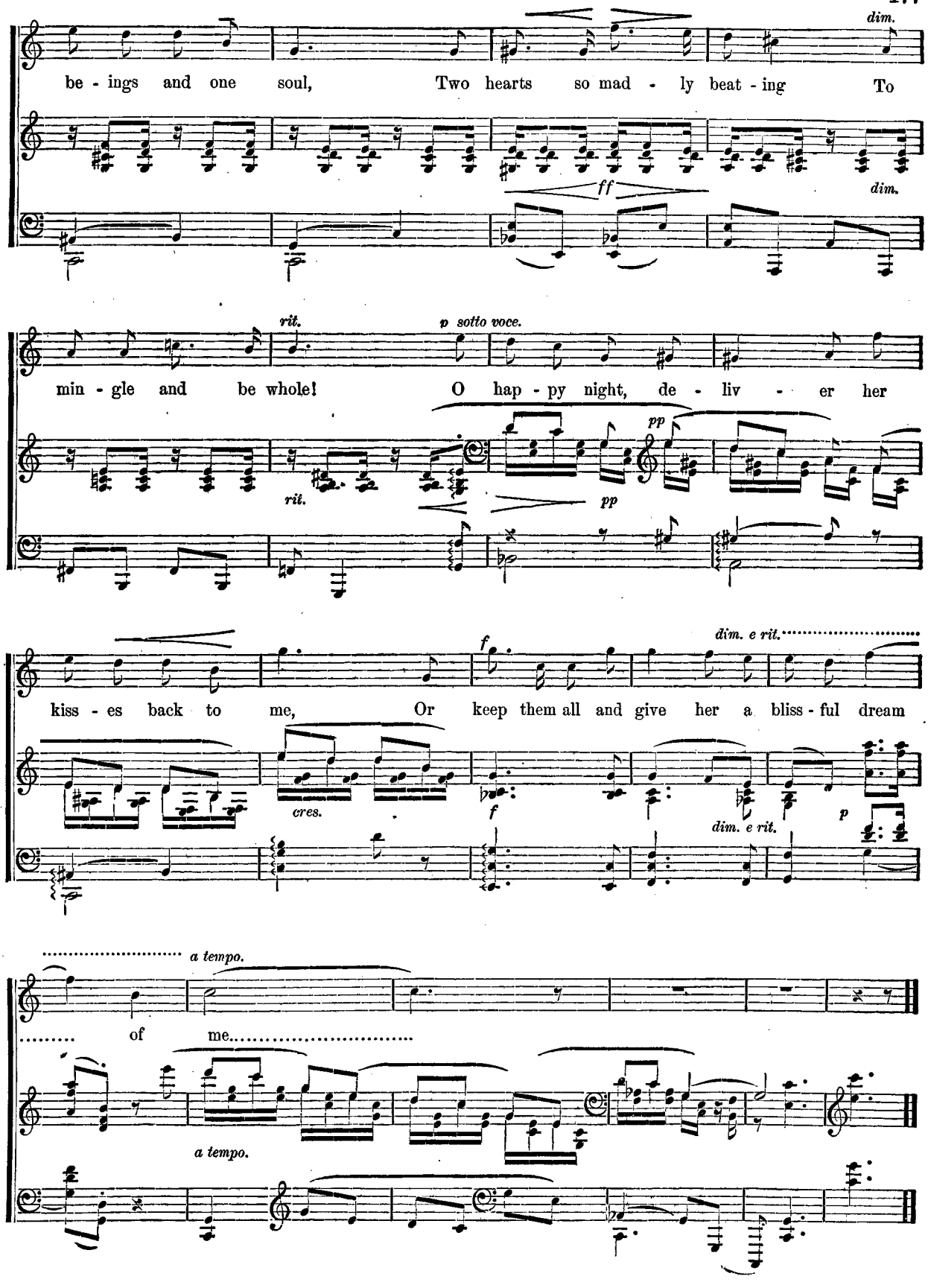
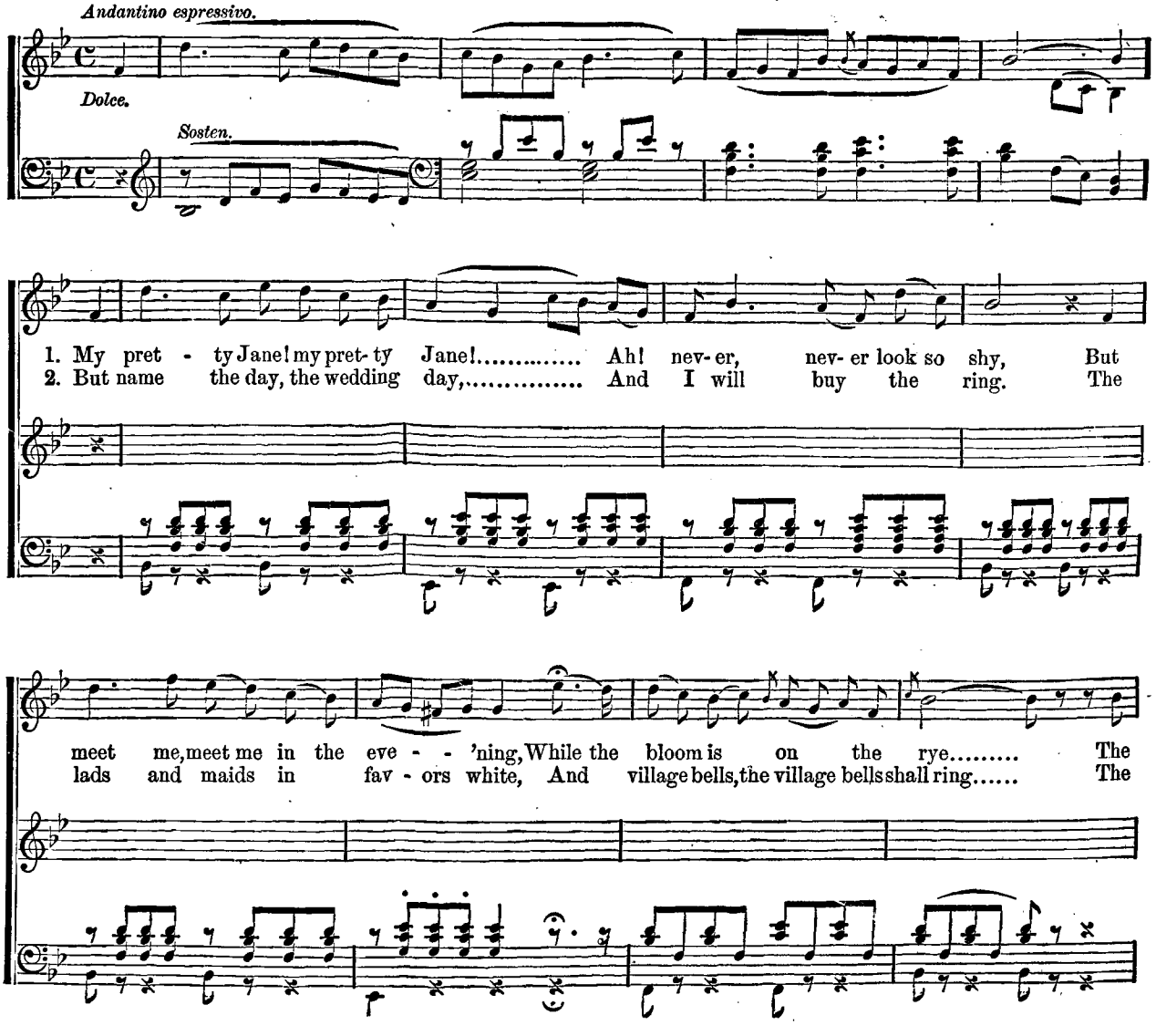
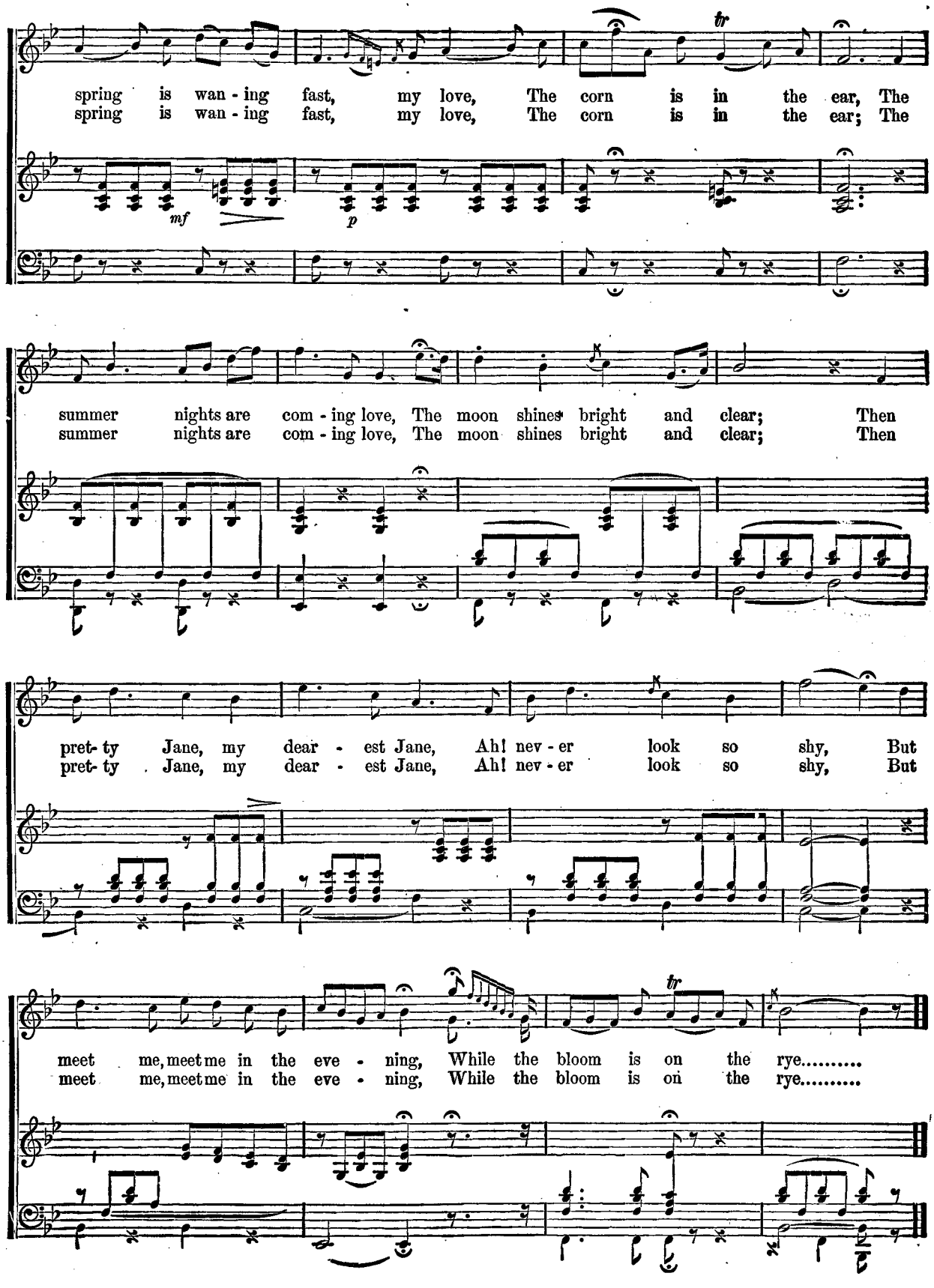

poco rit.
a tempo.
my be - troth - al shone! O elm-leaves dark and dew - y, The ve - ry same ye
a tempo.
poco rit.
due corda.
tre corda.
pp
seem, The low wind trem - bles through ye! Ye mur - mur in my dream. O
poco rit.
sotto voce.
due corda.
poco rit.
pp
rather slower.
With rising animation.
riv - er, dim with dis - tance, Flow thus for-ev - er by, A part of my ex -
colla parte.
rit
f With intense passion.
is - tence With - in your heart doth lie! O stars, e saw our meet - ing, Two
rit.
f


dim.
be - ings and one soul, Two hearts so mad - ly beat - ing To
ff
dim.
rit.
p sotto voce.
min - gle and be whole! O hap - py night, de - liv - er her
rit.
pp
pp
dim. e rit.
kiss - es back to me, Or keep them all and give her a bliss - ful dream
f
cres.
f
dim. e rit.
p
a tempo.
of me.
a tempo.

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

THE words of this song are by EDWARD FITZBALL, and the music by SIR HENRY R. BISHOP, whose long and honorable service to the music of England brought to him the reward of knighthood in 1842, and secured to him the affectionate regard of the English people which lasted until his death in 1855. Mr. Bishop was born in London, in 1786, studied music, and at 18 produced compositions good enough to be acceptably performed in public. His industry as a composer continued uninterruptedly until his death. His first opera, "The Circassian Bride," was destroyed by the burning of the Drury Lane Theatre the very day after its highly successful first performance, in 1809. For fourteen years he was musical director at the Covent Garden Theatre, for which he composed a number of operas, one founded on "The Lady of the Lake" among them. "Guy Mannering," and "Clari" (introducing "Home, Sweet Home") were also produced during the engagement. He was afterwards drawn into similar service at Drury Lane, and in 1825 wrote the opera of "Aladdin" to compete with "Oberon," which Weber wrote for the management of Covent Garden. In 1840 he returned to Covent Garden. He was an original member of the Philharmonic Society of London, and took his turn in conducting it. In 1830 he became musical director of Vauxhall Garden, and there was produced his song "My Pretty Jane," ("The Bloom is on the Rye") which reached an immediate popularity which it never has lost. Many orchestral compositions for the Philharmonic and occasional pieces for celebrations. A number of vocal songs as settings for Dr. Charles Mackey's verses, the re-editing of Moore's National Melodies, and musical professorships at Edinburgh and Oxford Universities, were included among the manifold labors of this veteran in music.


Andantino espressivo.
Dolce.
Sosten.
1. My pret - ty Jane! my pret- ty Jane!..... Ah! nev- er, nev- er look so shy, But
2. But name the day, the wedding day,..... And I will buy the ring. The
meet me, meet me in the eve - - 'ning, While the bloom is on the rye..... The
lads and maids in fav - ors white, And village bells, the village bells shall ring..... The

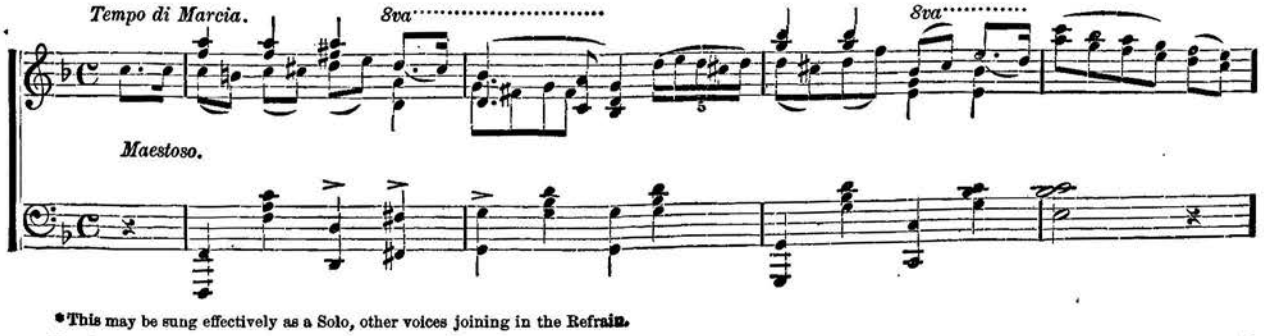

spring is wan - ing fast, my love, The corn is in the ear, The
spring is wan - ing fast, my love, The corn is in the ear; The
mf
p
summer nights are com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then
summer nights are com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then
pret- ty Jane, my dear - est Jane, Ah! nev - er look so shy, But
pret- ty Jane, my dear - est Jane, Ah! nev - er look so shy, But
meet me, meet me in the eve - ning, While the bloom is on the rye.....
meet me, meet me in the eve - ning, While the bloom is on the rye.....

LOVE, LAW AND LIBERTY.

PATRIOTIC HYMN.*

A PATRIOTIC hymn, for mixed voices, this is the composition, both words and music, of SILAS G. PRATT, an American composer who has added much to the reputation of his country's art by his uniform success even with the larger and more difficult forms of musical composition. Respect for American music resulted too from his friendships with old-world masters, among whom were Bendel, the elder Kullak, Wuerst, Kiel, Gungl, Dorn (the teacher of Robert Schumann,) Berthold Tours, Anton Seidl and Liszt. Mr. Pratt was born 1846, at Addison, Vermont. Living as a youth in Chicago, his progress in musical study led him at the age of twenty-two to abandon business and go to Berlin to prepare for the career of a piano virtuoso. But this future was closed to him by the effects resulting from a sprained wrist, and he turned his attention to serious composition. While in Germany he published some piano music, and his symphonic works were produced by the leading conductors in Munich and Berlin. After the great Chicago fire of 1872 he returned home and for several years taught and composed in that city, returning to Berlin for further study in 1875. During this period he had the advantages of attending the Wagner rehearsals at Bayreuth, and of the friendship and criticism of Liszt, near whom he passed two summers in Weimar. In Berlin he produced with great success his new "Centennial Overture" and other works, repeating his overture in honor of General Grant at the Crystal Palace in London. The production of a series of symphony concerts and the composition of his first grand opera, "Zenobia," occupied his attention on his return to Chicago, and the successful production of the opera in 1882–83 inspired the Grand Opera Festival of 1884, which was one of the most successful episodes in American musical history. Parts of his opera, a symphony, and another work in honor of Grant—this time an elegy—were produced under his direction in London in 1885. Mr. Pratt continued his labors in Chicago, producing his second opera, "Lucille," and other important works, until the advice of Anton Seidl induced him to remove to New York, where he assumed a position in a school of music, produced the "Allegory of the War in Song," the "Triumph of Columbus," and other compositions. During the World's Fair at Chicago, Mr. Pratt was again summoned to his former home to arrange and direct several of the magnificent concerts which were a feature of the great exhibition. At various times, in many American and European cities, his musical knowledge and his genius for organization have been utilized for important productions. He established a successful School of Piano Playing in New York, which he made his permanent home. His minor compositions are numerous and excellent, but the success of his admirable works on the larger scale form the basis of his fame.

SILAS G. PRATT.



*This may be sung effectively as a Solo, other voices joining in the Refrain.

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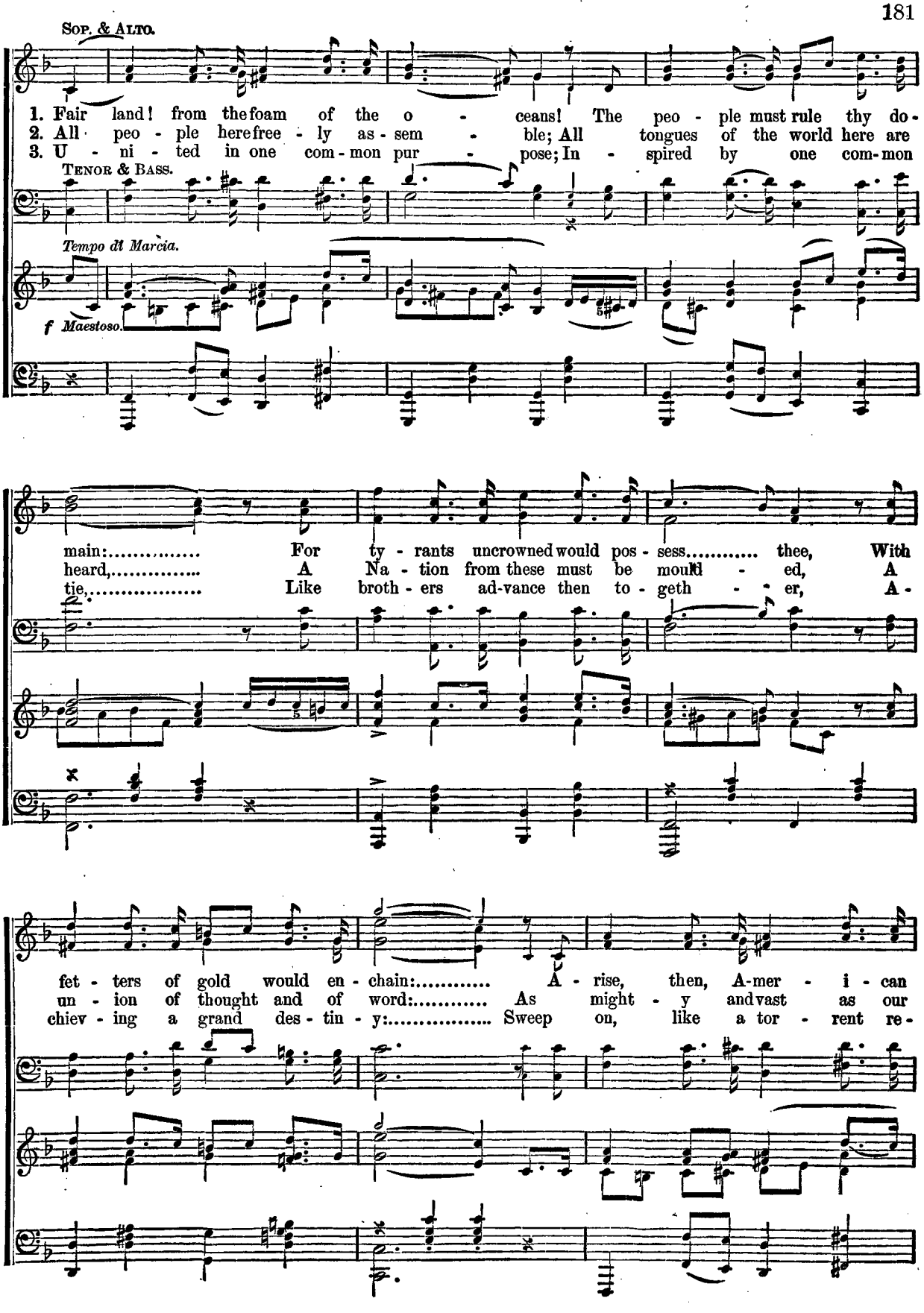
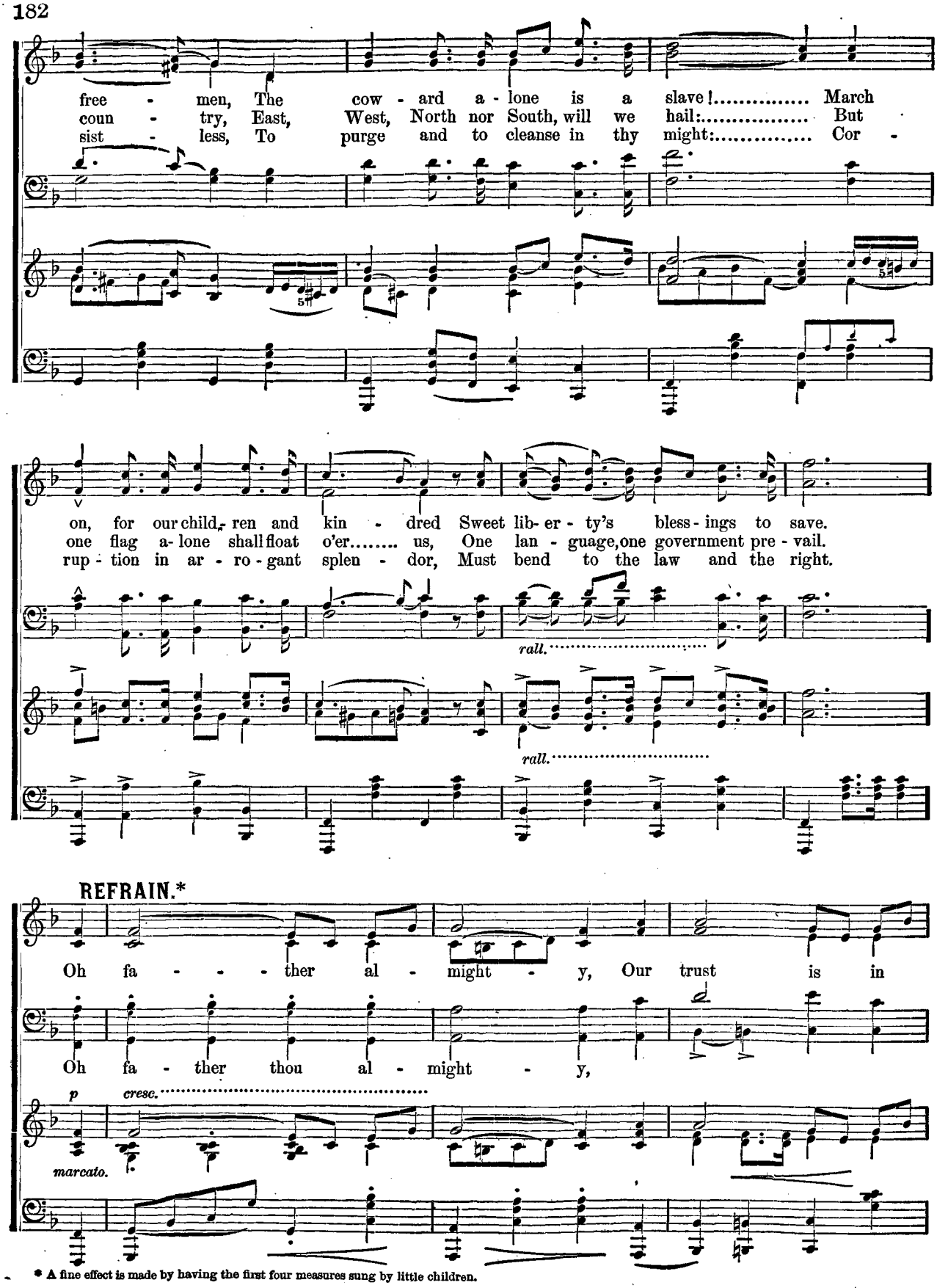
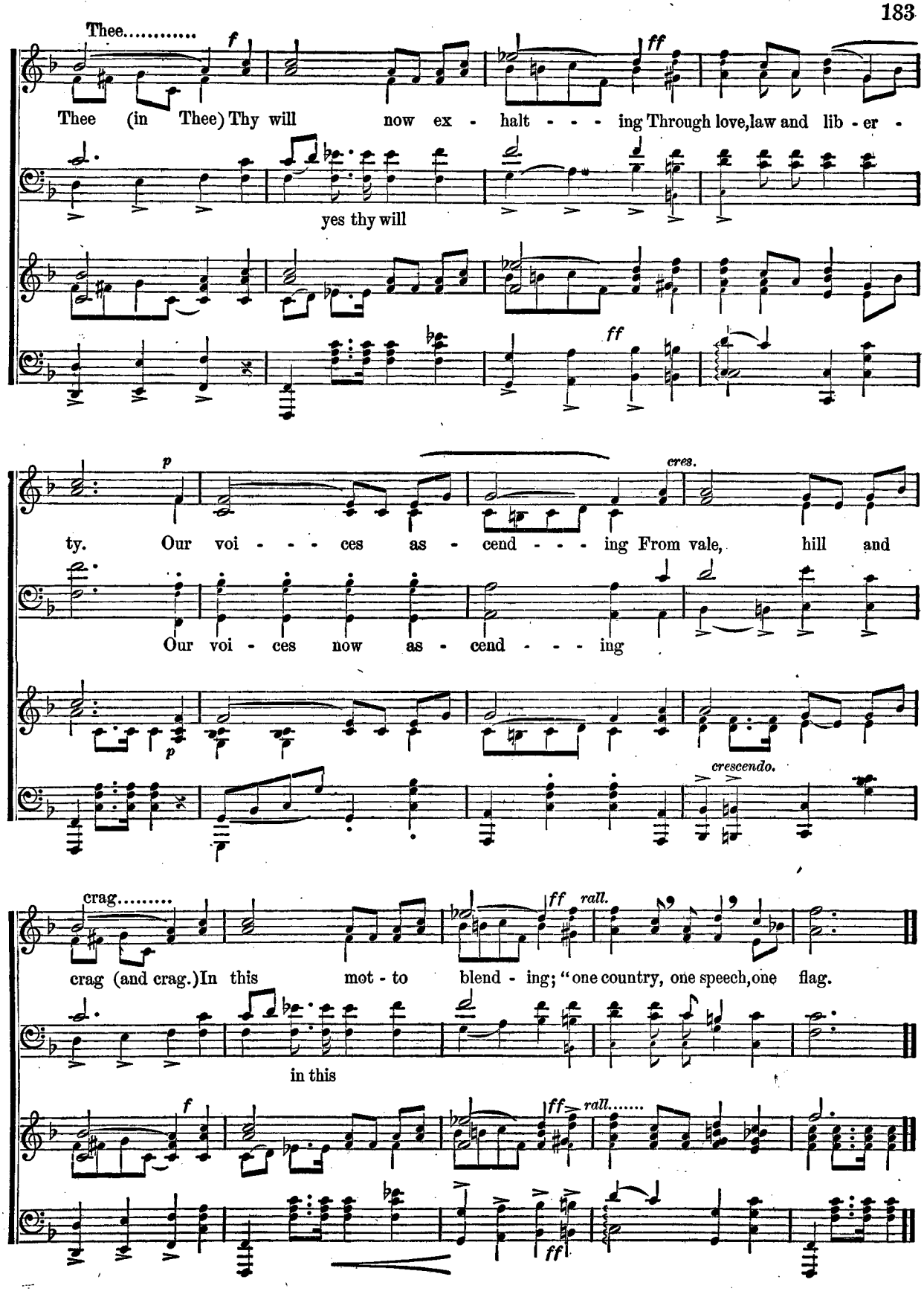

Sop. & Alto.
1. Fair land! from the foam of the o - ceans! The peo - ple must rule thy do-
2. All peo - ple here free - ly as - sem - ble; All tongues of the world here are
3. U - ni - ted in one com - mon pur - pose; In - spired by one com-mon
Tenor & Bass.
Tempo di Marcia.
f Maestoso.
main:..... For ty - rants uncrowned would pos - sess..... thee, With
heard,..... A Na - tion from these must be mould - ed, A
tie,..... Like broth - ers ad-vance then to - geth - - er, A -
fet - ters of gold would en - chain:..... A - rise, then, A-mer - i - can
un - ion of thought and of word:..... As might - y and vast as our
chiev - ing a grand des - tin - y:..... Sweep on, like a tor - rent re-

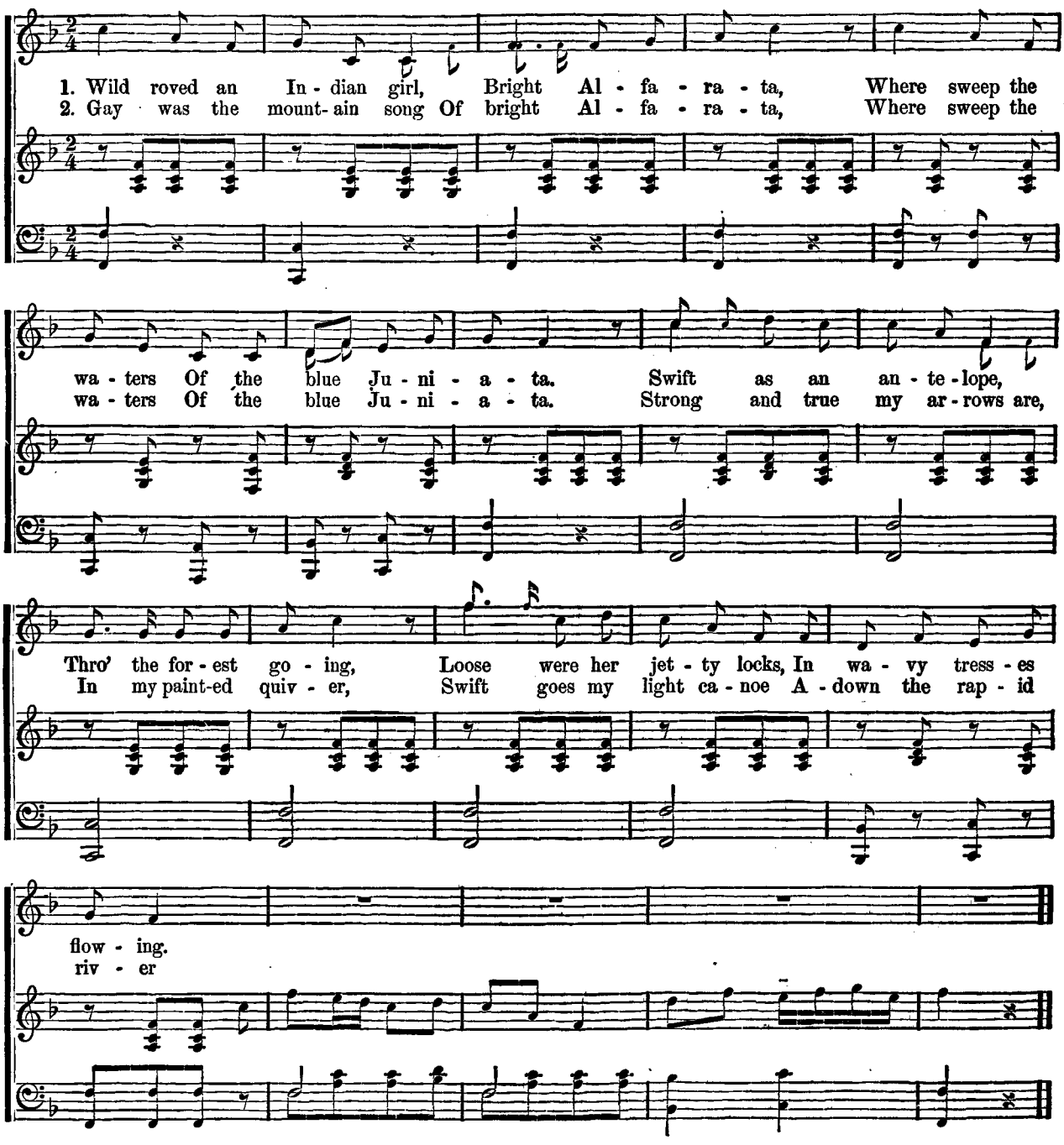

free - men, The cow - ard a - lone is a slave!..... March
coun - try, East, West, North nor South, will we hail:..... But
sist - less, To purge and to cleanse in thy might:..... Cor -
on, for our child - ren and kin - dred Sweet lib- er - ty's bless - ings to save.
one flag a- lone shall float o'er..... us, One lan - guage, one government pre - vail.
rup - tion in ar - ro - gant splen - dor, Must bend to the law and the right.
rall.
rall.
REFRAIN.*
Oh fa - - - ther al - might - y, Our trust is in
Oh fa - ther thou al - might - y,
p
cresc.
marcato.

* A fine effect is made by having the first four measures sung by little children.


Thee.....
f
ff
Thee (in Thee) Thy will now ex - halt - - - ing Through love, law and lib - er -
yes thy will
ff
p
cres.
ty. Our voi - - - ces as - cend - - - ing From vale, hill and
Our voi - ces now as - cend - - - ing
p
crescendo.
crag.....
ff
rall.
crag (and crag.) In this mot - to blend - ing; "one country, one speech, one flag.
in this
f
ff
rall.....
ff

THE BLUE JUNIATA.

Both words and music of the following song were written by Mrs. M. D. Sullivan.


1. Wild roved an In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the
2. Gay was the mount- ain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the
wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope,
wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar - rows are,
Thro' the for - est go - ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks, In wa - vy tress - es
In my paint-ed quiv - er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the rap - id
flow - ing.
riv - er

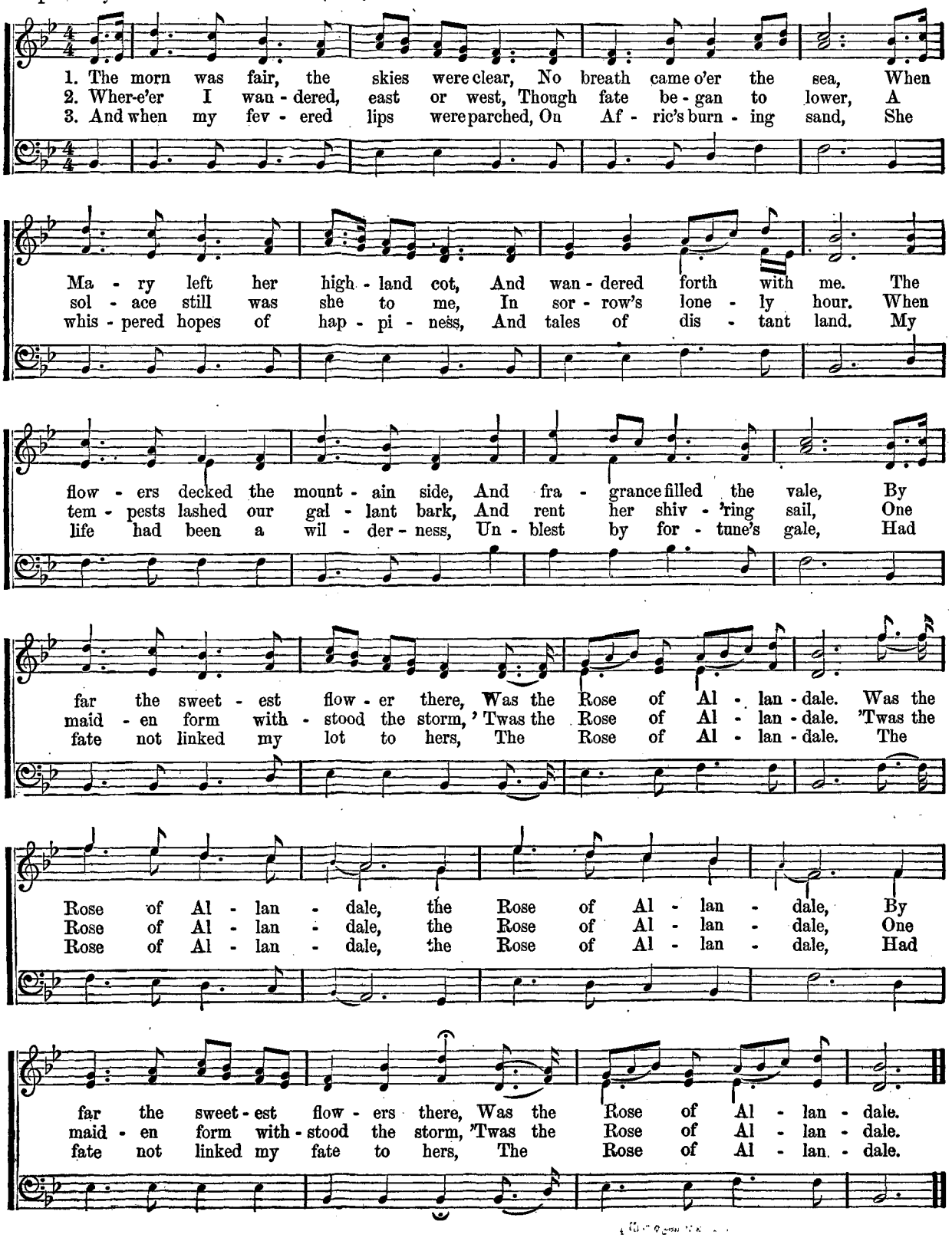
Bold is my warrior good,
The love of Alfarata,
Proud waves his snowy plume,
Along the Juniata.
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding.

So sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.
Fleeting years have borne away
The voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on,
Blue Juniata.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

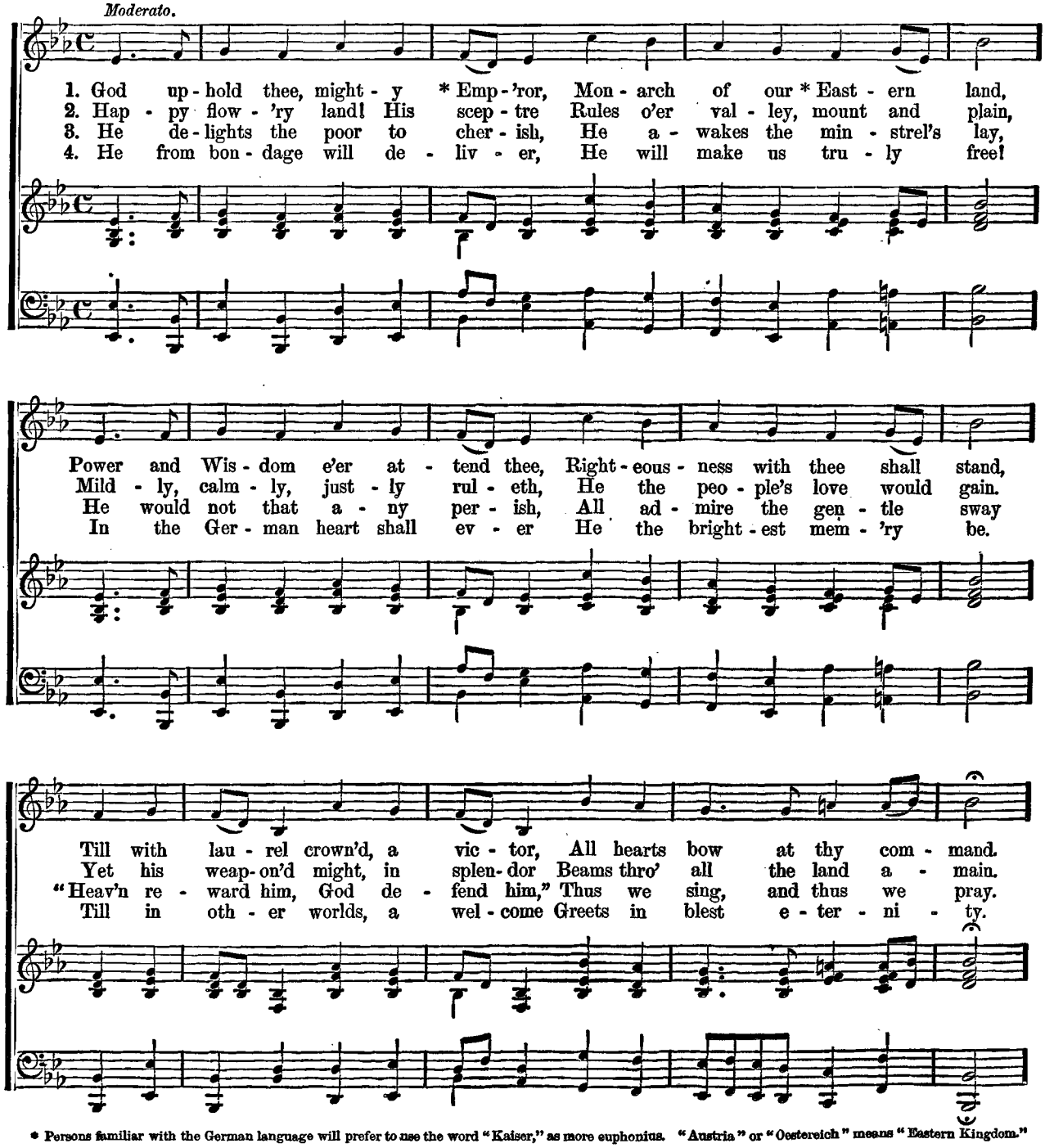
THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

THIS simple, familiar, Scottish-sounding ditty was written by CHARLES JEFFERYS, and the music was composed by his friend SIDNEY NELSON.

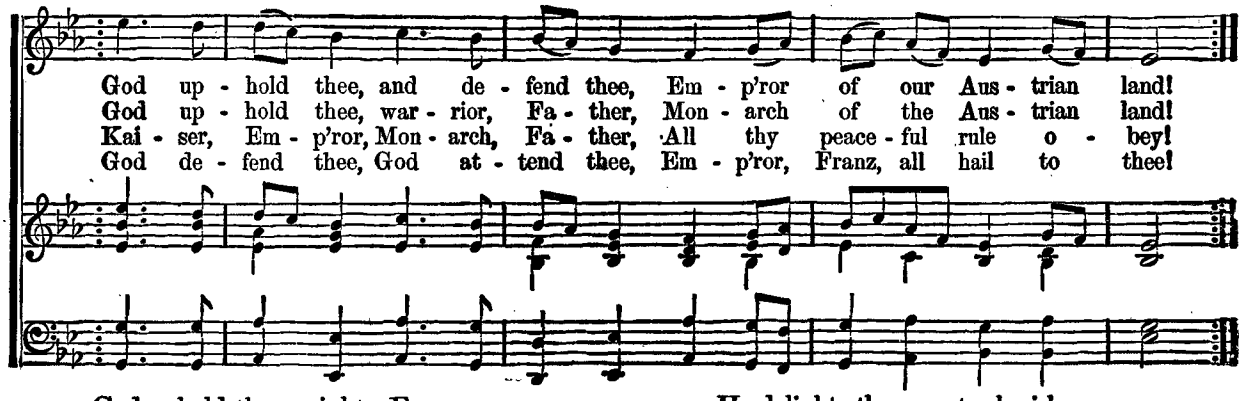

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea, When
2. Wher-e'er I wan - dered, east or west, Though fate be - gan to lower, A
3. And when my fev - ered lips were parched, On Af - ric's burn - ing sand, She
Ma - ry left her high - land cot, And wan - dered forth with me. The
sol - ace still was she to me, In sor - row's lone - ly hour. When
whis - pered hopes of hap - pi - ness, And tales of dis - tant land. My
flow - ers decked the mount - ain side, And fra - grance filled the vale, By
tem - pests lashed our gal - lant bark, And rent her shiv - 'ring sail, One
life had been a wil - der - ness, Un - blest by for - tune's gale, Had
far the sweet - est flow - er there, Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale. Was the
maid - en form with - stood the storm, 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale. 'Twas the
fate not linked my lot to hers, The Rose of Al - lan - dale. The
Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By
Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, One
Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, Had
far the sweet - est flow - ers there, Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
maid - en form with - stood the storm, 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
fate not linked my fate to hers, The Rose of Al - lan - dale.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

JOSEPH HAYDN, the composer of "The Creation" and a number of other great oratories was an exceedingly patriotic Austrian. During his visits to London he had often envied the English their National anthem "God Save the King," and lamented the fact that his own country had none worthy the name. The war with France inflamed his patriotism still more and he decided to write the music of a national hymn himself. A friend of his suggested his idea to the prime minister and a celebrated poet, HANSCHKA, by name, was commissioned to write appropriate words for Haydn's music. The hymn was written in January, 1797, and on the Emperor's birthday, February 12th, was sung simultaneously at the chief theatres in Vienna and the surrounding cities. It has since become one of the best known national anthems of the world and is found in nearly every hymn book in the land set to sacred music.


Moderato.
1. God up - hold thee, might - y * Emp - 'ror, Mon - arch of our * East - ern land,
2. Hap - py flow - 'ry land! His scep - tre Rules o'er val - ley, mount and plain,
3. He de - lights the poor to cher - ish, He a - wakes the min - strel's lay,
4. He from bon - dage will de - liv - er, He will make us tru - ly free!
Power and Wis - dom e'er at - tend thee, Right - eous - ness with thee shall stand,
Mild - ly, calm - ly, just - ly rul - eth, He the peo - ple's love would gain.
He would not that a - ny per - ish, All ad - mire the gen - tle sway
In the Ger - man heart shall ev - er He the bright - est mem - 'ry be.
Till with lau - rel crown'd, a vic - tor, All hearts bow at thy com - mand.
Yet his weap - on'd might, in splen - dor Beams thro' all the land a - main.
"Heav'n re - ward him, God de - fend him," Thus we sing, and thus we pray.
Till in oth - er worlds, a wel - come Greets in blest e - ter - ni - ty.

* Persons familiar with the German language will prefer to use the word "Kaiser," as more euphonius. "Austria" or "Oestereich" means "Eastern Kingdom."


God up - hold thee, and de - fend thee, Em - p'ror of our Aus - trian land!
God up - hold thee, war - rior, Fa - ther, Mon - arch of the Aus - trian land!
Kai - ser, Em - p'ror, Mon - arch, Fa - ther, All thy peace - ful rule o - bey!
God de - fend thee, God at - tend thee, Em - p'ror, Franz, all hail to thee!

God uphold thee, mighty Emperor,
Monarch of our Eastern land,
Power and Wisdom e'er attend thee,
Righteousness with thee shall stand,
Till with laurel crowned, a victor,
All hearts bow at thy command.
God uphold thee, and defend thee,
Emperor of our Austrian land!

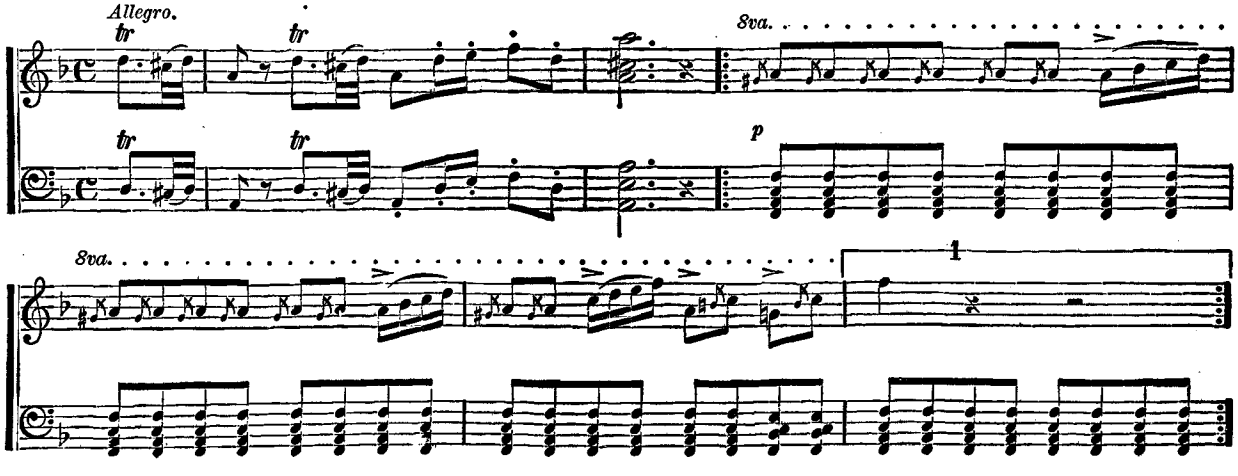
Happy flowery land! His sceptre
Rules o'er valley, mount and plain,
Mildly, calmly, justly ruleth,
He the people's love would gain,
Yet his weaponed might, in splendor
Beams through all the land amain.
Kaiser, Emperor, Monarch, Father,
Monarch of the Austrian land!

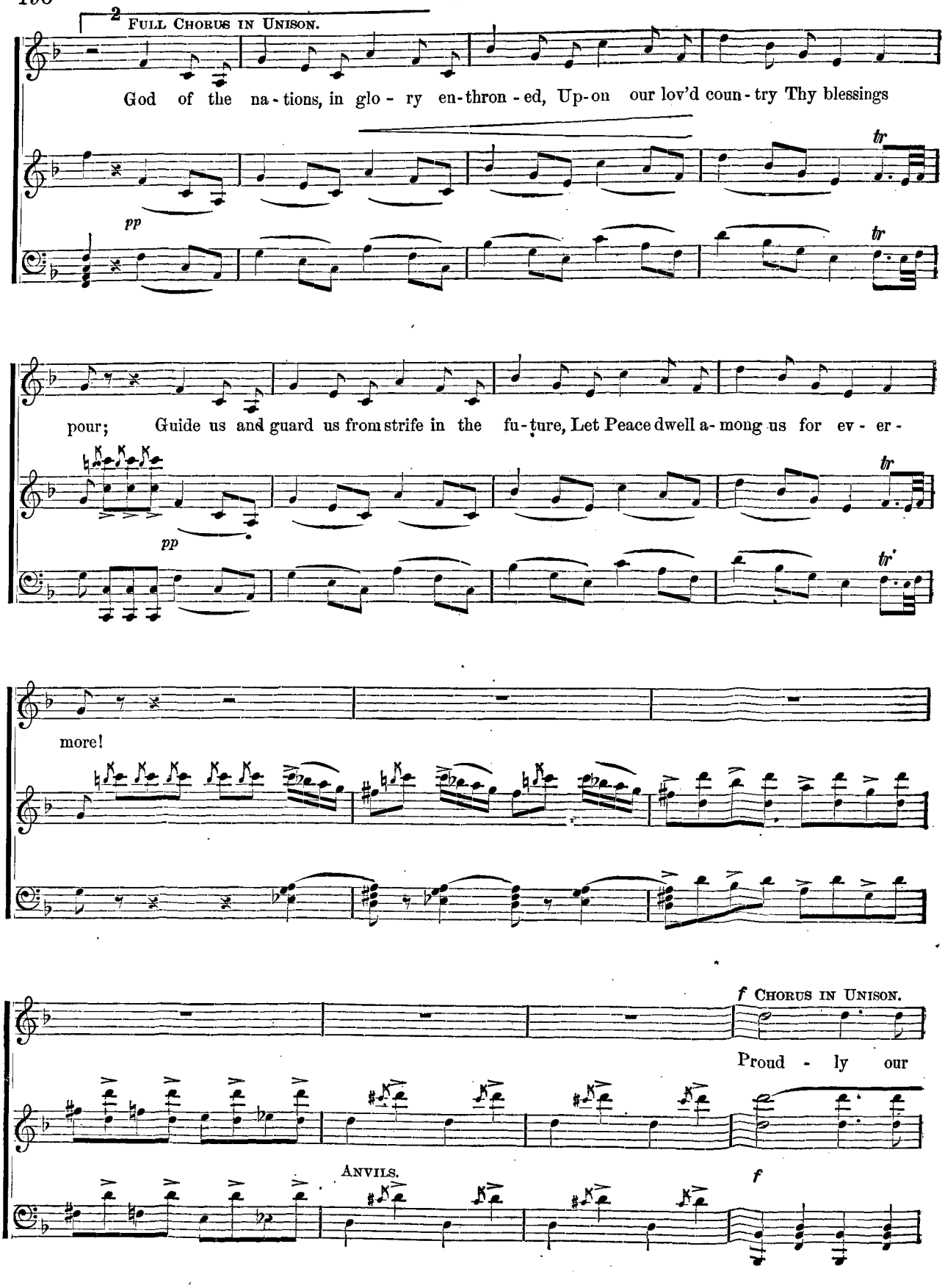
He delights the poor to cherish,
He awakes the minstrel's lay,
He would not that any perish,
All admire the gentle sway;
"Heaven reward him, God defend him,"
Thus we sing, and thus we pray.
Kaiser, Emperor, Monarch, Father,
All thy peaceful rule obey!

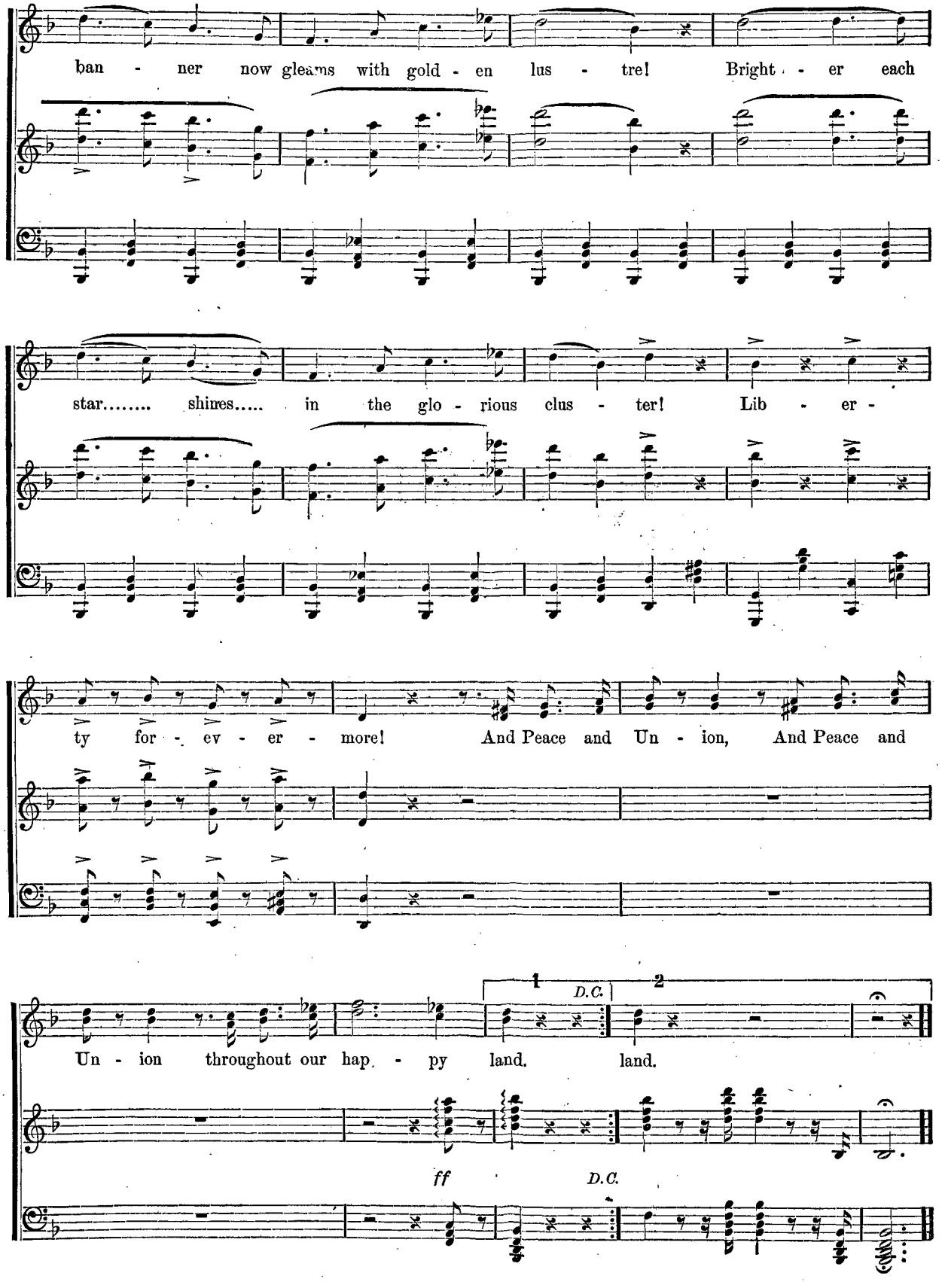
He from bondage will deliver,
He would make us truly free!
In the German heart shall ever
He the brightest memory be.
Till in other worlds, a welcome
Greets in blest eternity.
God defend thee, God attend thee,
Emperor, Franz, all hail to thee!

ANVIL CHORUS.

THE "Anvil Chorus" is a selection from VERDI'S most popular opera, "Il Trovatore," which has been a favorite with Americans for the last thirty years. The opera was first sung in the Apollo Theatre in Rome, on January 19th, 1853. The interest in the work was so great that on the day of the first performance men and women stood in line for hours to obtain seats. The opera became so great a popular success that the Roman youths were soon whistling the airs, and the Roman maidens playing and singing the catching melodies. In this country the "Anvil Chorus" has always been a favorite selection. At the famous Boston jubilee, twenty-five years ago it was sung by a chorus of thousands with an accompaniment of brass bands, anvils and cannon. Verdi, the oldest living composer, was born on October 9th, 1813. After having seemingly exhausted the field of grand opera, at the age of 80 he wrote a comic opera, "Falstaff," that has already become one of the operatic successes of the world.

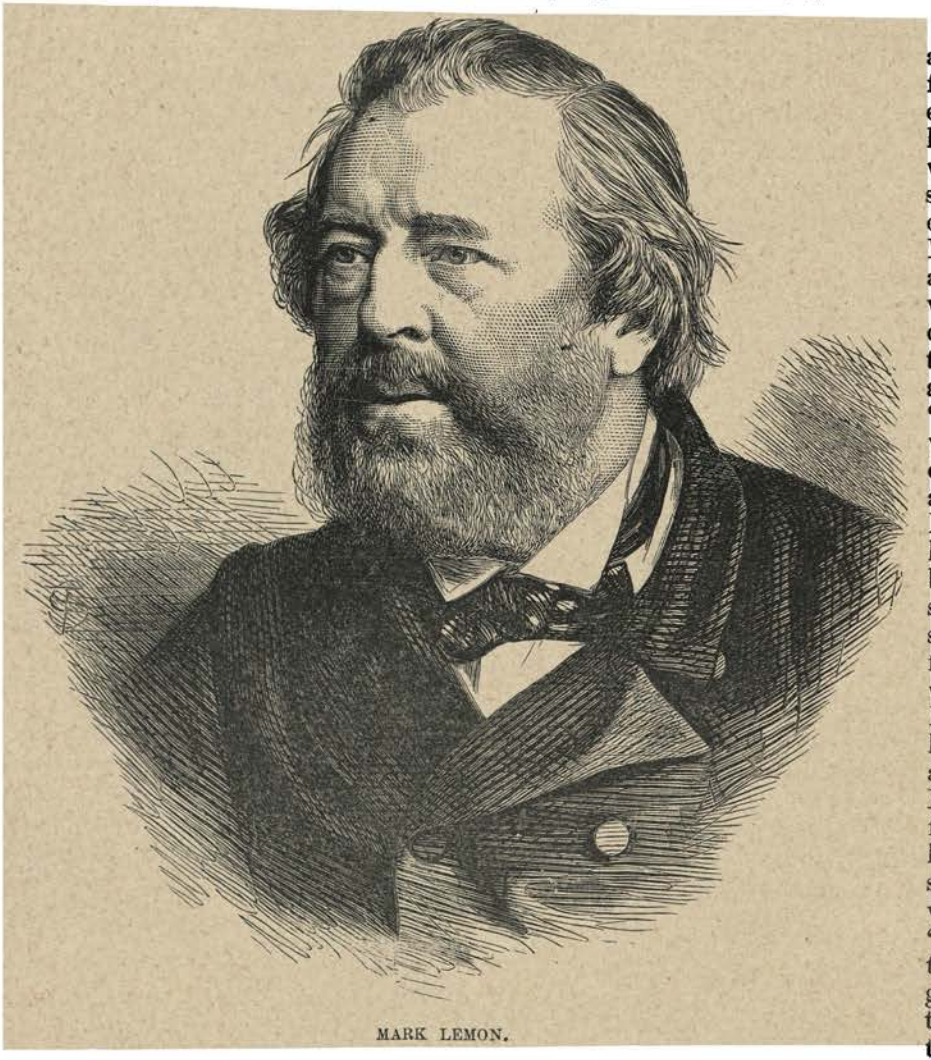



2
Full Chorus in Unison.
God of the na - tions, in glo - ry en-thron - ed, Up-on our lov'd coun - try Thy blessings
pp
tr
pour; Guide us and guard us from strife in the fu - ture, Let Peace dwell a- mong us for ev - er -
more!
f Chorus in Unison.
Proud - ly our
Anvils.
f


ban - ner now gleams with gold - en lus - tre! Bright - er each
star..... shines..... in the glo - rious clus - ter! Lib - er -
ty for - ev - er - more! And Peace and Un - ion, And Peace and
Un - ion throughout our hap - py land. land.
1
2
D.C.
ff
D.C.

OH, WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN!

THE song which follows is characteristic of its author, MARK LEMON, founder and editor of London *Punch*. Youth's best gifts, hope and enthusiasm, were never lost to him. and the man of gigantic proportions was at heart a perpetual boy. Sympathetic, generous, modest, and true-hearted, he was universally beloved, though his virtues were most apparent and best appreciated in his own home. He formed a love-match while young and poor, and although he was never substantially wealthy, and died leaving very little to his family, he had one of the happiest homes on earth. He played a royal game of romps, and could beat his boys at leap-frog. Mr. Joseph L. Hatton, in his pleasant volume of reminiscences of Mark Lemon, says: "Years hence, it may seem almost beyond belief that the founder of *Punch* died without deserving the enmity of any man, beloved by all who had labored with him, respected by men of all creeds and parties; being, nevertheless, one who had never sacrificed the independence of his paper."



MARK LEMON.

Lemon had a Falstaffian appearance, and an aptitude for representation, and he played the part of the redoubtable knight in the private theatricals which Dickens and kindred spirits enacted, and which became famous in London. Lemon formed a small theatrical company of his own, with which he played throughout England, and made the tour of Scotland. The little amateur party named itself "The Show." Mr. Hatton, who was a member of the company, say: "The grave and reverend chief, sweet Jack Falstaff, rare Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, smiled benignantly upon our frolicsome notions. He gave himself up to all our whims and fancies. It seems as if he were trying to be young again. For that matter, he was young; he had a rich, unctuous voice, and a merry, catching laugh. Not fame, but money for his family, was the object which he sought. He made careful study of Falstaff, and he always insisted that old Sir John 'was not a buffoon, but a gentleman; fallen away in the general degeneracy of the times, but, nevertheless, a gentleman.'"

While writing as busily, but not as readily as ever, Mark Lemon says: "It seems out of character for an old boy like me to be telling love-stories. I don't know that I have lost faith, nor sentiment either, but I hurry over love-scenes as if I had no business with them." The description of Falstaff's death had always moved the nobler man who played his part. Falstaff in dying "babbled of green fields," and Mark Lemon, in his last moments, wandered back in fancy to the loved and unforgotten scenes of his boyhood's home.

He was born in London, November 30th, 1809, and died at Crawley, Sussex, May 23d, 1870. Besides his editorial work on *Punch*, and writings for other periodicals, he wrote forty plays, a few novels, and hundreds of ballads. His last, unfinished, and intended as the second of a series, was found scratched in lead pencil on a sheet of blue foolscap paper, and had no title. Youth and Love were the victors, as they had always been with him. It reads:

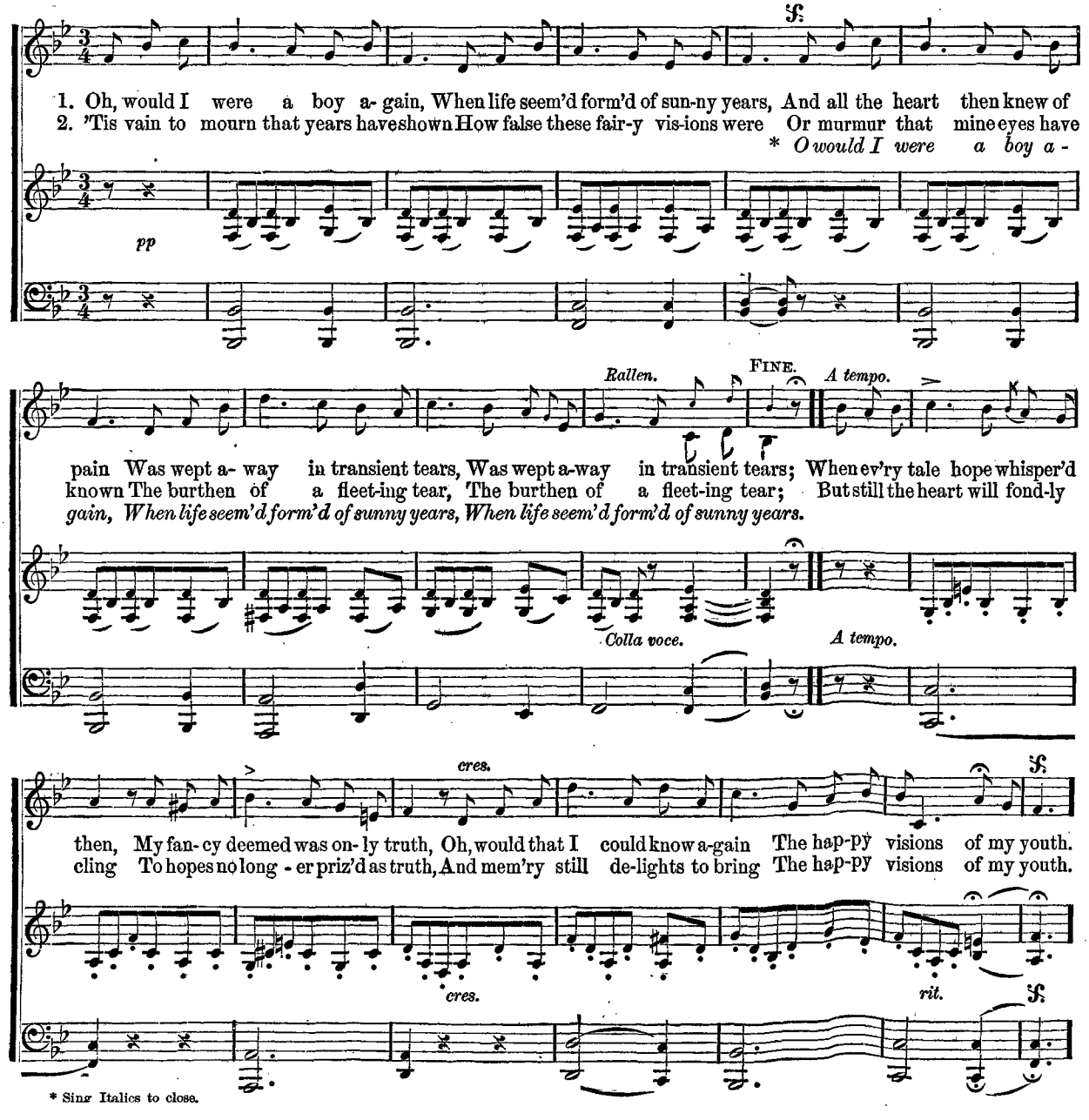
We are two heroes come from strife;
Where have we been fighting?
On the battlefield of life,
Doing wrong, wrong righting.

Forth we went a gallant band—
Youth, Love, Gold, and Pleasure;
Who, we said, can us withstand?
Who dare lances measure?

Round about the world we went;
Ne'er were such free lances—
Victors in each tournament,
Winning beauty's glances.

Gold, at last, his prowess lost,
And when he departed,
Pleasure's lance was rarely crossed,
Pleasure grew faint-hearted.

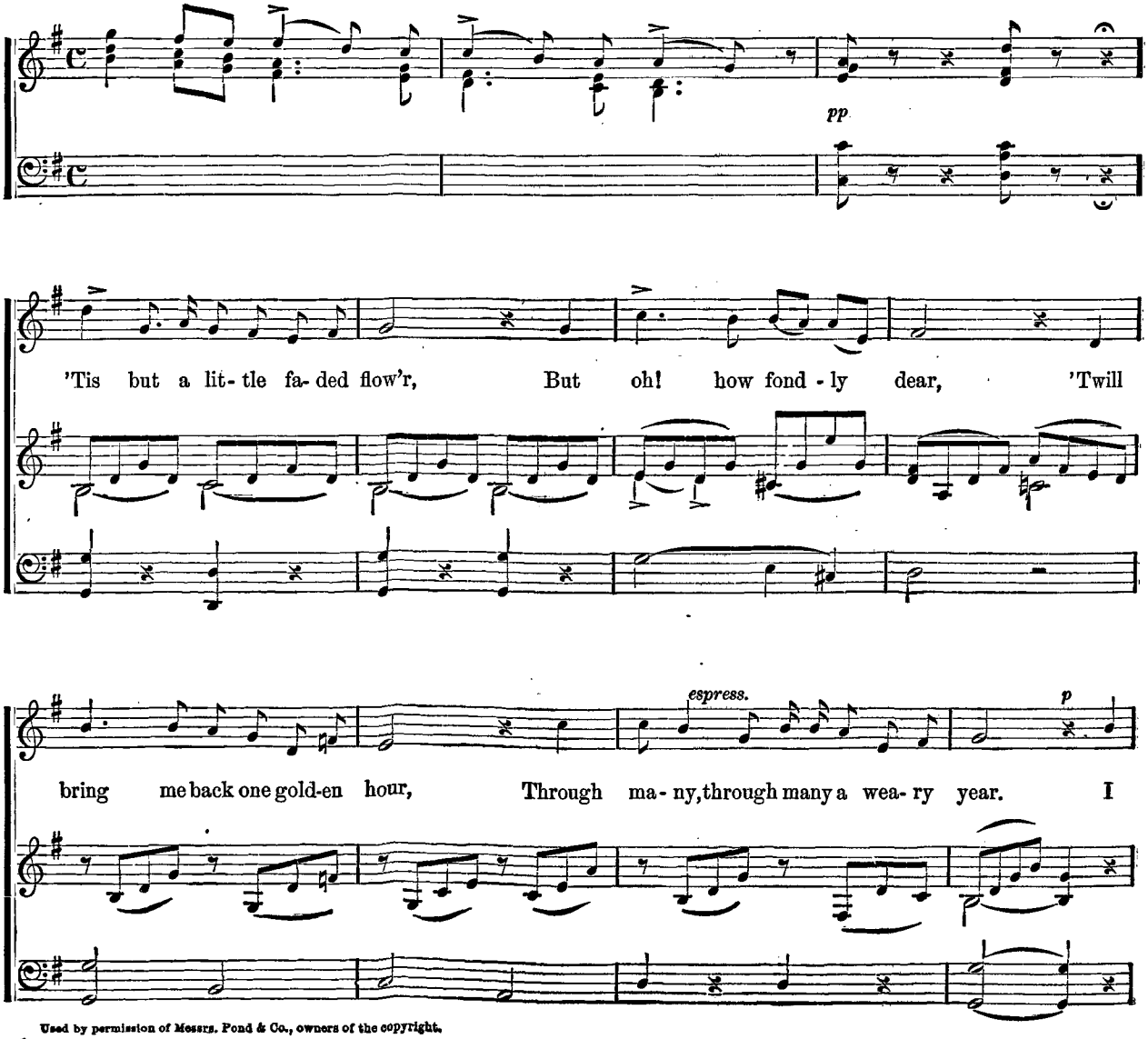
FRANK ROMER, an Englishman, born about 1820, wrote the music of this song for Signor Giubilei, a noted Italian baritone, who appeared in opera in this country. Romer was never paid a penny for it, nor did he receive any very large sum for his numerous other songs. But he was wise enough to leave the business of composing for that of publishing, and became a partner in a prosperous music firm in London. Here he had a noble opportunity to give to struggling composers that encouragement in the way of appreciation and fair pay of which he himsef felt the need in his younger days. "Oh, Would I were a Boy again!" was made still more popular by a minstrel troupe, who sang it every night for three years.


1. Oh, would I were a boy a- gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny years, And all the heart then knew of
2. 'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown How false these fair-y vis-ions were Or murmur that mine eyes have
* O would I were a boy a-
pp
Rallen.
FINE.
A tempo.
pain Was wept a- way in transient tears, Was wept a-way in transient tears; When ev'ry tale hope whisper'd
known The burthen of a fleet-ing tear, The burthen of a fleet-ing tear; But still the heart will fond-ly
gain, When life seem'd form'd of sunny years, When life seem'd form'd of sunny years.
Colla voce.
A tempo.
cres.
then, My fan- cy deemed was on- ly truth, Oh, would that I could know a-gain The hap-py visions of my youth.
cling To hopes no long - er priz'd as truth, And mem'ry still de-lights to bring The hap-py visions of my youth.
cres.
rit.

* Sing Italics to close.

'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER.

THIS is one of the most widely-known of the minor sentimental ballads of America, and the familiarity with it is not limited to musical people, but is universal. Its popularity is equally due to the sentiment of the words and the pretty melody to which the composer has set them. Although it is the best known, it is not the only poetical work of the author. MRS. HOWARTH has published two volumes of poems—"The Wind Harp and other Poems" in 1864 (Philadelphia) and a volume of miscellaneous verse in 1867 (Newark.) She began life in a most humble way, her father being a calico printer, and she herself being apprenticed to factory work at the age of seven. As she grew to womanhood her intellect developed more and more remarkably, and her literary work was a wonder to her friends. JOHN ROGERS THOMAS, the composer of the melody, was for many years one of the best known of the musical fraternity of New York City, as a church singer, and a composer of church music and songs. He was born in 1830, in Wales, but came to New York in early life. For some time he was a member of the Seguin Opera Company, but retired from the stage to devote himself to composition and teaching. Many of the most familiar anthems and arrangements sung by church choirs all over the country were by him. Of his songs the most popular were the example given here, "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," and "The Cottage by the Sea."


pp
'Tis but a lit- tle fa- ded flow'r, But oh! how fond - ly dear, 'Twill
espress.
p
bring me back one gold-en hour, Through ma - ny, through many a wea- ry year. I

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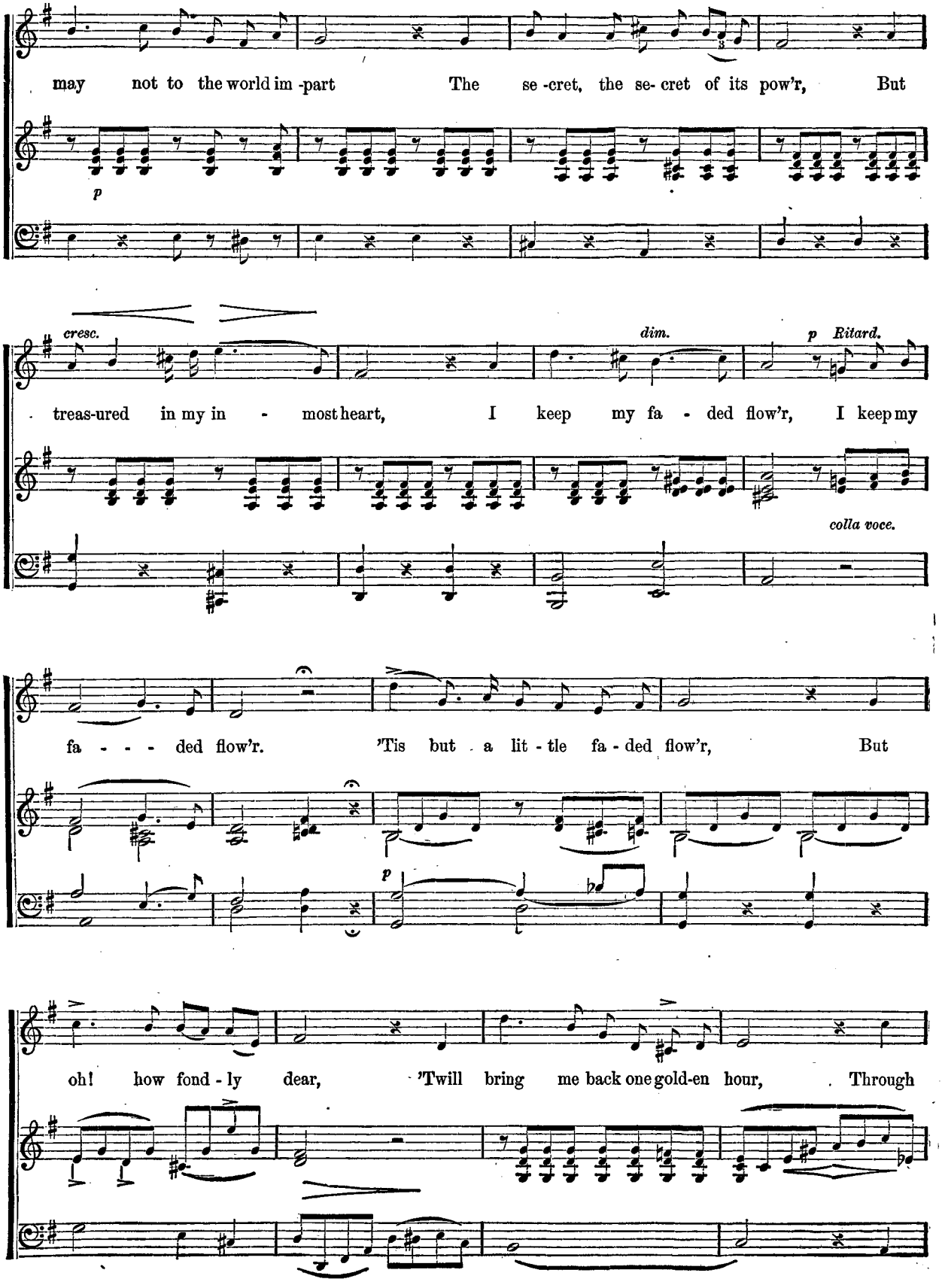
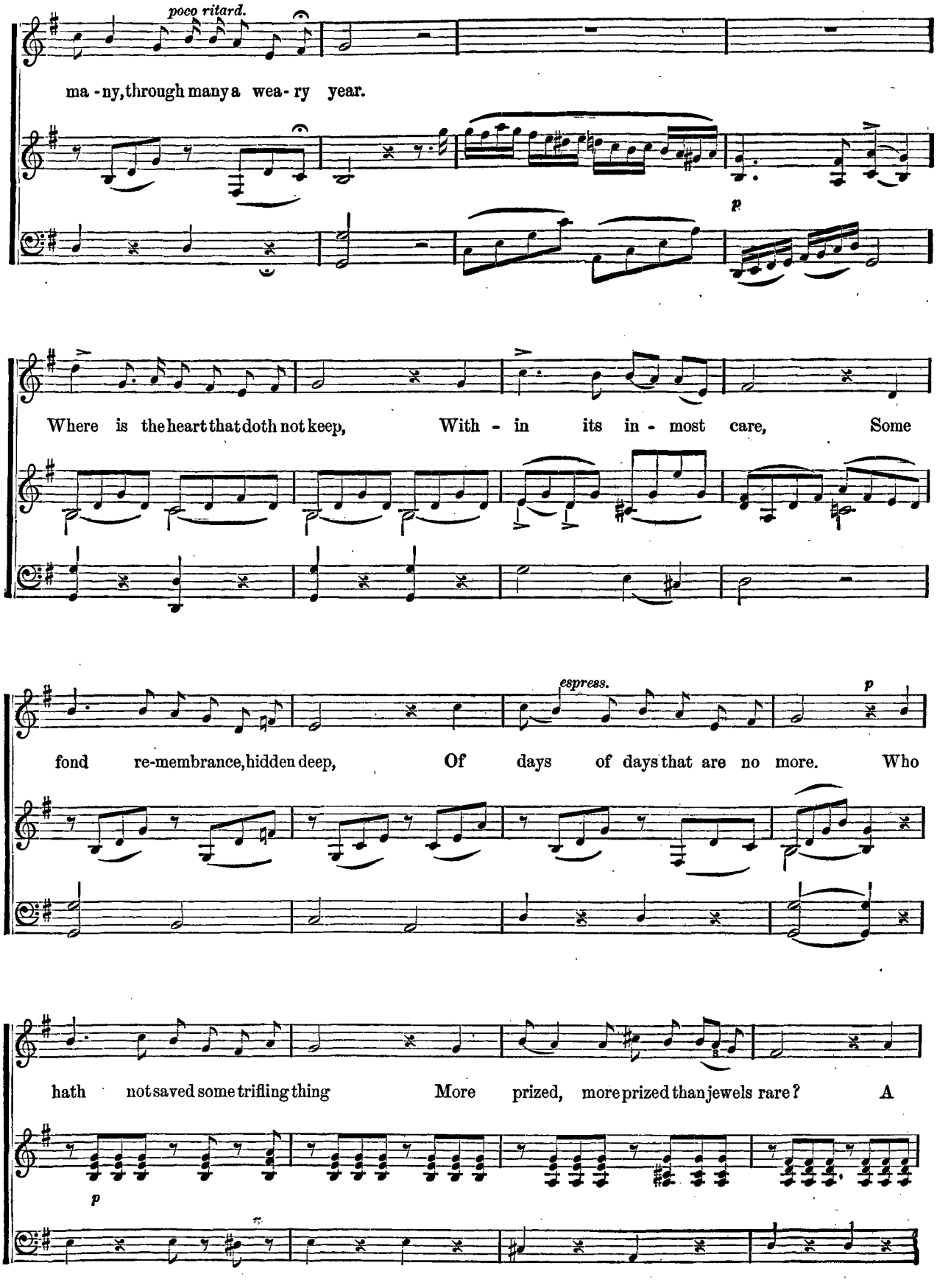
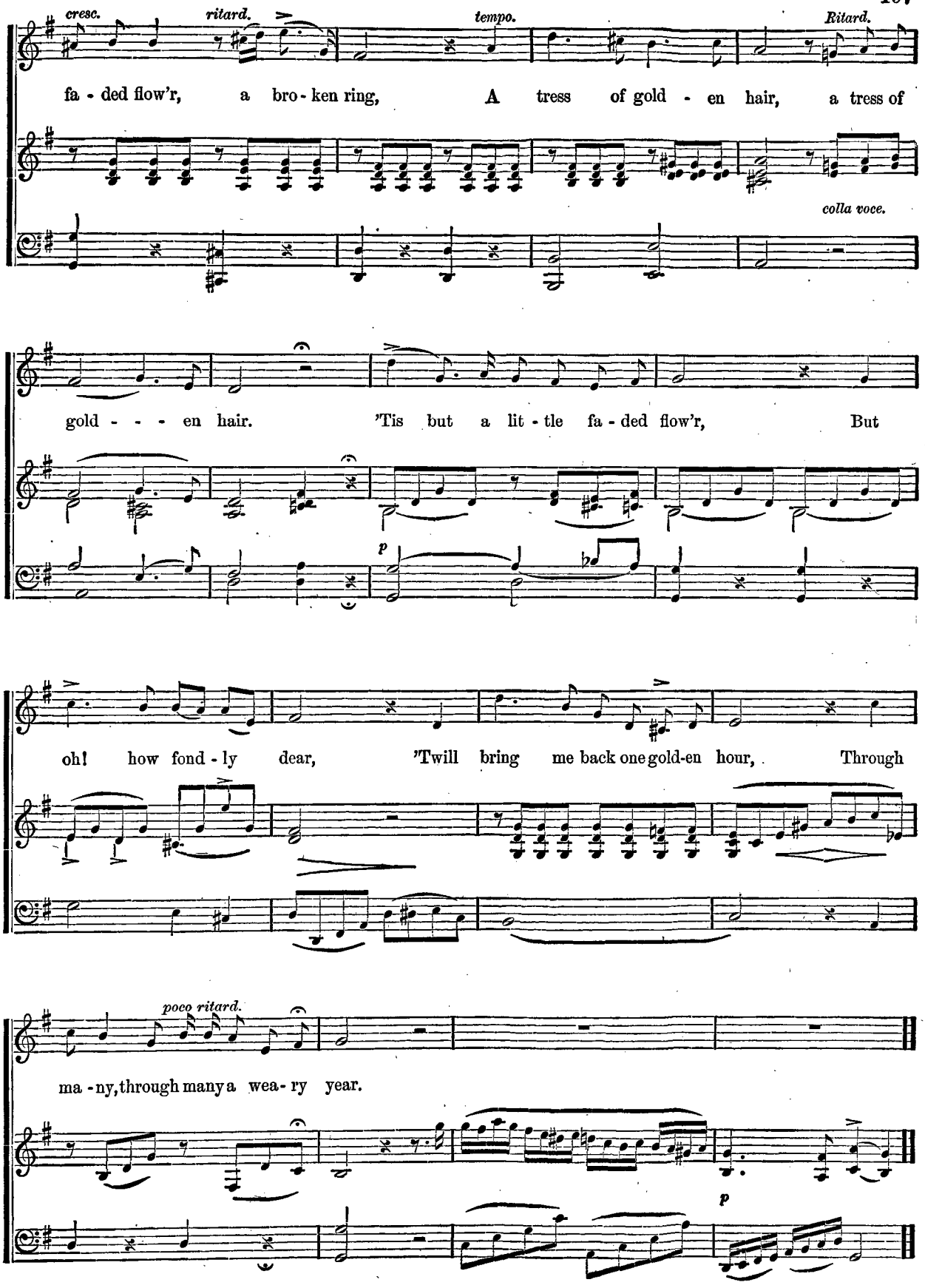

may not to the world im -part The se -cret, the se- cret of its pow'r, But
p
cresc.
dim.
p Ritard.
treas-ured in my in - most heart, I keep my fa - ded flow'r, I keep my
colla voce.
fa - - - ded flow'r. 'Tis but a lit - tle fa - ded flow'r, But
p
oh! how fond - ly dear, 'Twill bring me back one gold-en hour, Through


poco ritard.
ma - ny, through many a wea - ry year.
p
Where is the heart that doth not keep, With - in its in - most care, Some
espress.
p
fond re-membrance, hidden deep, Of days of days that are no more. Who
hath not saved some trifling thing More prized, more prized than jewels rare? A
p

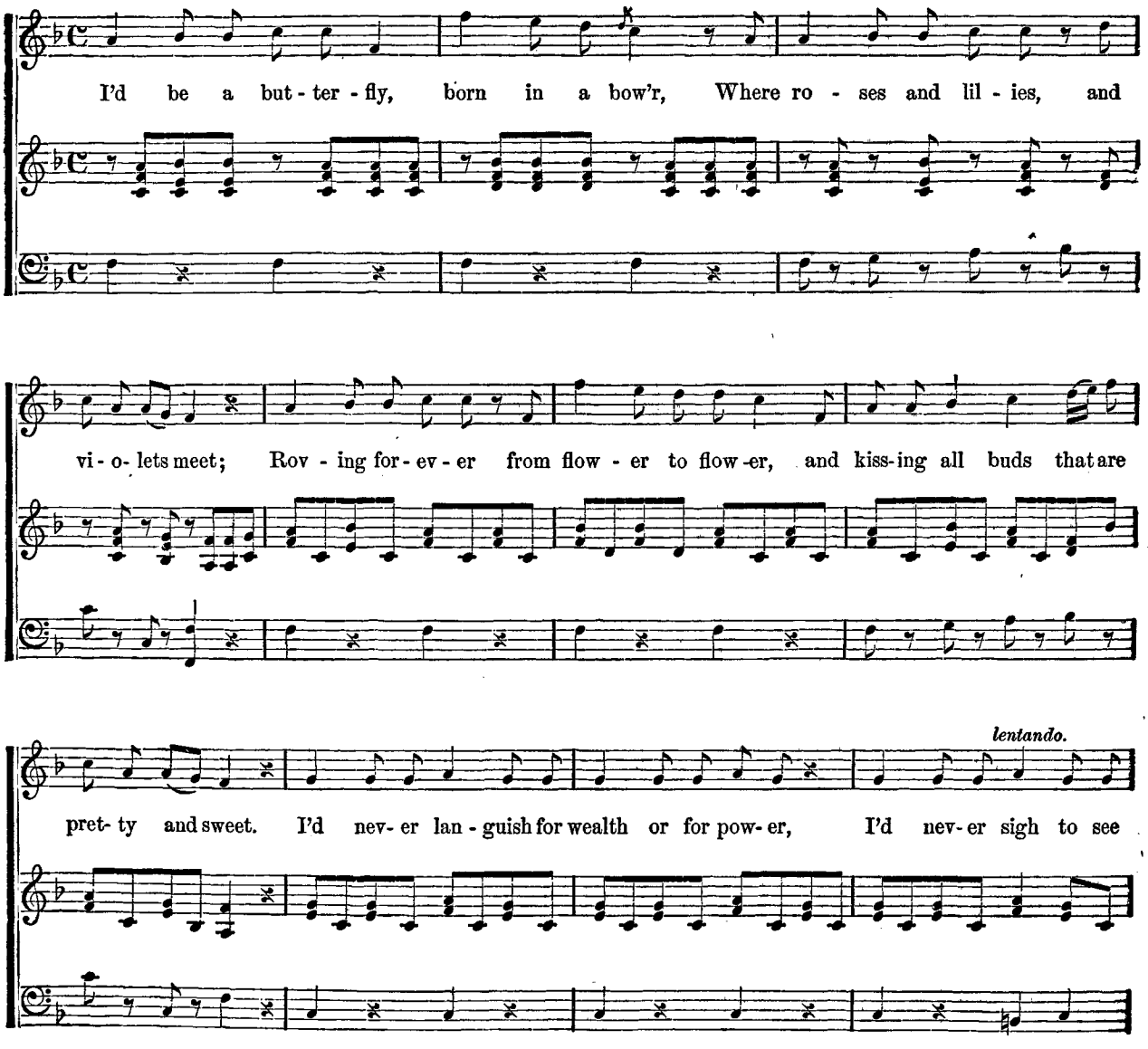

cresc.
ritard.
tempo.
Ritard.
fa - ded flow'r, a bro - ken ring, A tress of gold - en hair, a tress of
colla voce.
gold - - - en hair. 'Tis but a lit - tle fa - ded flow'r, But
p
oh! how fond - ly dear, 'Twill bring me back one gold-en hour, Through
poco ritard.
ma - ny, through many a wea - ry year.
p

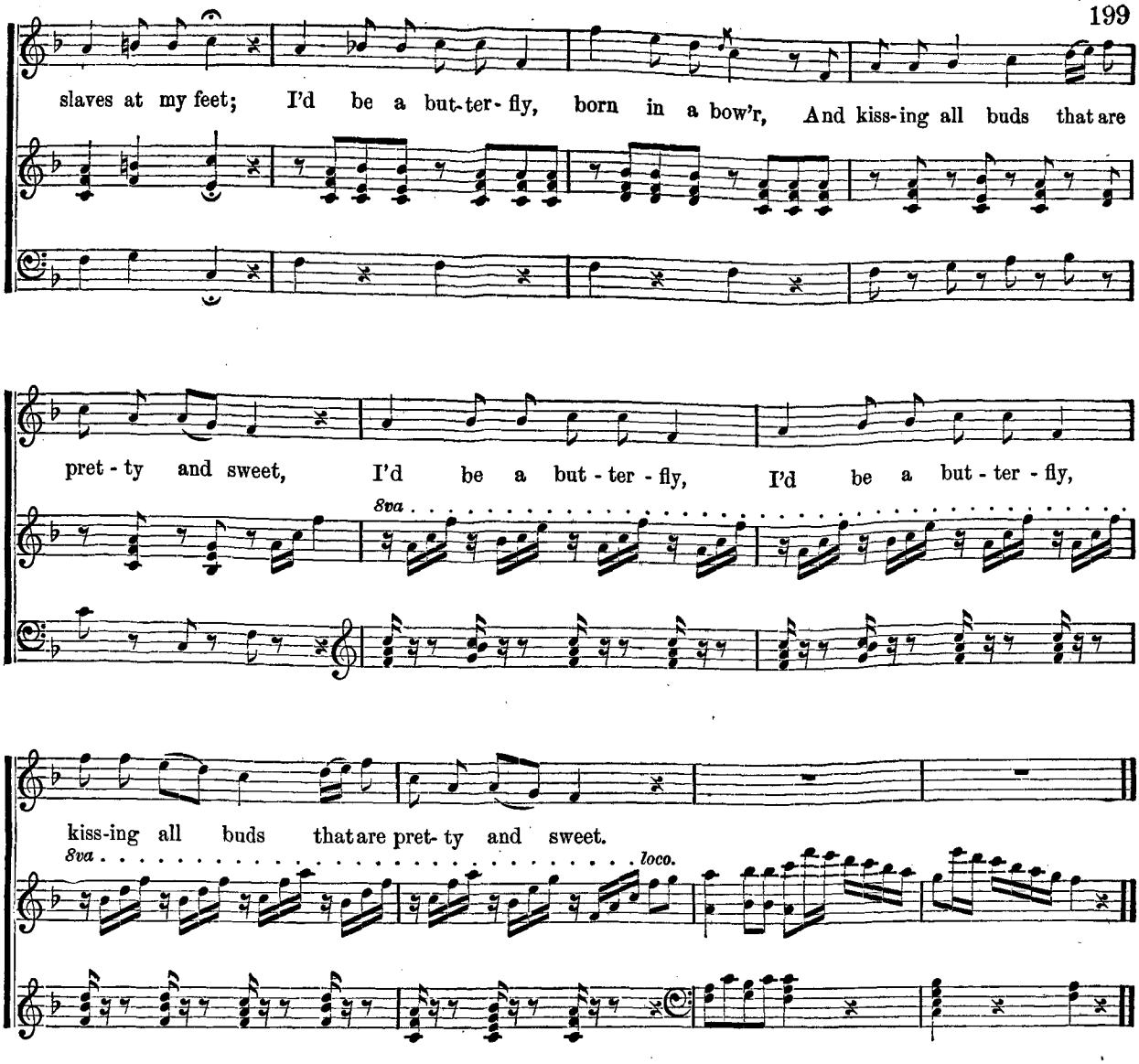
I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY and his bride were visiting Lord Ashtown, when, on going to the drawing-room after dinner, one day, the gentlemen found it deserted, and Mr. Bayly went to the garden in pursuit of the ladies. Seeing him, they playfully hid themselves in the winding avenues. He followed floating laughs and laces a while, and then sat down in a tempting arbor. When the ladies joined him, he showed them the manuscript of "I'd be a Butterfly," that moment written. Mrs. Bayly composed an air, and it was sung that evening to a large party assembled in their honor. When the song was afterward published in a little volume called "The Loves of the Butterflies," dedicated to their host, Lord Ashtown wrote the following reply:

The butterfly, in days of old,
Was emblem of the soul we're told;
This type to you may well belong—
Your butterfly's the soul of song.
Yet why to me address the tale
Of loves that flutter in the gale;
Of spring, or summer's genial ray,—
To me, who hasten to decay?

Why not address the sportive song
To Helen, beautiful and young?
She well may claim a minstrel's skill;
Although a wife, a mistress still.
Yet such the magic of your strain,
Methinks I live and love again;
Your voice recalls the pleasing theme
Of hope, and joy, and "Love's young Dream."


I'd be a but - ter - fly, born in a bow'r, Where ro - ses and lil - ies, and
vi - o - lets meet; Rov - ing for - ev - er from flow - er to flow - er, and kiss-ing all buds that are
lentando.
pret - ty and sweet. I'd nev - er lan - guish for wealth or for pow - er, I'd nev - er sigh to see


slaves at my feet; I'd be a but-ter-fly, born in a bow'r, And kiss-ing all buds that are
pret-ty and sweet, I'd be a but-ter-fly, I'd be a but-ter-fly,
8va
kiss-ing all buds that are pret-ty and sweet.
8va
loco.

Oh, could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! naught but misery brings;
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rocked in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What though you tell me each gay little rover,
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;
Surely, 'tis better when summer is over,
To die, when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay:
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away.

Mr. Bayly afterwards made a little parody on his own song, which he entitled, "I'd be a Parody."

I'd be a parody, made by a ninny,
On some little song with a popular tune,
Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.
I'd never sigh for the sense of a Pliny,
(Who cares for sense at St. James's in June?)
I'd be a parody, made by a ninny,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.

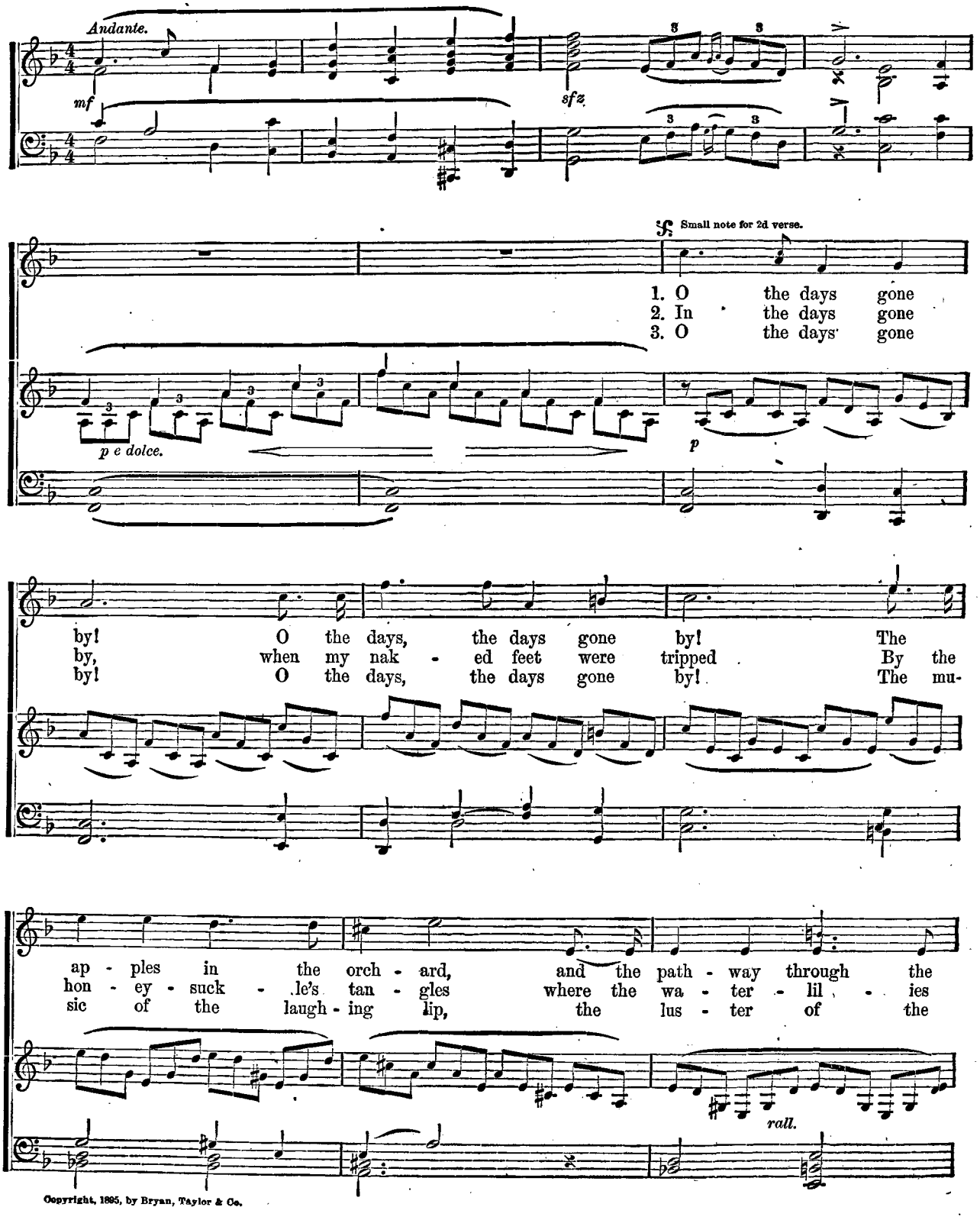
Oh, could I pick up a thought or a stanza,
I'd take a flight on another bard's wings,
Turning his rhymes into extravaganza,
Laugh at his harp, and then pilfer its strings!

When a poll-parrot can croak the cadenza
A nightingale loves, he supposes he sings!
Oh, never mind, I will pick up a stanza,
Laugh at his harp, and then pilfer its strings!

What though they tell me each metrical puppy,
Can make of such parodies two pair a day,
Mocking-birds think they obtain by each copy
Paradise plumes for the parodied lay.
Ladder of fame! if man can't reach the top, he
Is right to sing just as high up as he may;
I'd be a parody made by a puppy,
Who makes of such parodies two pair a day.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

THIS song was written by JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. It is used by special permission of the author. The music is the composition of HOMER N. BARTLETT, a noted New York composer and musician.


Andante.
mf
sfz
Small note for 2d verse.
1. O the days gone
2. In the days gone
3. O the days gone
p e dolce.
p
by! O the days, the days gone by! The
by, when my nak - ed feet were tripped By the
by! O the days, the days gone by! The mu-
ap - ples in the orch - ard, and the path - way through the
hon - ey - suck - le's tan - gles where the wa - ter - lil - ies
sic of the laugh - ing lip, the lus - ter of the
rall.

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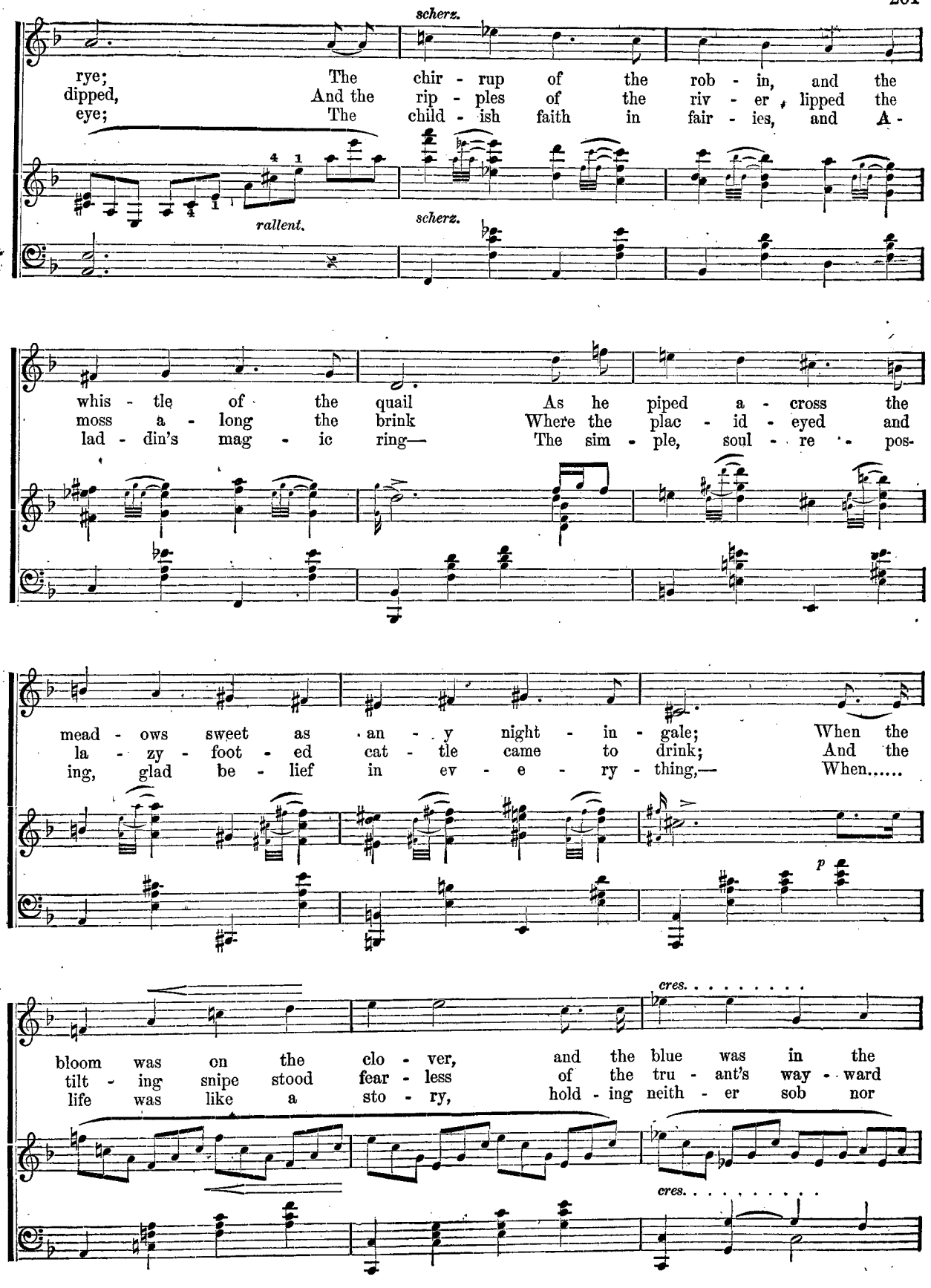
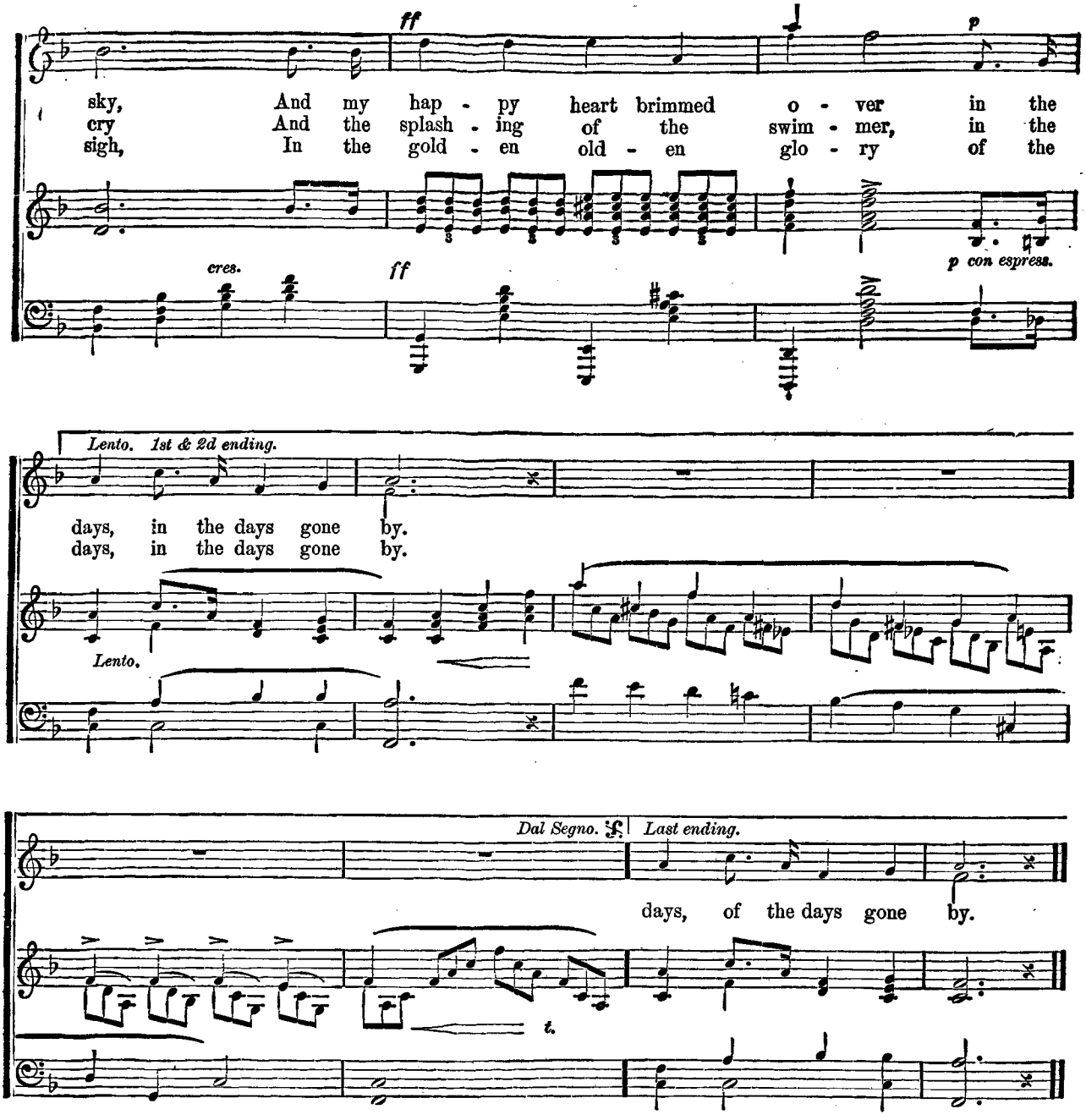

scherz.
rye; The chir - rup of the rob - in, and the
dipped, And the rip - ples of the riv - er, lipped the
eye; The child - ish faith in fair - ies, and A -
rallent.
scherz.
whis - tle of the quail As he piped a - cross the
moss a - long the brink Where the plac - id - eyed and
lad - din's mag - ic ring— The sim - ple, soul - re - pos-
mead - ows sweet as an - y night - in - gale; When the
la - zy - foot - ed cat - tle came to drink; And the
ing, glad be - lief in ev - e - ry - thing,— When.....
p
bloom was on the clo - ver, and the blue was in the
tilt - ing snipe stood fear - less of the tru - ant's way - ward
life was like a sto - ry, hold - ing neith - er sob nor
cres.
cres.


ff
p
sky, And my hap - py heart brimmed o - ver in the
cry And the splash - ing of the swim - mer, in the
sigh, In the gold - en old - en glo - ry of the
cres.
ff
p con espress.
Lento. 1st & 2d ending.
days, in the days gone by.
days, in the days gone by.
Lento.
Dal Segno.
Last ending.
days, of the days gone by.
t.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honey-suckle's tangles where the water-lilies dipped, [the brink
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink;
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,—
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS

BONNIE DOON.

In a letter to Mr. Thomson, Burns says: "There is an air called 'The Caledonian Hunt's Delight,' to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson. 'Ye banks and braes O' bonnie Doon,' might, I think, find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his nights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer, in your good town, was in company with our friend, Clarke; and, talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some sort of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the black keys; but this account I have just given you, Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to show you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman who affirmed that he had heard it in Ireland, among the old women; while, on the other hand, a countess informed me that the first person who introduced the air into this country, was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper, in the Isle of Man. How difficult, then, to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music!"

The Emperor Napoleon, perhaps, could not be expected to appreciate English music; but it is rather amusing to read, that when on the island of Saint Helena, he said one day to a lady with whom he was conversing, "The music of England is execrable! They have only one good melody—'Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon.'"

Here are some stanza which were found among Burns' papers, after his death. They are evidently the first form of "Bonnie Doon":

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

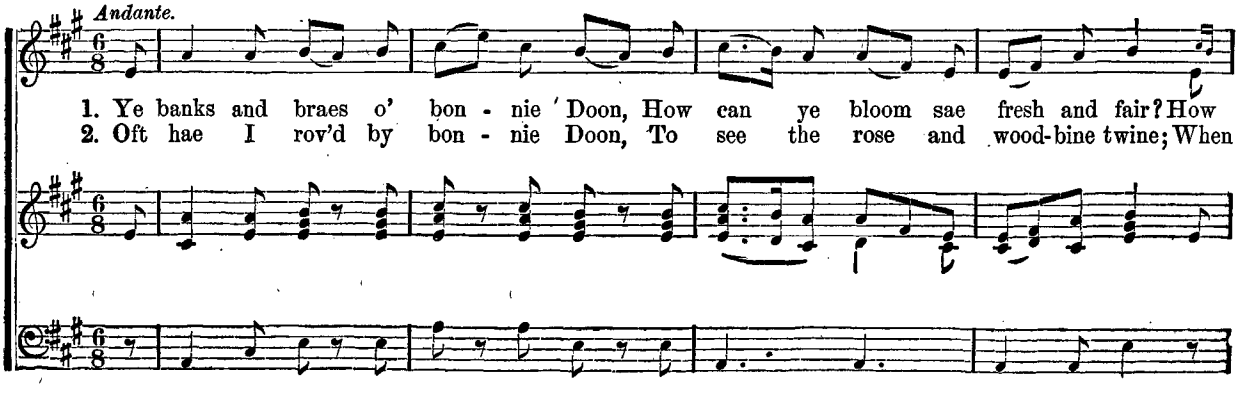
Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou mindst me o' the happy days
When my fause love was true.

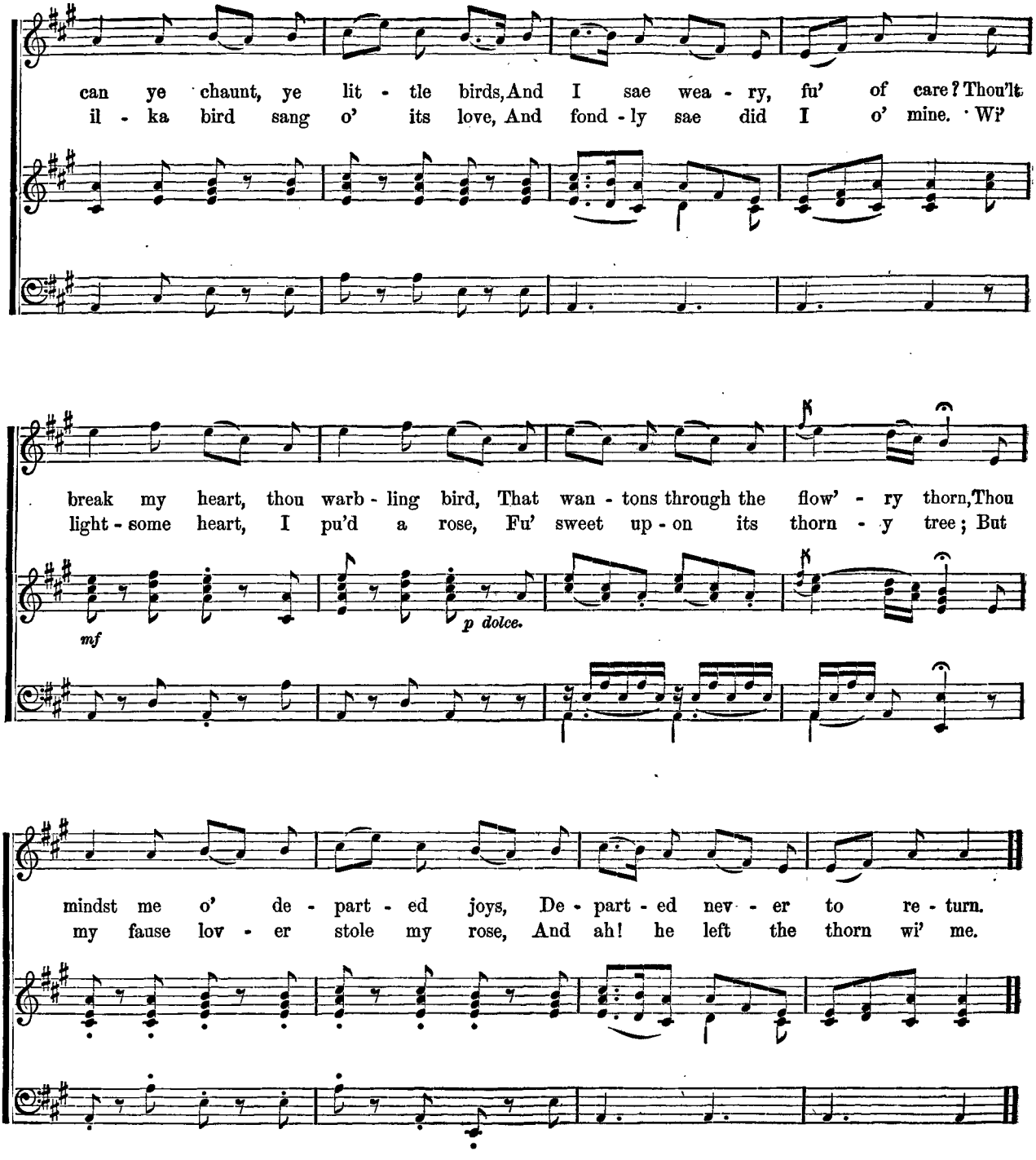
Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist nae o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine:
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

The heroine of "Bonnie Doon" was Miss Kennedy, of Dalgarrock, whose false lover was one M'Dougal, of Logan.


Andante.
1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood-bine twine; When


can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' of care? Thou'lt
il - ka bird sang o' its love, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine. Wi'
break my heart, thou warb - ling bird, That wan - tons through the flow' - ry thorn, Thou
light - some heart, I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; But
mf
p dolce.
mindst me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
my fause lov - er stole my rose, And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' of care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flow'ry thorn,
Thou mindst me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
When ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Tenderly.

1. It is the mil-ler's
2. And I would be the

daugh - - ter, And she is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be the
gir - - dle A - bout her dain - ty, dain - ty waist, And her heart would beat a -

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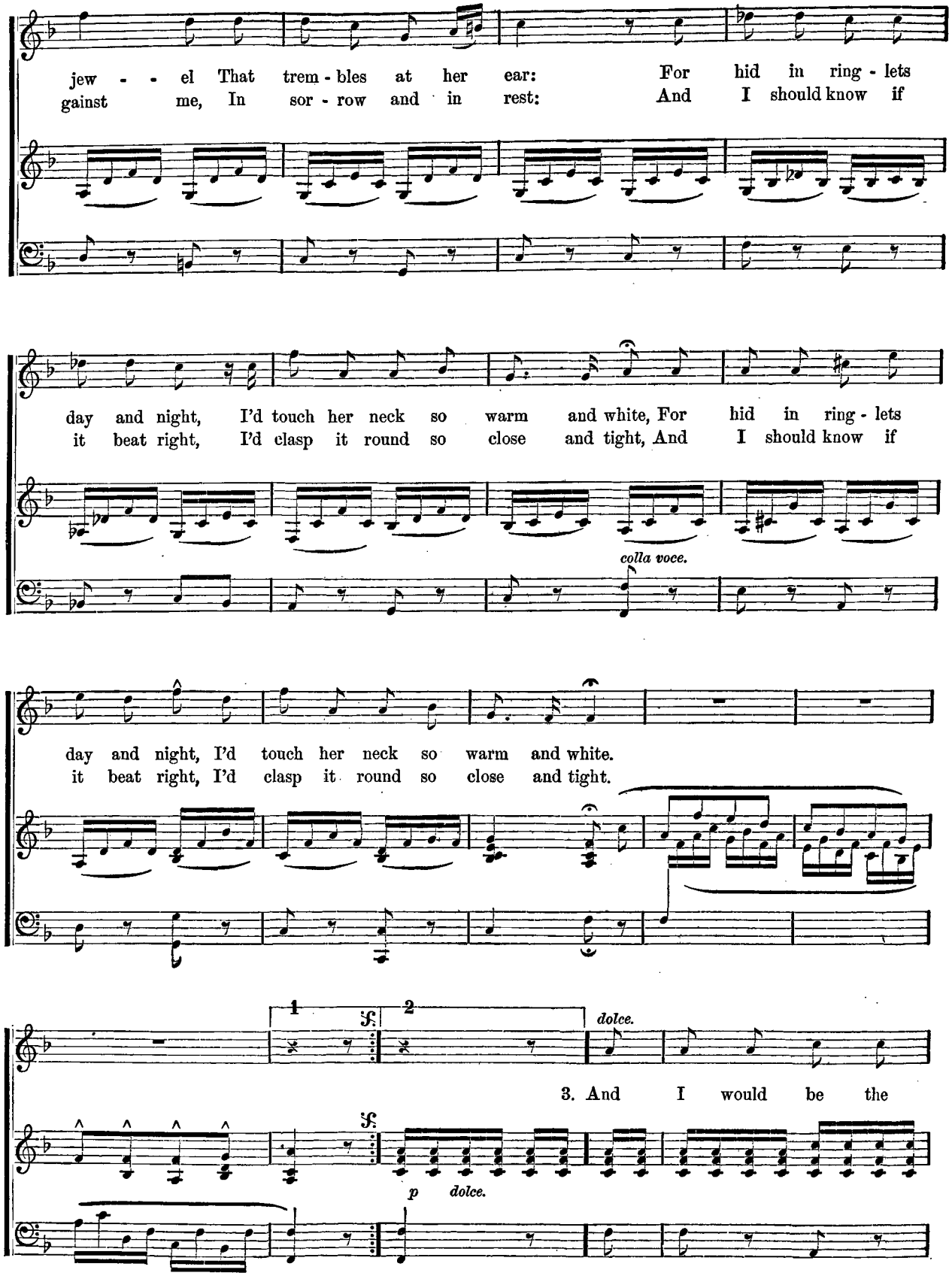
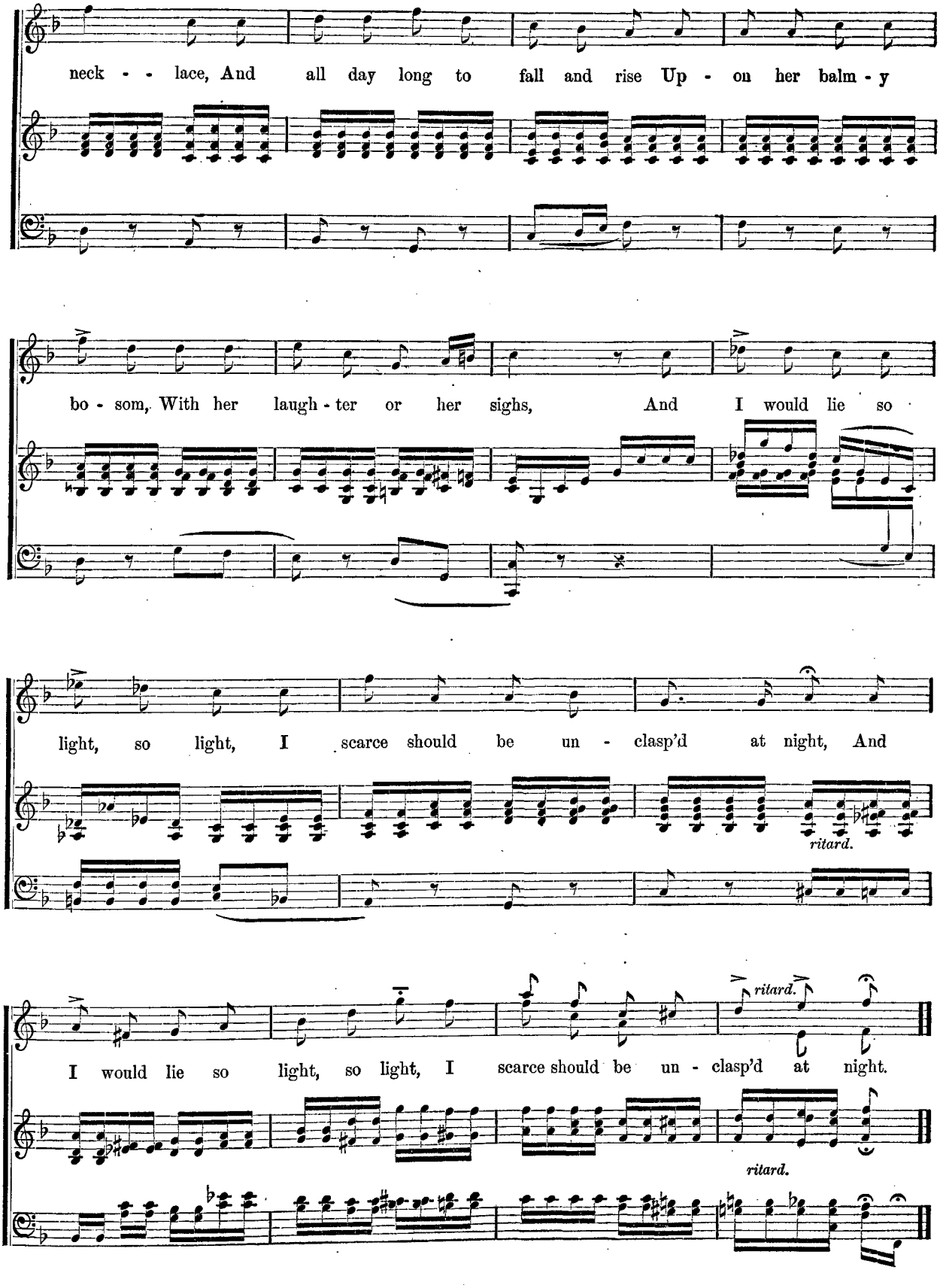

jew - - el That trem - bles at her ear: For hid in ring - lets
gainst me, In sor - row and in rest: And I should know if
day and night, I'd touch her neck so warm and white, For hid in ring - lets
it beat right, I'd clasp it round so close and tight, And I should know if
colla voce.
day and night, I'd touch her neck so warm and white.
it beat right, I'd clasp it round so close and tight.
1
2
dolce.
3. And I would be the
p dolce.


neck - - lace, And all day long to fall and rise Up - on her balm - y
bo - som, With her laugh - ter or her sighs, And I would lie so
light, so light, I scarce should be un - clasp'd at night, And
ritard.
I would lie so light, so light, I scarce should be un - clasp'd at night.
ritard.
ritard.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, author of the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779. His family were among the earliest settlers, and his father was an officer in the Revolutionary army. Francis was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and became a lawyer in his native town. He wrote several lyrics, with no thought of publication. They were scrawled upon the backs of letters and so many odd scraps of paper that the sequence of the verses was a puzzle to the friends who, after his death, attempted to gather all that had been written by the author of our national song. Mr. Key was District Attorney of Washington, D. C., and died in that city, January 11, 1843.

During the war of 1812–'15, when the British fleet lay in Chesapeake Bay, Mr. Key went out from Baltimore in a small boat, under a flag of truce, to ask the release of a friend, a civilian, who had been captured. Lord Cockburn had just completed his plans for an attack upon Fort McHenry, and instead of releasing one, he retained both. The bombardment of the fort was begun on the morning of the 13th of September, 1814, and continued for twenty-four hours. Key's little boat lay moored to the commander's vessel, and through a day and a night, exposed to fire from his friends, he watched the flag which Lord Cockburn had boasted would "yield in a few hours." As the morning of the 14th broke, he saw it still waving in its familiar place. Then, as his fashion was, he snatched an old letter from his pocket, and laying it on a barrel-head, gave vent to his delight in the spirited song which he entitled "The defence of Fort McHenry." The Star-Spangled Banner" was printed within a week in the *Baltimore Patriot*, under the title of "The Defence of Fort McHenry," and found its way immediately into the camps of our army. Ferdinand Durany, who belonged to a dramatic company, and had played in a Baltimore theatre with John Howard Payne, read the poem effectively to the soldier encamped in that city, who were expecting another attack. They begged him to set the words to music, and he hunted up the old air of "Adams and Liberty," set the words to it, and sang it to the soldiers, who caught it up amid tremendous applause. Durany died in Baltimore in 1815.

The Washington *National Intelligencer* of January 6, 1815, has this advertisement conspicuously displayed on the editorial page:

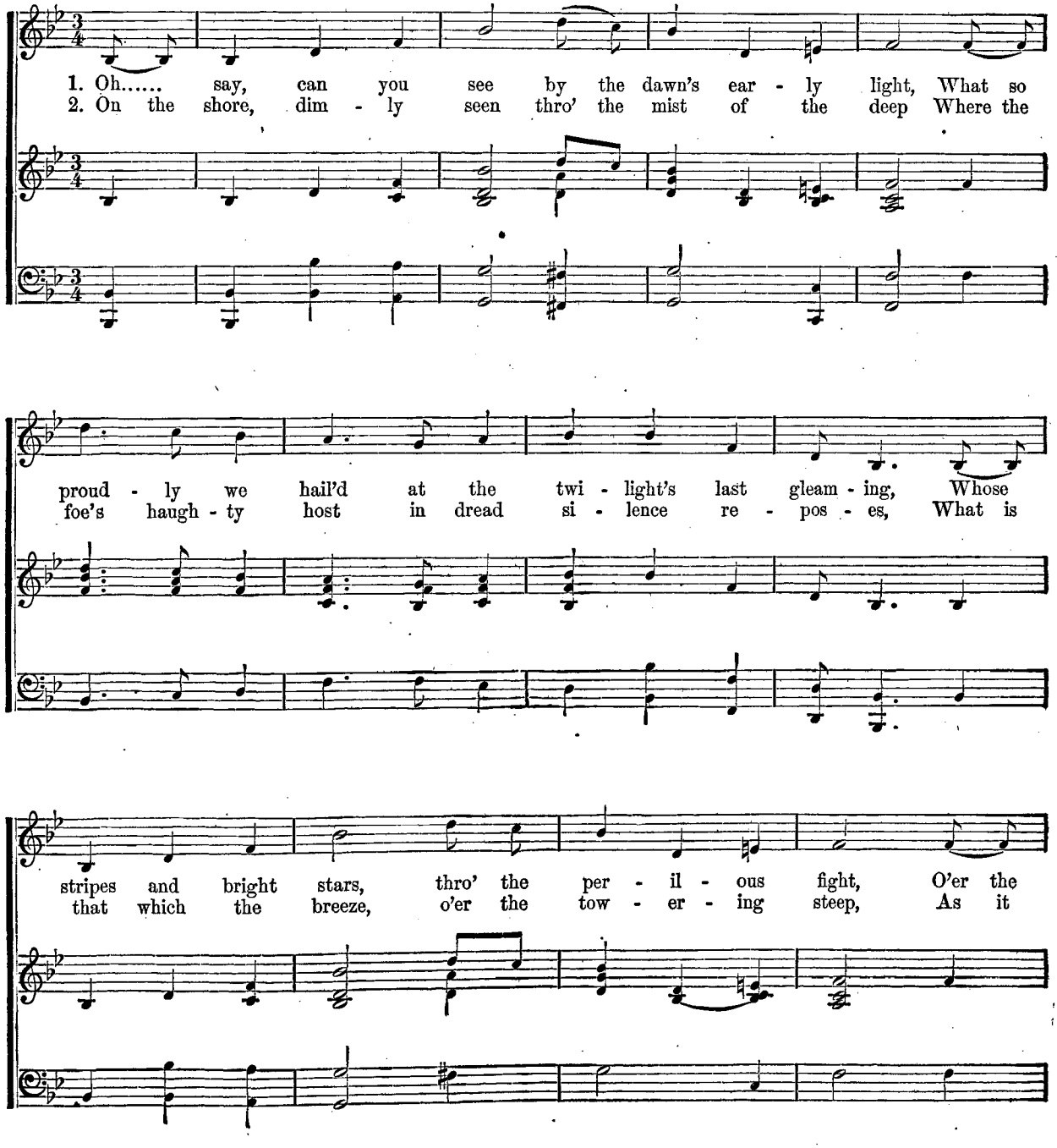
> STAR SPANGLED BANNER and YE SEAMEN OF COLUMBIA—
> Two favorite patriotic songs, this day received and for sale by
> RICHARDS & MALLORY, BRIDGE STREET, Georgetown.

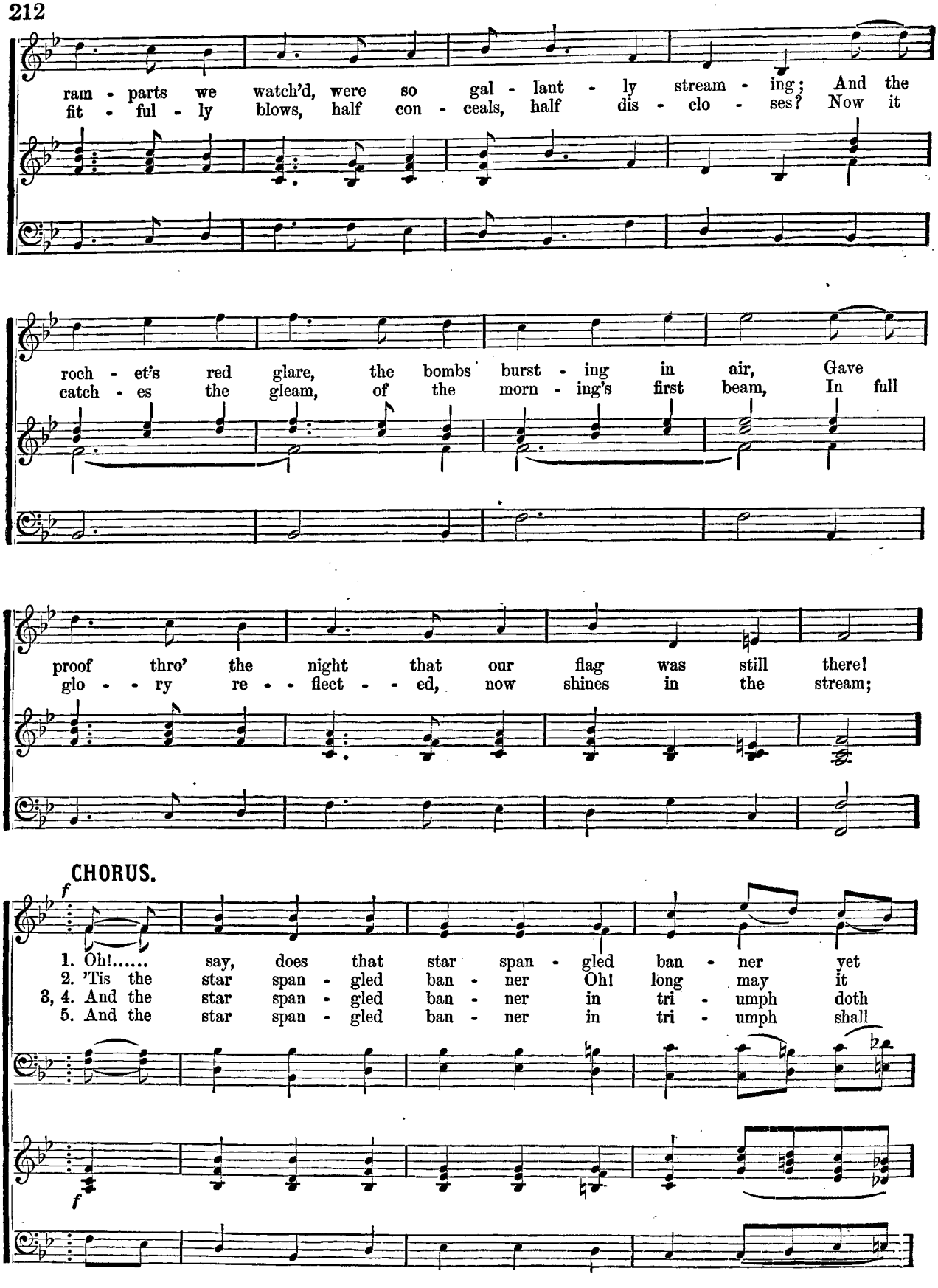
It is said that the particular flag which inspired the song was a new one that Gen. George Armistead, the defender of Fort McHenry, had made to replace the old one, which was badly tattered. The new banner was flung to the breeze for the first time on the morning that his daughter Georgeanna was born, which event took place within the fort, during the bombardment. By permission of the general government the

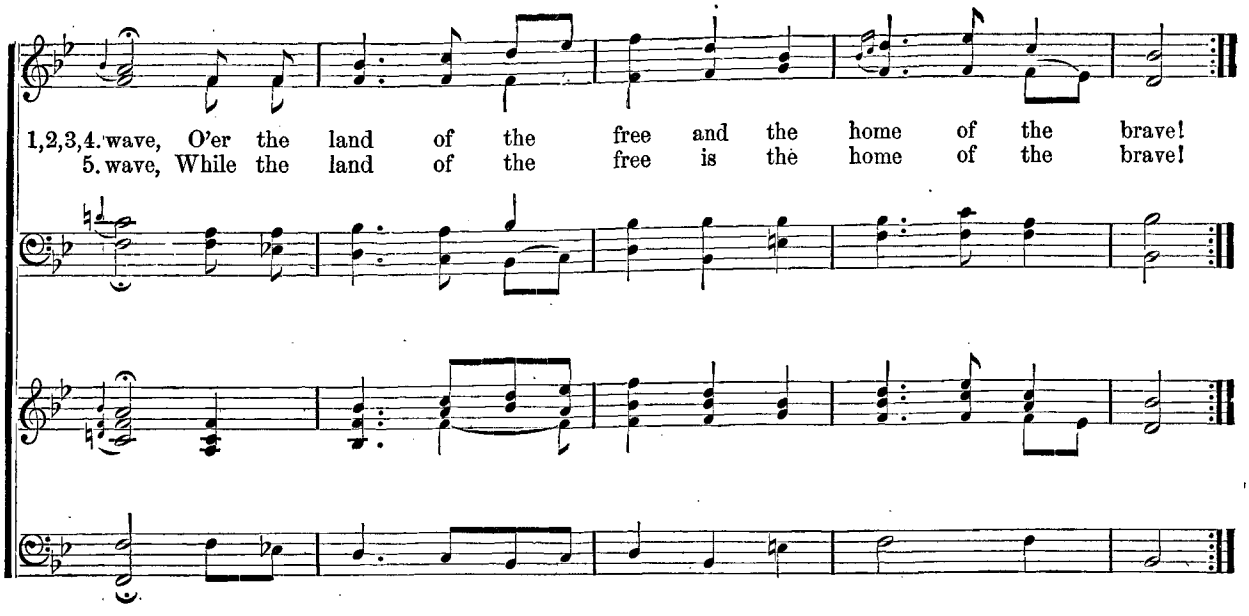
hero of Fort McHenry was allowed to retain the flag, and he provided in his will that the "Star-Spangled Banner" should be the property of his daughter. This lady became the wife of W. Stuart Appleton, Esq., of New York, and died in 1878. The flag is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

In 1861 Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the additional stanza which follows:

When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
By the millions unchained when our birthright was gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.


1. Oh..... say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep Where the
proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose
foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it


ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing; And the
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clo - ses? Now it
roch - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave
catch - es the gleam, of the morn - ing's first beam, In full
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
glo - - ry re - - flect - - ed, now shines in the stream;
CHORUS.
f
1. Oh!..... say, does that star span - gled ban - ner yet
2. 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner Oh! long may it
3, 4. And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth
5. And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
f



3

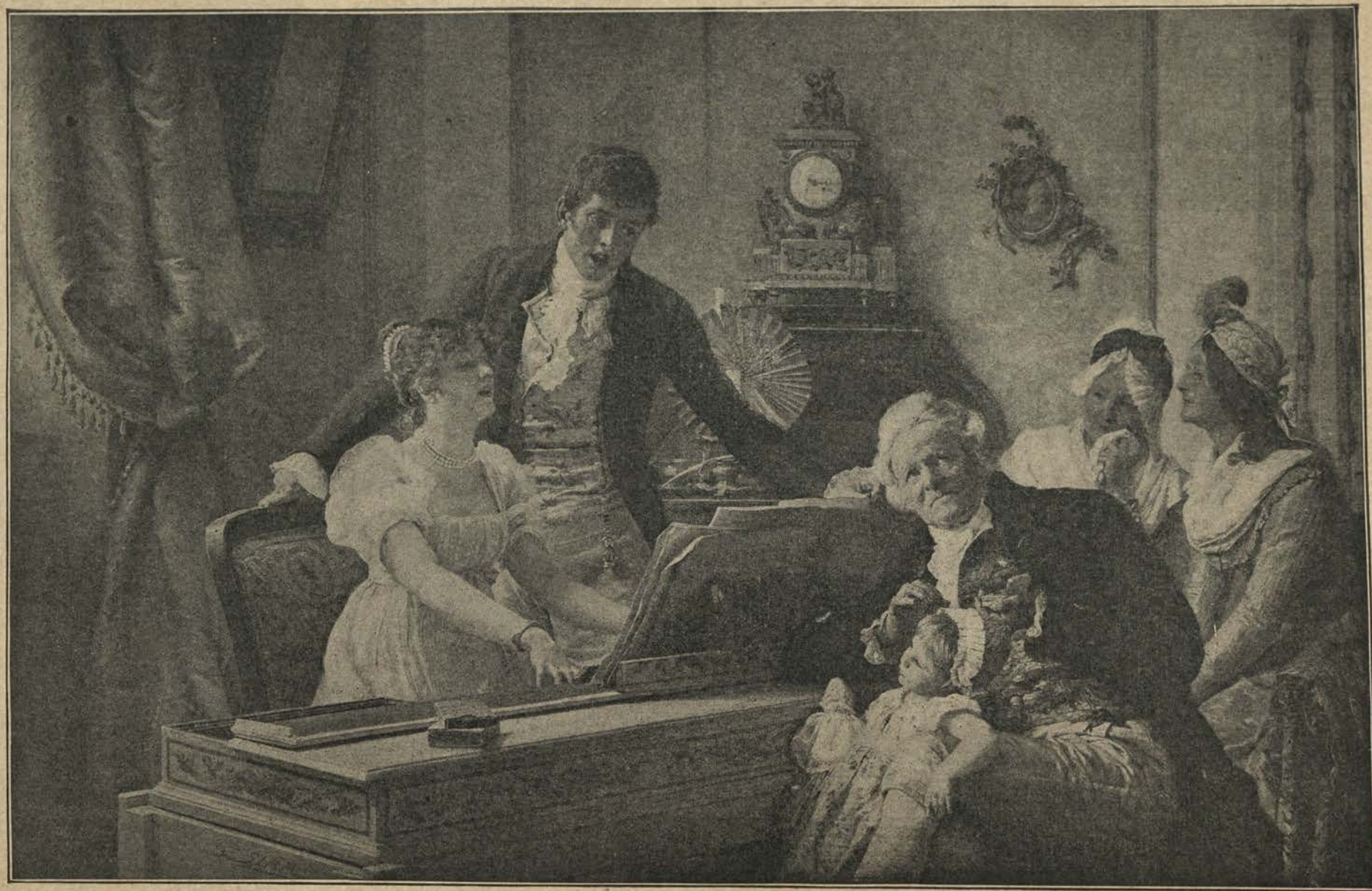
And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4

Oh thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

5

When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
By the millions unchained when our birthright was gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

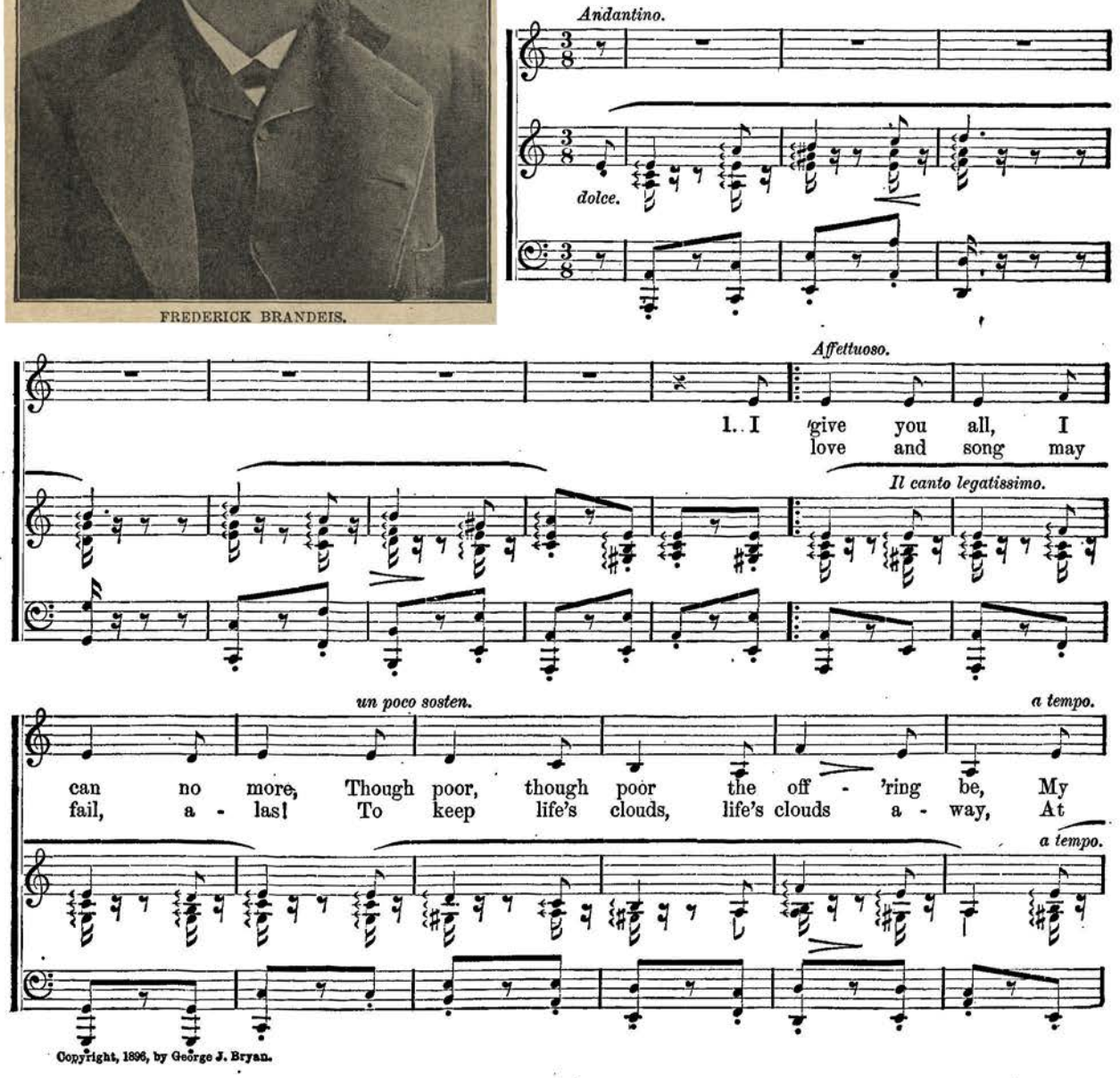


A DUET.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

MR. FREDERICK BRANDEIS is highly esteemed as a composer, pianist and organist. He was born in Vienna in 1835 and studied the piano with Ehrlich, Fischof and Czerny. During the revolution of 1848 Mr. Brandeis' father lost his fortune and had to come to America with his family; here young Frederick was well received as solo pianist and accompanist. Many are the instrumental and vocal gems that have issued from his pen. Among his principal song-compositions may be mentioned the following: "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," "Echoes," "The Sunken Cloister." His recent production "My Heart and Lute," set to the words of Thomas Moore's exquisite poem, will undoubtedly become very popular. A literary lady who has made a special study of Moore's writings remarked, upon hearing this song, that Mr. Brandeis had succeeded in doing what she had long wished that some composer might effect for these verses: that he had made the modern piano imitate the sweet notes of the now disused lute.

FREDERICK BRANDEIS.


Andantino.
dolce.
Affettuoso.
1. I give you all, I
love and song may
Il canto legatissimo.
un poco sosten.
a tempo.
can no more, Though poor, though poor the off - 'ring be, My
fail, a - las! To keep life's clouds, life's clouds a - way, At
a tempo.

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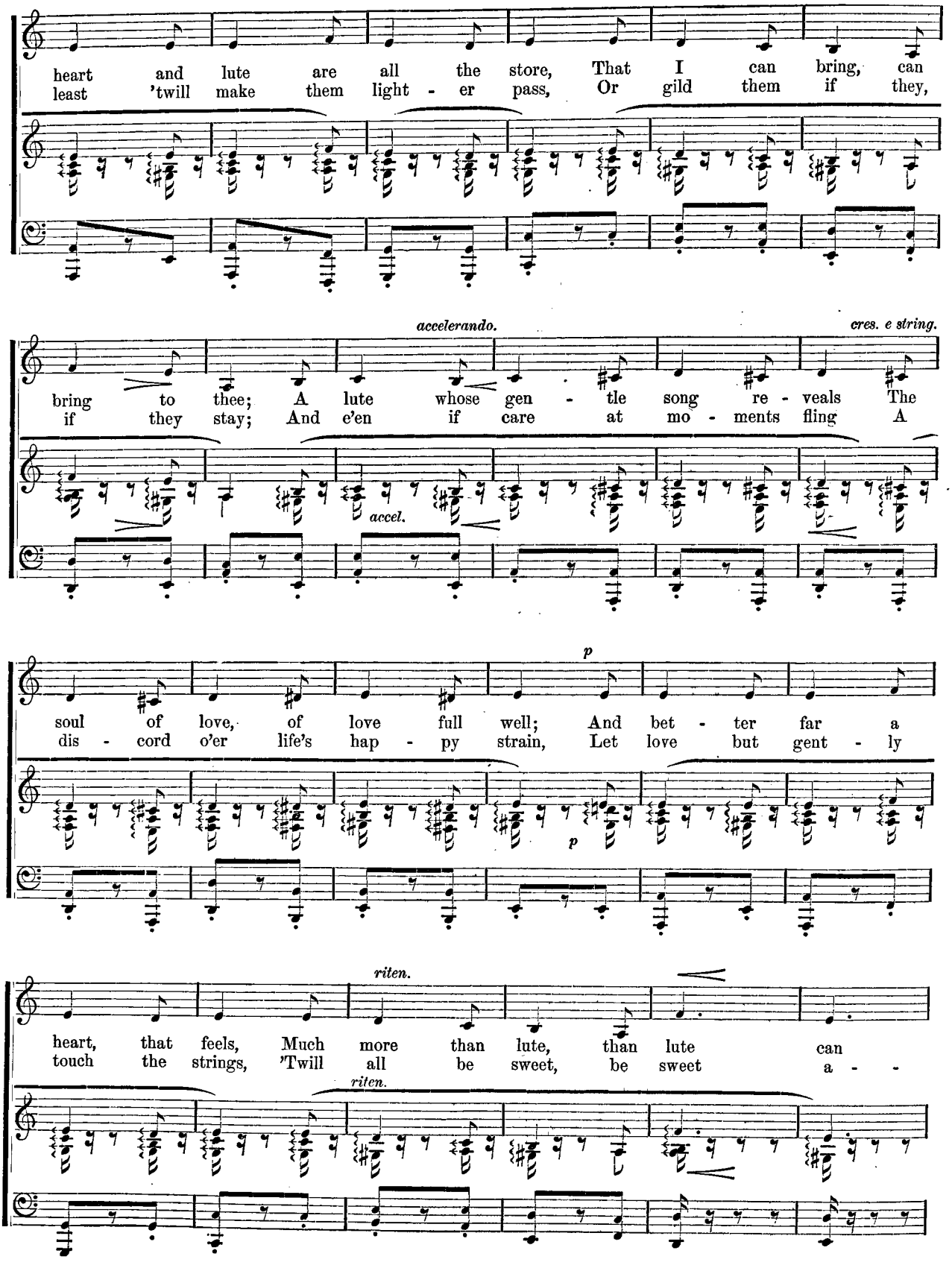
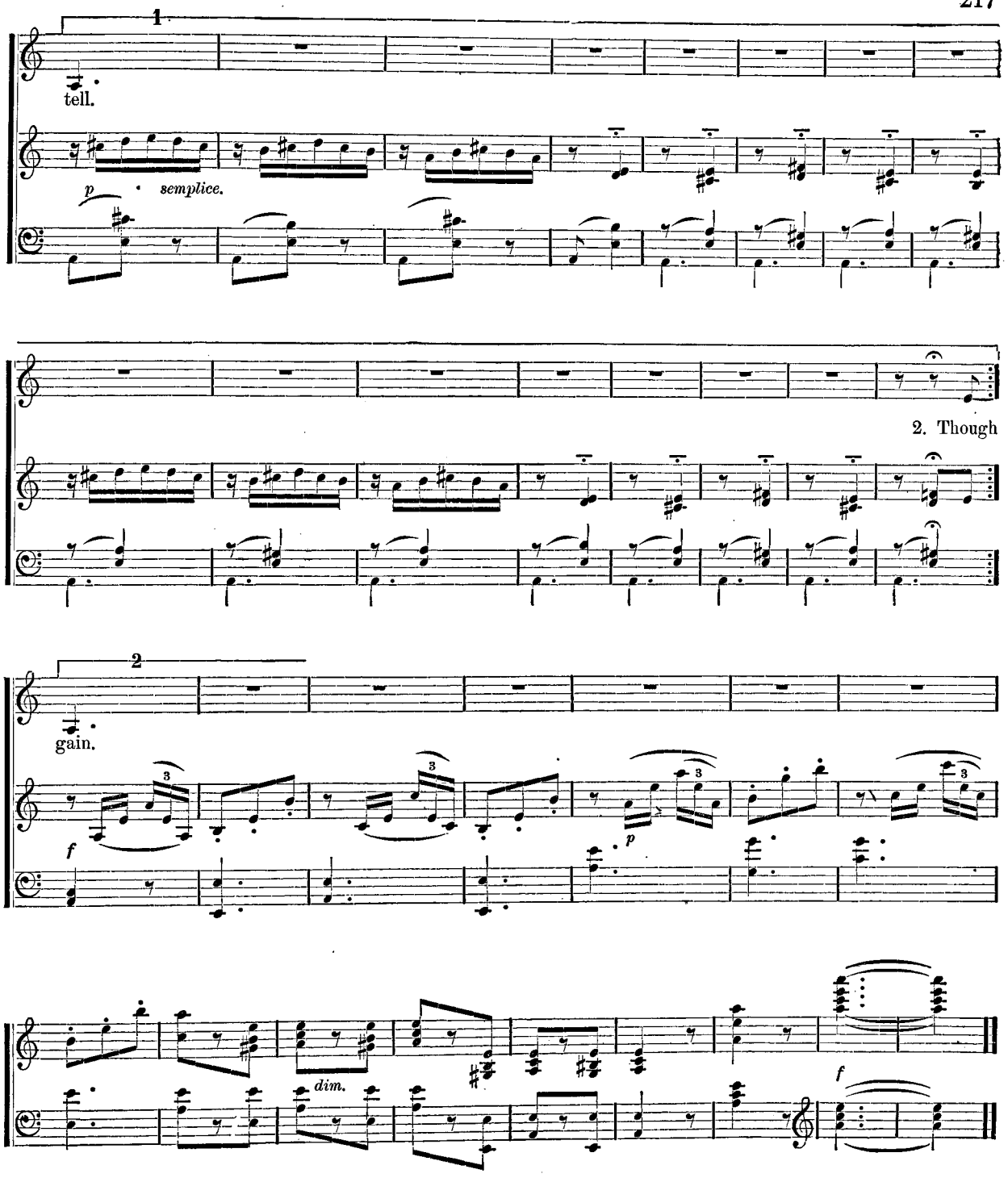
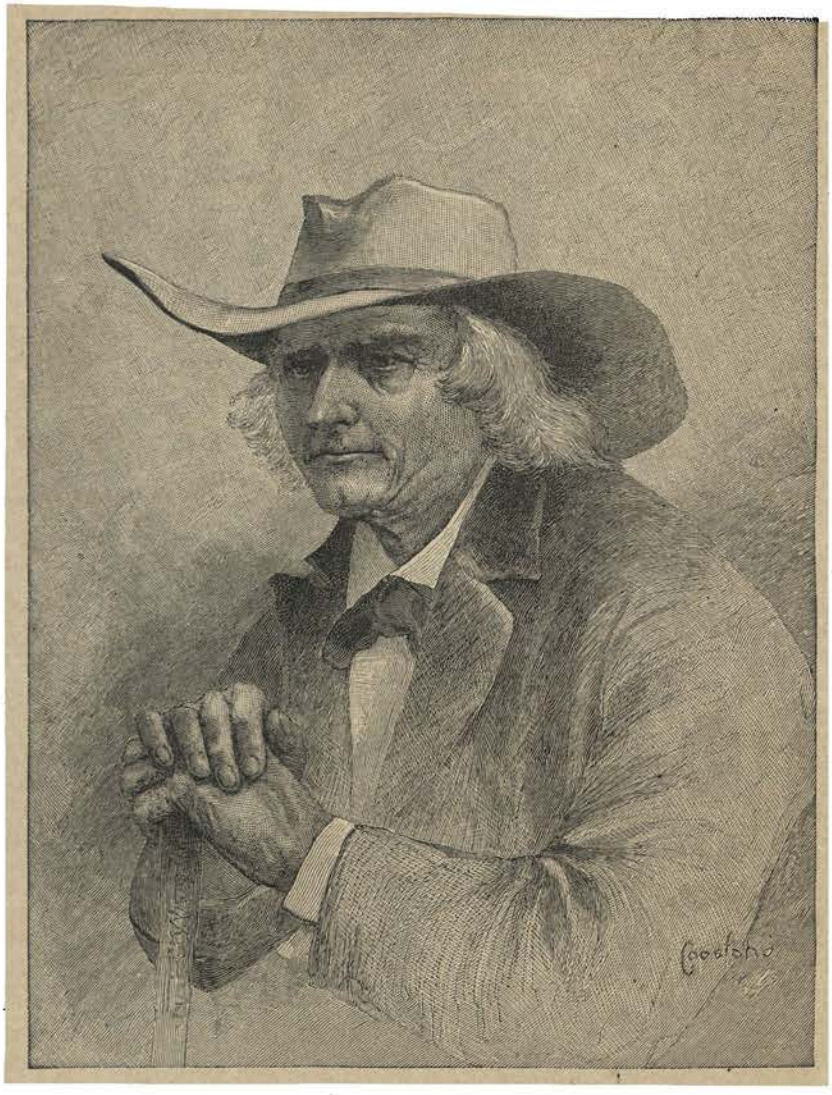

heart and lute are all the store, That I can bring, can
least 'twill make them light - er pass, Or gild them if they,
accelerando.
cres. e string.
bring to thee; A lute whose gen - tle song re - veals The
if they stay; And e'en if care at mo - ments fling A
accel.
p
soul of love, of love full well; And bet - ter far a
dis - cord o'er life's hap - py strain, Let love but gent - ly
p
riten.
heart, that feels, Much more than lute, than lute can
touch the strings, 'Twill all be sweet, be sweet a - -
riten.



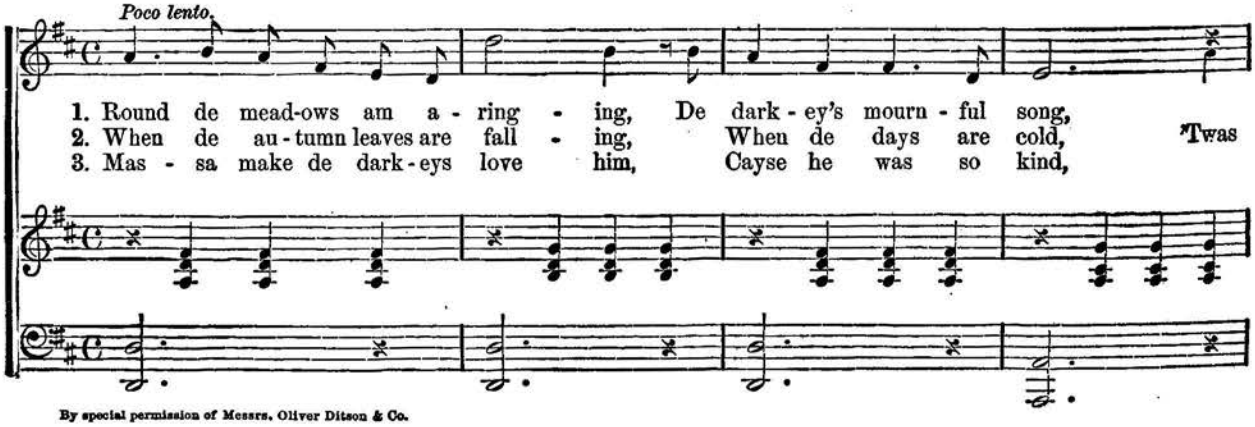
I give you all, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be,
My heart and lute are all the store,
That I can bring to thee;
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well;
And better far, a heart that feels,
Much more than lute can tell.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
Or gild them if they stay;
And e'en if care at moments flings,
A discord o'er life's happy strain,
Let love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

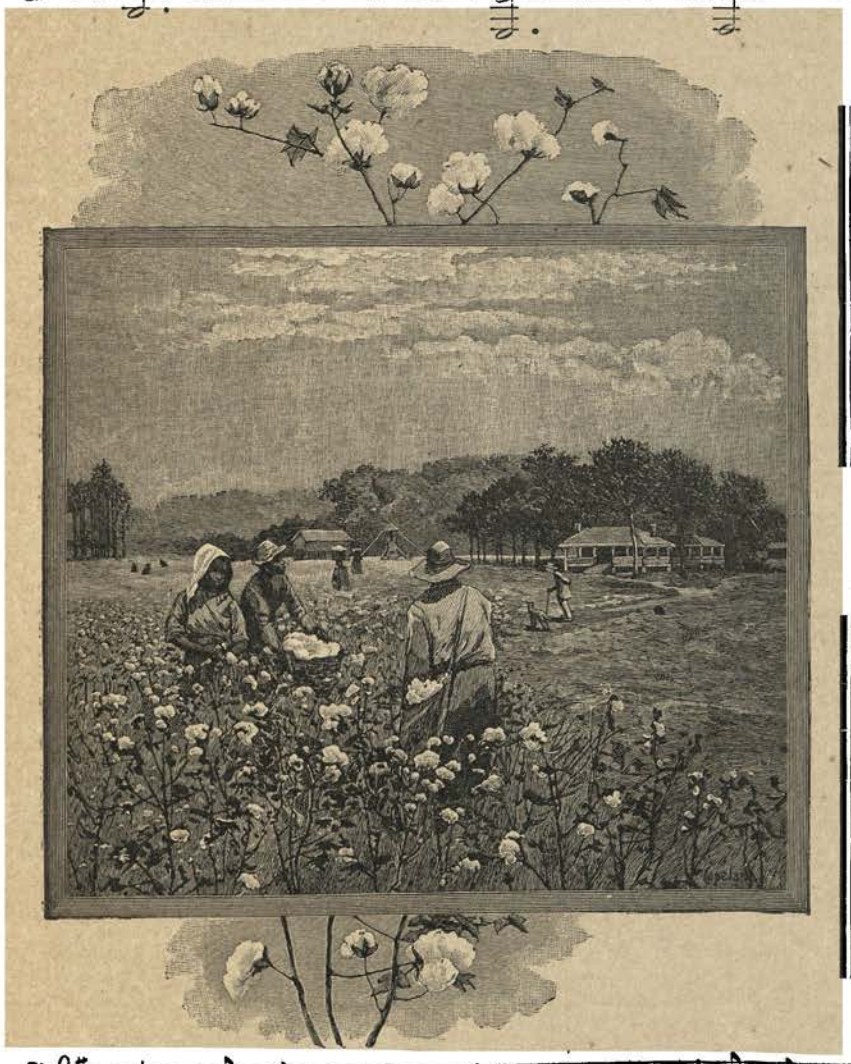


THIS is one of Foster's "Plantation Melodies," set to one of his characteristically plaintive melodies. It was written in 1852.


Poco lento.
1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing, De dark - ey's mourn - ful song,
2. When de au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, When de days are cold, 'Twas
3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind,

By special permission of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.

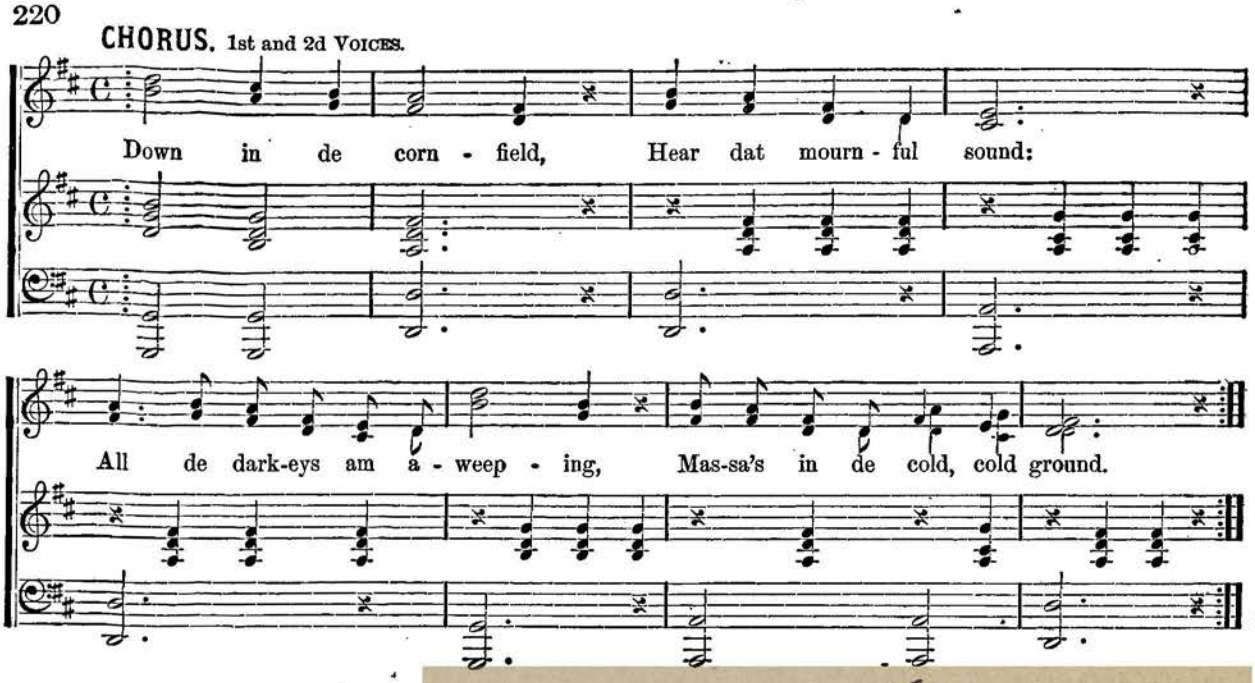
While de mock-ing - bird am sing - ing, Hap-py as de day am long.
hard to hear old mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind. I



Where de i - vy am a - creep-ing,
Now de orange-trees am blooming
can - not work before to-mor-row,

O'er the grass - y mound,
On de sand - y shore,
Cayse de tear-drop flow, I

Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
Now de sum - mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.
try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.


CHORUS. 1st and 2d VOICES.
Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound:
All de dark-eys am a - weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

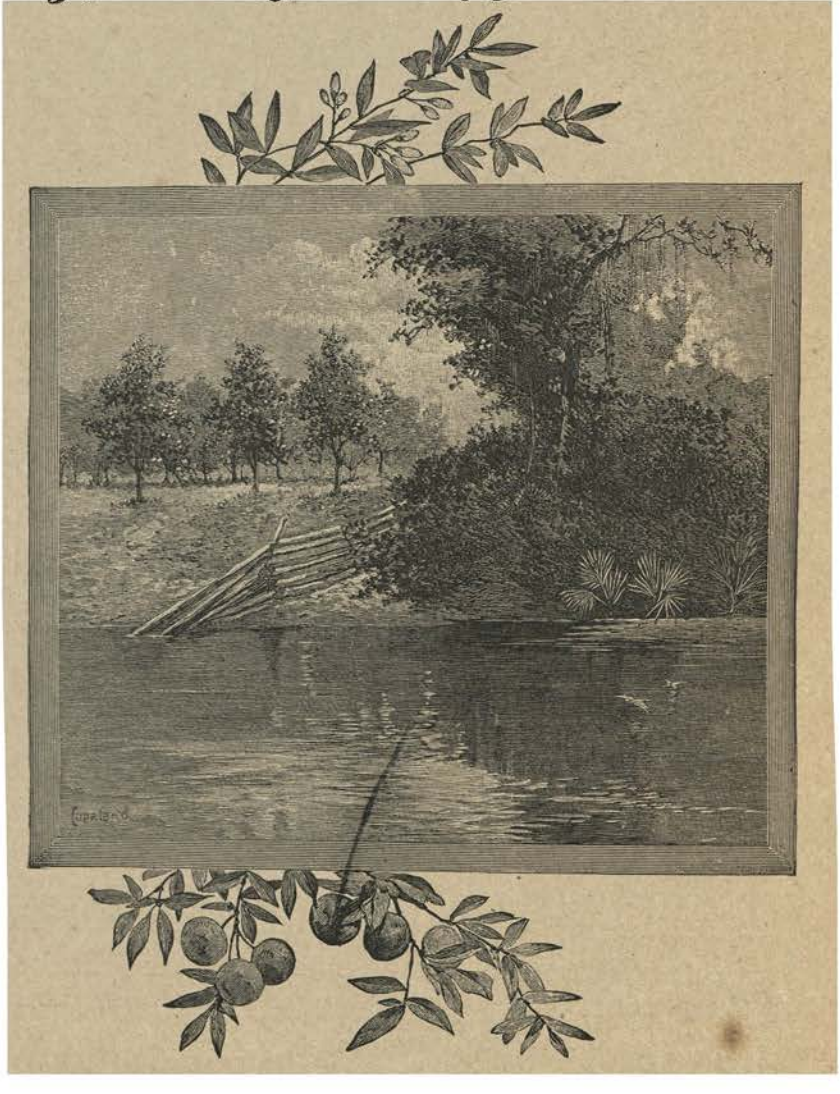
Round de meadows am a-ringing,
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in de cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound:
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange-trees am blooming
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa make de darkeys love him,
Cayse he was so kind,
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow.
Pickin' on de old banjo.

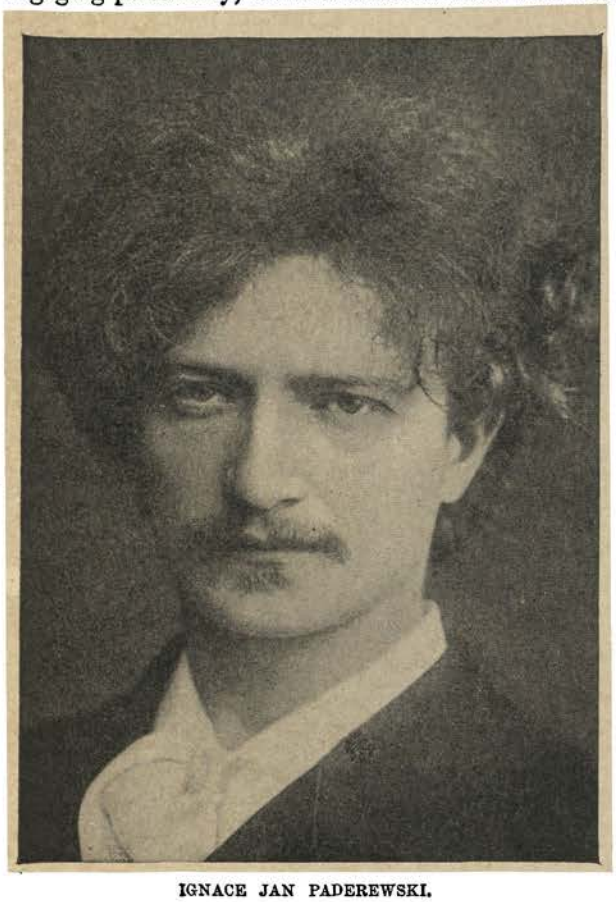


Contributors to Famous Songs.

A GROUP OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

"WAND'RING ALONG."

THE professional visits recently made to this country by the great Polish pianist, PADEREWSKI, have marked an era in the musical annals of America. Of the famous pianists who have come to the new world—Rubinstein, Von Bulow, Pachmann, D' Albert, and Joseffy—Paderewski can properly be compared with Rubinstein alone, since these two only were great creative as well as great interpretive geniuses. Since the death of Rubinstein, certainly, Paderewski is universally regarded as the greatest of living pianists. And it has been said that Paderewski, while approaching closely to Rubinstein in emotional power, and the equal of Von Bulow in intellectuality has surpassed them both in his remarkable combination of both qualities. Adding to this his possession of a wonderful technique, a wide general culture, a romantic history and an engaging personality, we have characteristics that interest us as well as skill that arouses our enthusiasm.



IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

Ignace Jan Paderewski was born Nov. 6, 1860, in Podolia, a fertile and salubrious province of Russian Poland, where his father, a man of good family, was a gentleman farmer. Falling under suspicion of the Russian police, the father, who was an ardent patriot, was banished to Siberia when the son was three years old, and, returning after several years he lived a broken life until 1894, his chief solace in his declining years being derived from the growing fame of the son.

The misfortunes of his father and the death of his mother during his childhood threw Ignace on his own resources for a livelihood. His musical genius developed early, sensitiveness to musical sounds appearing in boyhood and he quickly learned all that the stray musicians who visited the remote farm could teach him. At twelve he was sent to the conservatory at Warsaw, and in this centre of intellectual and artistic Poland he utilized his advantages, not only for the study of music, but for laying the foundations of general culture and associating with instructive companions. At sixteen, he made his first tour as a pianist through Russian provinces playing his own compositions as well as those of others. After two years of further study at Warsaw, he was appointed, at the age of eighteen (18), a professor in the conservatory. At nineteen he married a Polish girl, but she lived only a year, and, dying, left him a son, mentally attractive but physically paralyzed, his fatherly devotion to whom has been beautiful and touching. More than ever absorbed in his art, Paderewski now went to Berlin where he so improved his increased opportunities for study that, at the age of twenty-three he was appointed a professor in the Strasbury Conservatory of Music. There followed a period of several years given up to teaching, but without intermitting his determined efforts to perfect his mastery of the piano. It was during this time that he met, at a mountain resort in Germany, his great country woman, Mme. Helena Modjeska, the encourager and patroness of so many great artists, and especially those of Poland. She recognized, as did most of his intimates, his genius for the piano, and it was owing to her influence that he resigned his Strasburg professorship, abandoned teaching, and went to Vienna, where he placed himself under the instruction of his countryman Leschetitzky, the teacher, and afterwards the husband of the famous Russian pianist, Essipoff, and said to have been next to Liszt, the most successful trainer of famous pianists. From this master he acquired in seven months the "finish, security and virtuosity" as he himself expressed it—which alone were lacking in his professional equipment. Thus prepared, he made his debut in Vienna, in 1887, achieving satisfactory success. But it was not till his appearance in Paris, a few years later, that he crossed the threshold of his greater fame. His reception in the French capital was so enthusiastic that his reputation as a virtuoso preceded him to London, where he appeared in the spring of 1890, and quickly justified by his performance the high anticipations that had been excited. In London, as subsequently in America, the furore over him was not a blind enthusiasm over a loudly heralded prodigy, but the result of a critical judgment, formed after a series of concerts which began with only moderate success. In each case the result was the same—a complete surrender by the musical public, to the genius of one of the greatest pianists the world has known.

Paderewski came to the United States in November, 1891, and quickly captivated the critics as well as the public. During six months he gave one hundred and seventeen concerts, his reputation and his success growing rapidly. Returning for the season of 1892–3, he made a concert tour through the country, which, excepting possibly his own later success, was unexampled in musical history. The receipts for sixty-seven concerts reached the enormous sum of one hundred and eighty thousand (180,000) dollars. Paderewski's desire to devote a year to composition prevented his return to America the following season, though he has now returned for 1895–6. There are well-informed critics who regard this still youthful genius as being greater as a composer than even as a virtuoso; and although his temptation must be great to continue to play as long as he can reap such rich rewards from public performance, there will be some compensation for the retirement of a great pianist, when, at some future time he may devote his matured genius to enriching the musical literature of the world by composition alone.

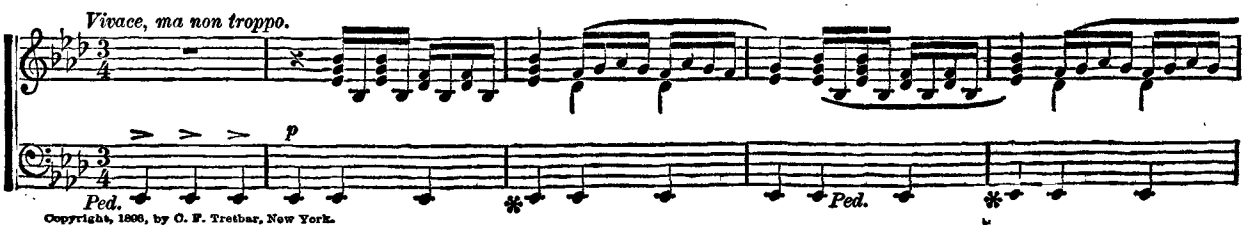
Those who are privileged to know Paderewski intimately are enthusiastic over the charm of his personality. He is described as genial, witty, cultured, broadly interested in the affairs of the world, and full of the gentler qualities of humanity, including even gratitude—for it is said that he remembers not only a melody but a kindness forever—and yet possessed of a modesty that all his success has not spoiled. The story is told of him, illustrating both his essentially kindly nature and his modesty, that to a lady who at the close of a concert at which he had probably received five thousand (5000) dollars for two hours work begged him to give lessons to her daughter, he replied "Alas! Madam, I have hardly time to teach myself!"

In his professional work he does not rely on genius to carry him through. To genius he has added unremitting practice and this he continues as seriously now as when he was fitting himself for public performance. So conscientiously does he prepare himself that he is said to lie awake for hours the night before a concert, mentally going over every note of the programme, to seize the inner meaning of the composition and freshly interpret it to his audience. This not only emphasizes the extraordinary power of his memory—he plays entirely without notes—but also points out the possible cause of an early termination of his career as a performer; for the mental and physical strain of such work is almost beyond comprehension. But Paderewski's early life as a gentleman's son on the Polish farm laid the foundation for a physical strength beyond what would be looked for in one of such slight physique. Moreover, the absolute control of his muscles, such as one derives from the exercises of fencing, riding, dancing etc., has been a potent factor in the successful development of his skill in piano playing. The art of performance on the piano, however, now that intelligent instruction, and diligent practice place all great players nearly on an equality in merely technical skill in striking the notes, is an art in which performers are differentiated rather by temperament and inspiration than by technique. And it is because Paderewski is so thorough a musician, has so sensitive and analytical a musical ear, is so learned in the annals of music, is a composer of genius, and has a true feeling for music, as well as a phenomenal power of making the instrument express every shade of his feeling and interpret every particle of his knowledge, that he surpasses all living pianists in delighting listeners of every degree of musical intelligence and appreciation, even those who cannot discern or define the reason.

Paderewski's compositions have been chiefly for the piano and orchestra, but the few songs he has written are delightfully described as resembling Chopin's Polish songs in spirit, though probably not equal in merit to his instrumental works. His first attempt at composition was made at the age of seven, when he wrote a set of Polish dances. These were subsequently published in Berlin in 1882. He wrote industriously during his boyhood studies, and has not omitted since to give some time to the writing of the piano music by which, for some years before he came to this country, he was favorably known in America.

Interesting anecdotes are told of this remarkable man, too many to be recounted here. As a boy he sought the piano and listened to the sound of the strings with a highly organized ear, striking the keys again and again until he secured the exact quality of sound that satisfied his acute and sensitive hearing. During his youthful Russian tour he was compelled in a small town, to use a piano so ancient that the keys would not rise after he struck them; so he employed an assistant to whip the keys back with a switch, and the audience enjoyed this novel "duet" amazingly.

The genuineness of his musical inspiration, is illustrated by the story of his undertaking, for the amusement of Mme. Modjeska and her husband Count Bozenta, to extemporize on a theme in the manner of every great composer from Palestrina to Chopin. When he finished he developed the same theme, at their request, in the manner of Paderewski, and this they declared was altogether the most delightful of them all.



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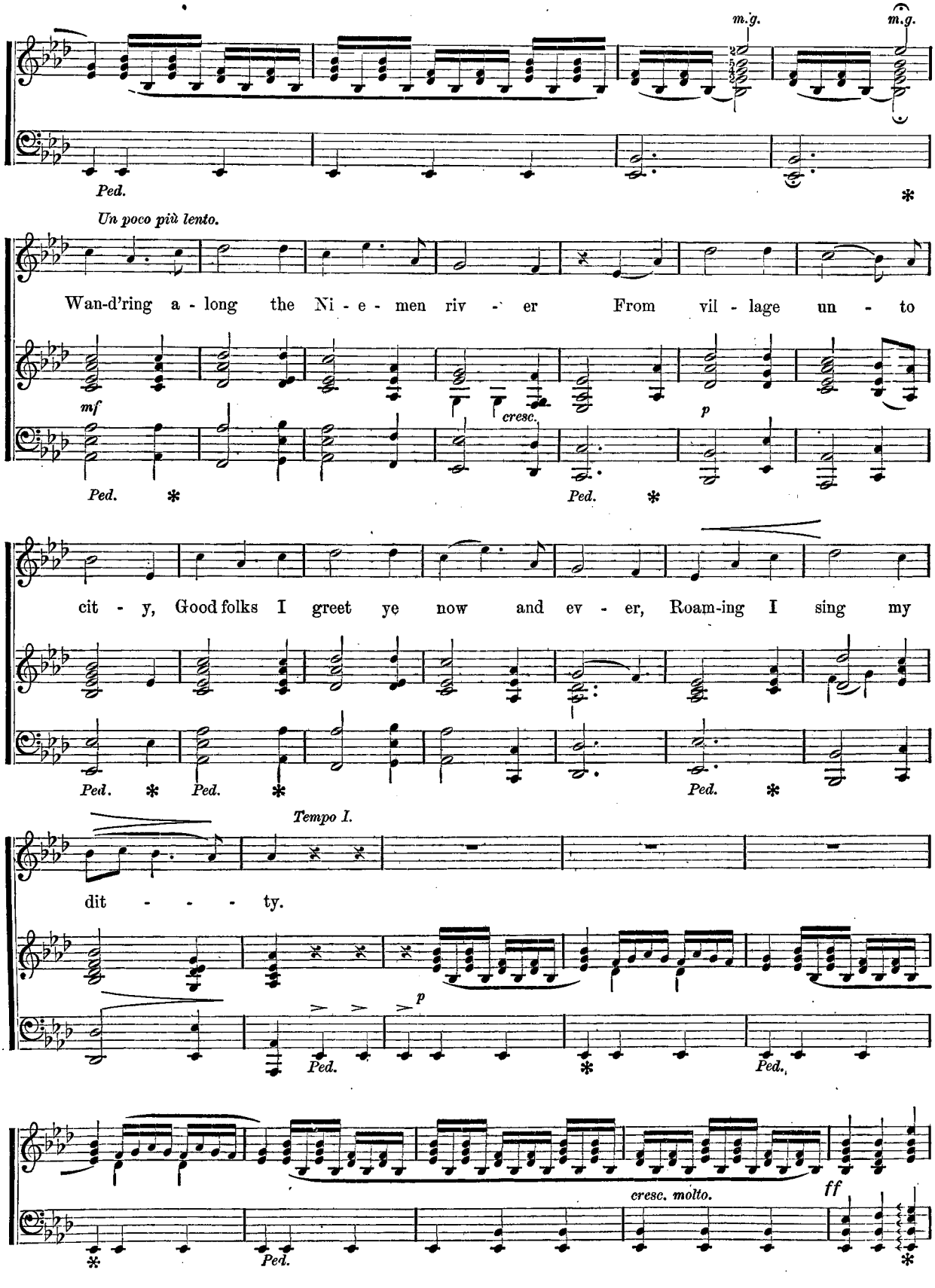
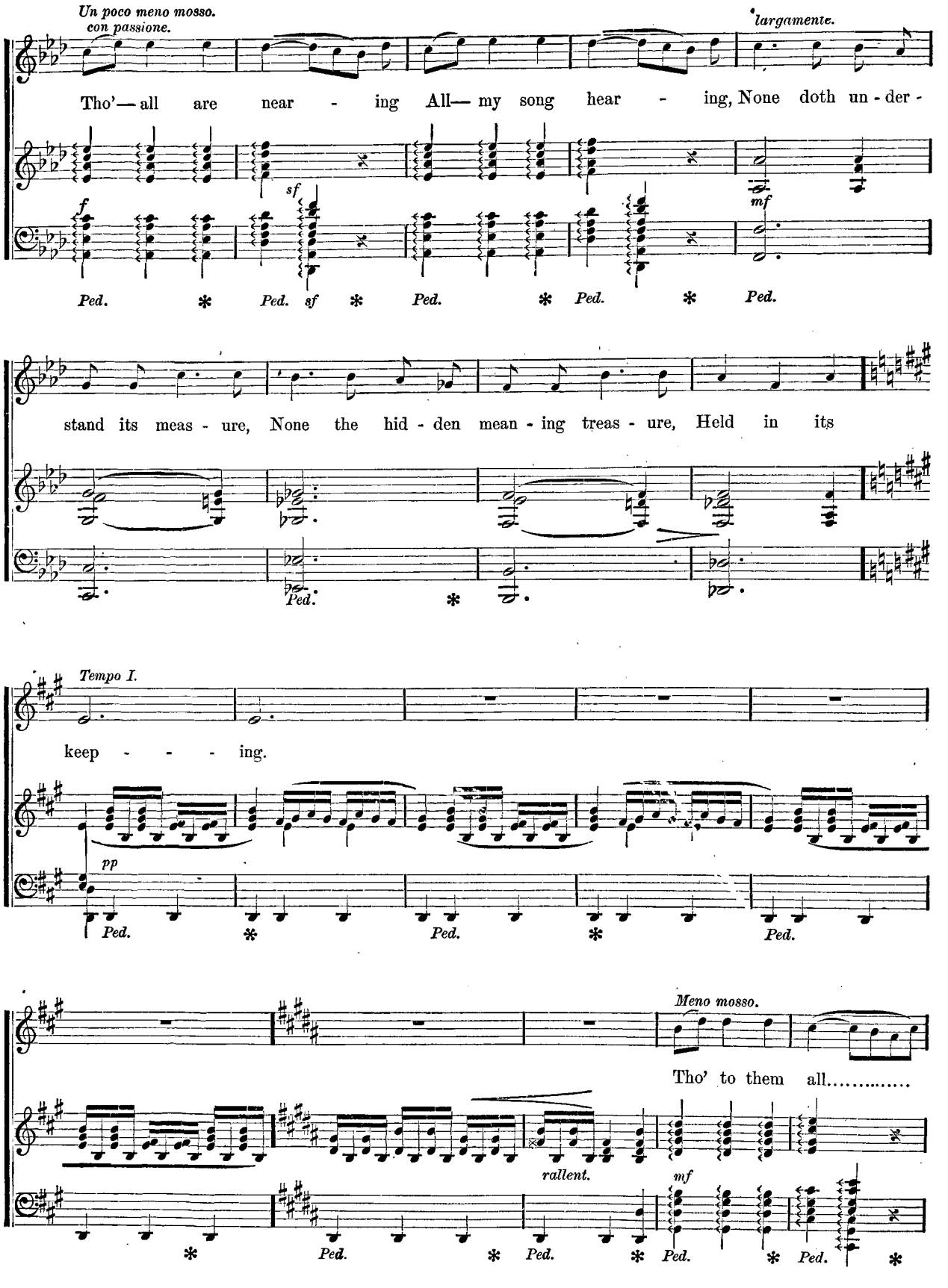
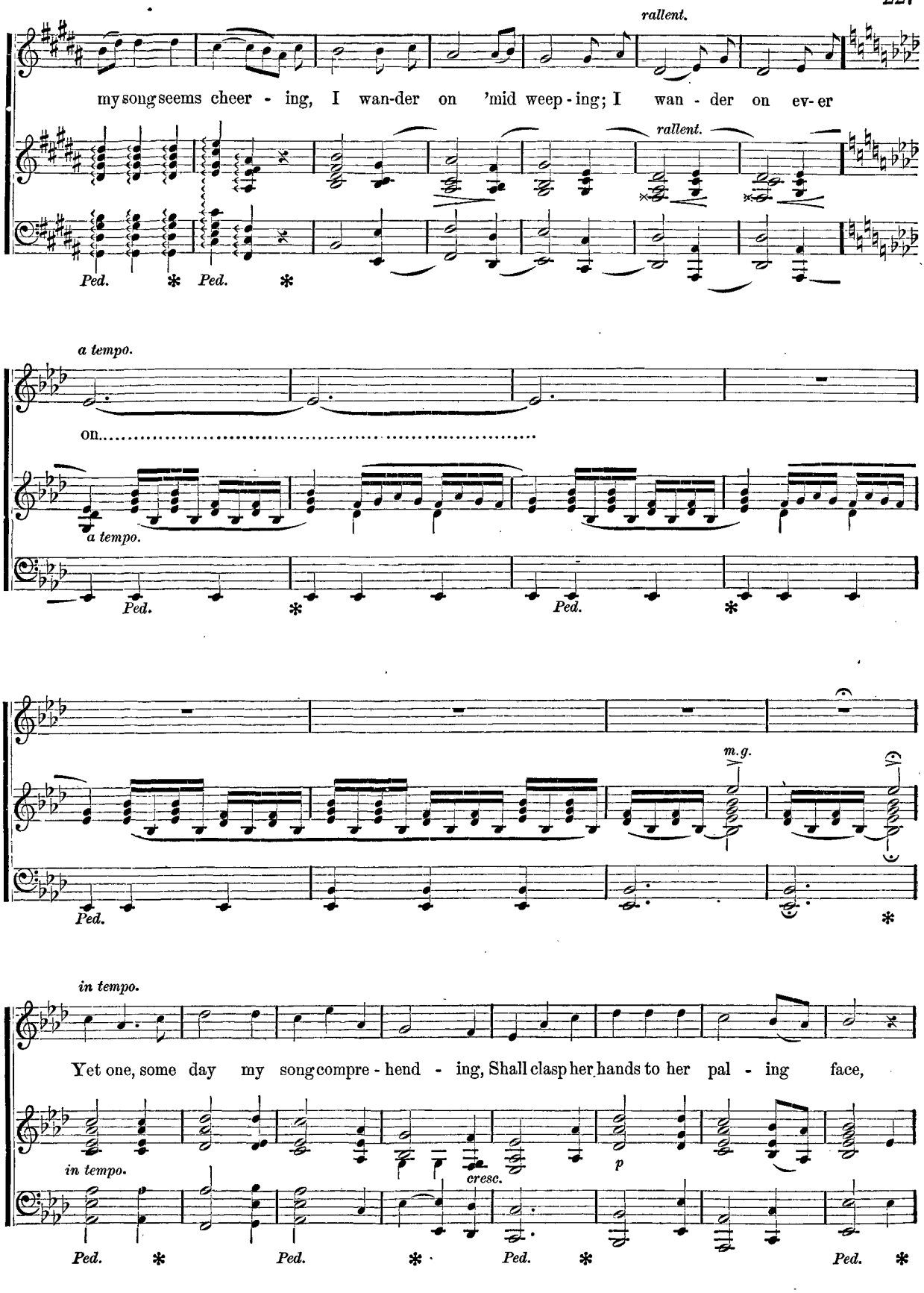
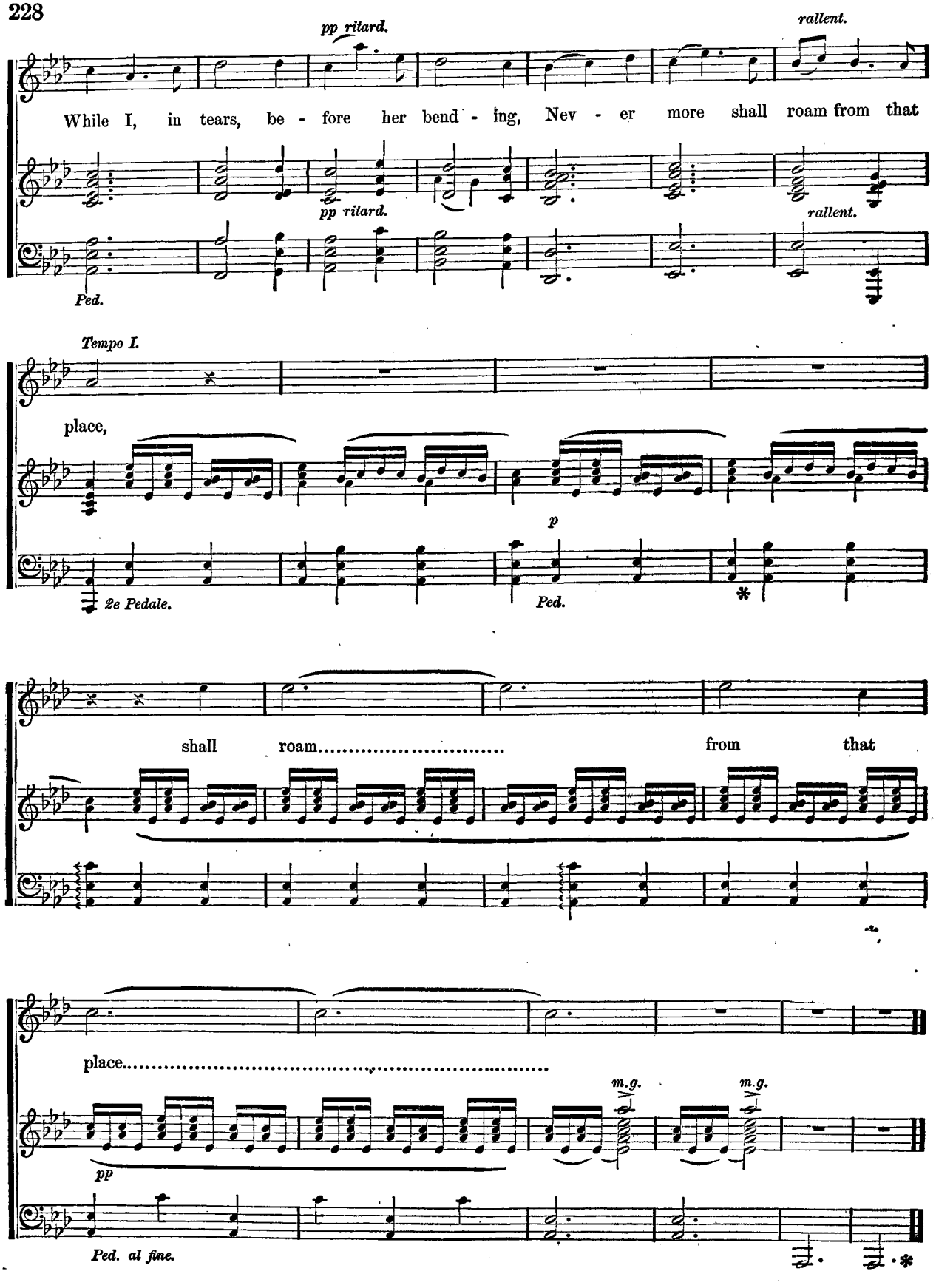

m.g.
m.g.
Ped.
Un poco più lento.
Wan-d'ring a - long the Ni - e - men riv - er From vil - lage un - to
mf
cresc.
p
Ped.
Ped.
cit - y, Good folks I greet ye now and ev - er, Roam-ing I sing my
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Tempo I.
dit - - - ty.
p
Ped.
Ped.
cresc. molto.
ff
Ped.


Un poco meno mosso.
con passione.
largamente.
Tho'— all are near - ing All— my song hear - ing, None doth un - der -
f
sf
mf
Ped. * Ped. sf * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
stand its meas - ure, None the hid - den mean - ing treas - ure, Held in its
Ped. *
Tempo I.
keep - - - ing.
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
Meno mosso.
Tho' to them all.....
rallent.
mf
* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


rallent.
my song seems cheer - ing, I wan-der on 'mid weep - ing; I wan - der on ev- er
rallent.
Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo.
on.....
a tempo.
Ped. * Ped. *
m.g.
Ped. *
in tempo.
Yet one, some day my song compre - hend - ing, Shall clasp her hands to her pal - ing face,
in tempo.
p
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


pp ritard.
rallent.
While I, in tears, be - fore her bend - ing, Nev - er more shall roam from that
pp ritard.
rallent.
Ped.
Tempo I.
place,
p
2e Pedale.
Ped.
shall roam..... from that
place.....
m.g.
m.g.
pp
Ped. al fine.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

AT the American Universities, this song of rejoicing—"Juvenes dum sumus," while we are young—is sung on such occasions as the music suits. But in the German Universities, whence it is taken, it is reserved for important ceremonials, although the spirit of joy is always uppermost when it is permitted by the strict code of etiquette which, in those universities, regulates all things. In the same mood, perhaps, in which military bands play quicksteps in returning from a military funeral, "Gaudeamus" is appointed to be sung also when the German students return from a torch-light funeral—an honor occasionally granted to a beloved fellow student or honored professor—to "burn the torches."

It is the song of youth and life, life short and youth merry; and the song of loyalty, to "academia," "omnes virgines" and "respublica" while its "pereat tristitia" is merely a Latin version of "Begone! Dull Care."

The following English verses preserve very well the spirit of the Latin original.

Let us now in youth rejoice;
None can justly blame us,
For, when golden youth has fled,
And in age our joys are dead,
Then the dust doth claim us.

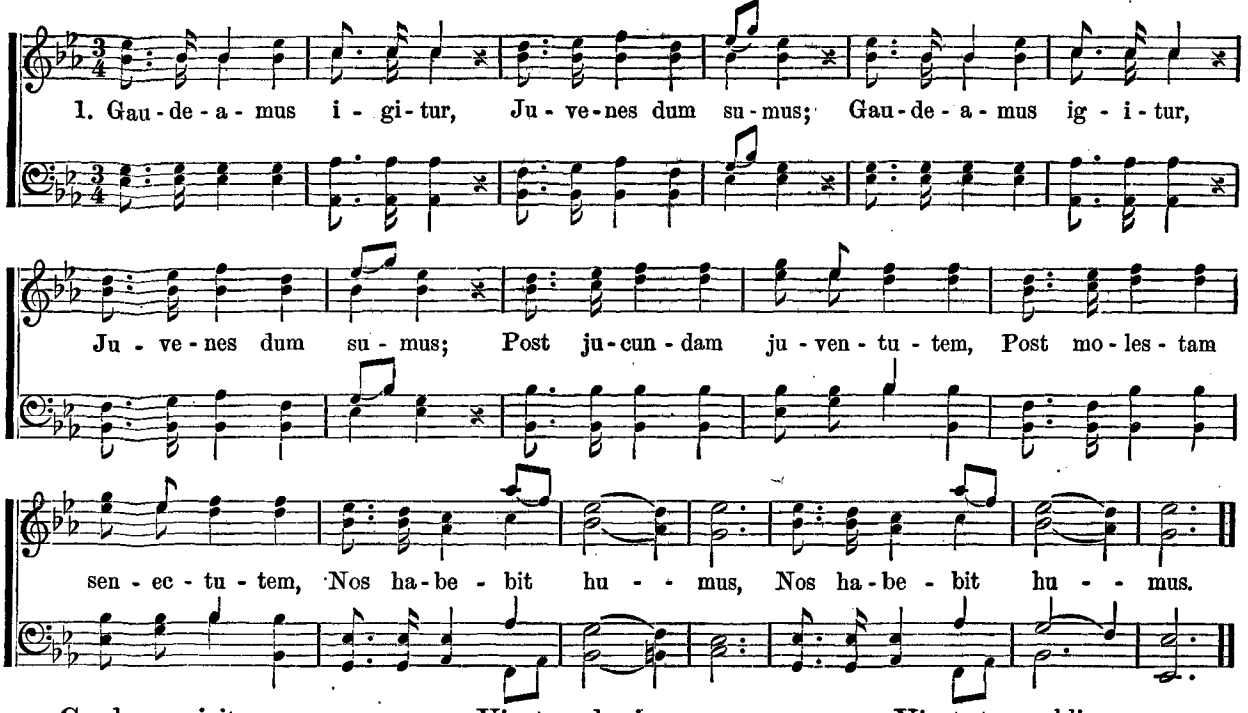
Where have all our fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never:
Seek the god's serene abode—
Cross the dolorous Stygian flood—
There they dwell forever.

Raise we then the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater
Life to each professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear,
May they leave us never.

Life to all the maidens fair,
Maidens sweet and smiling;
Life to gentle matrons, too,
Ever kind and ever true,
All our cares beguiling.

May our land forever bloom
Under wise direction;
And this lovely classic ground
In munificence abound,
Yielding us protection.

Perish sadness, perish hate,
And, ye scoffers, leave us!
Perish every shape of woe,
Devil and Philistine, too,
That would fain deceive us.


1. Gau-de-a-mus i-gi-tur, Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus; Gau-de-a-mus ig-i-tur,
Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus; Post ju-cun-dam ju-ven-tu-tem, Post mo-les-tam
sen-ec-tu-tem, Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus, Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus.

Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos
Abeas ad inferos
Quos si vis videre.

Vivat academia
Vivant professores
Vivat membrum quodlibet
Vivant membra quaelibet
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosae,
Vivant et mulieres,
Tenerae amabiles
Bonae laboriosae.

Vivat et respublica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas
Maecenatum caritas
Quae nos hic protegit.

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

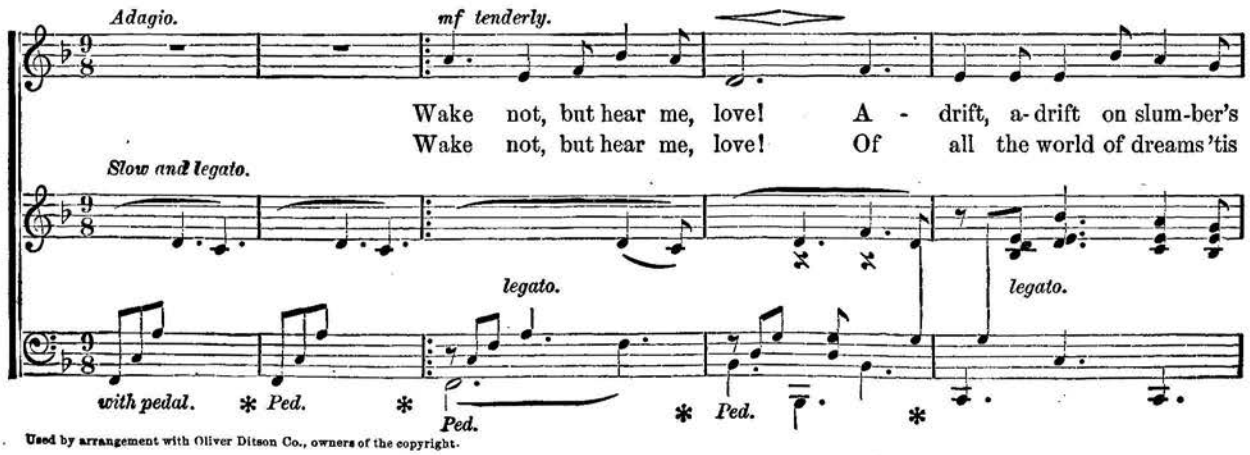
WAKE NOT, BUT HEAR ME, LOVE.

THE words of this song are taken from one of the most notable contributions made to American literature during the past twenty years—the story of "Ben Hur," by General Lew Wallace. The literary value of this work was paralleled by its commercial success, which was immediate and enormous. The author had lived a long, and useful life before he turned to literature, and had a further distinguished career still before him.

LEW WALLACE.

GENERAL WALLACE was born in Brookville, Indiana, April 10, 1827, the son of a graduate and former professor at the Military Academy at West Point. He was supplementing a common school education with a course of law study, when the Mexican war occured, and he engaged in the struggle as First Lieutenant in an Indiana regiment. He practised law on his return from the war, and served four years in the Senate of his State. When the war of the Rebellion broke out, he was appointed Adjutant-General of Indiana, and soon after went to the front as colonel of a regiment, serving with such gallantry that within six months he became a Brigadier-general. His military service was eminent throughout the war. At its close he sat on the courts martial that tried the assassins of President Lincoln and Captain Wirz of the Andersonville prison. He served as Territorial Governor of Utah, 1878–81, and in the latter year was appointed U. S. Minister to Turkey. Some years previously, in 1873, he had published his first novel, "The Fair God." This was followed in 1881 with "Ben Hur." In 1888 he wrote the life of Benjamin Harrison, and in the same year published "The Boyhood of Christ." The fruits of his residence in Turkey appeared in the publication of "The Prince of India" in 1893.

The music of this song is the composition of GEORGE LAURIE OSGOOD, an American tenor singer, composer and teacher of vocal music. Mr. Osgood was born in Chelsea, Mass., in 1844. In early manhood he began to utilize professionally an excellent tenor voice. After studying the organ and counterpoint with the veteran Prof. J. K. Paine, he went to Europe for futher study with eminent teachers, among whom his instructor in the German Lied was the great master of that form of music, Robert Franz. A successful concert tour in Germany preceded his return in 1892 to America, where for two seasons he sang in the concerts given by Theodore Thomas. Since that time he has taught music in Boston, has conducted the Boylston Club since 1875, has been the choir master at Emanuel Church since 1882, and has written many songs which have had and have merited success.



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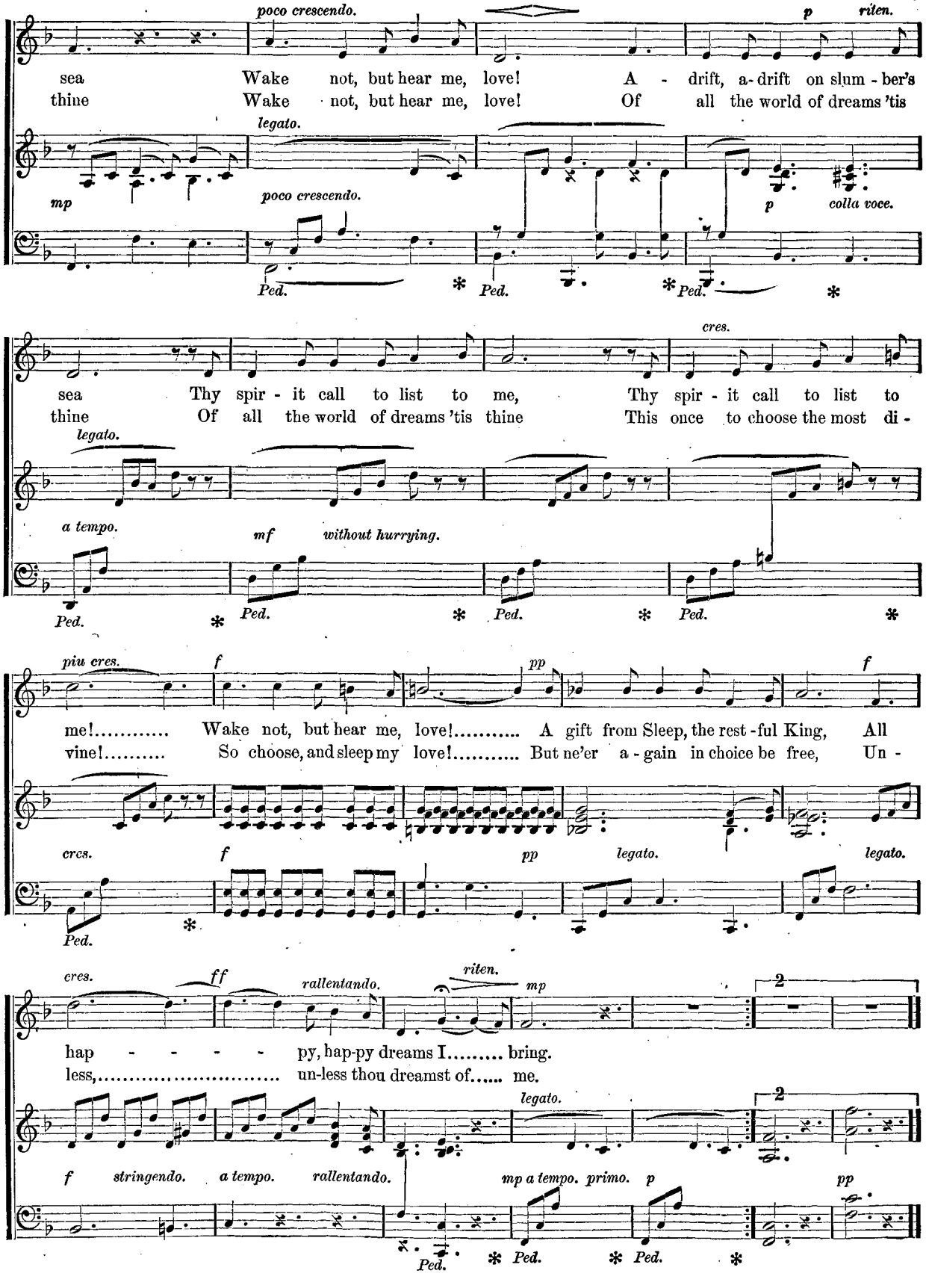

poco crescendo.
p
riten.
sea Wake not, but hear me, love! A - drift, a-drift on slum - ber's
thine Wake not, but hear me, love! Of all the world of dreams 'tis
legato.
mp
poco crescendo.
p
colla voce.
Ped.
cres.
sea Thy spir - it call to list to me, Thy spir - it call to list to
thine Of all the world of dreams 'tis thine This once to choose the most di -
legato.
a tempo.
mf
without hurrying.
piu cres.
f
pp
f
me!..... Wake not, but hear me, love!..... A gift from Sleep, the rest - ful King, All
vine!..... So choose, and sleep my love!..... But ne'er a - gain in choice be free, Un -
cres.
f
pp
legato.
legato.
cres.
ff
rallentando.
riten.
mp
2
hap - - - - - py, hap-py dreams I..... bring.
less,..... un-less thou dreamst of..... me.
legato.
2
f
stringendo.
a tempo.
rallentando.
mp a tempo.
primo.
p
pp
Ped.

OUR LITTLE KING.

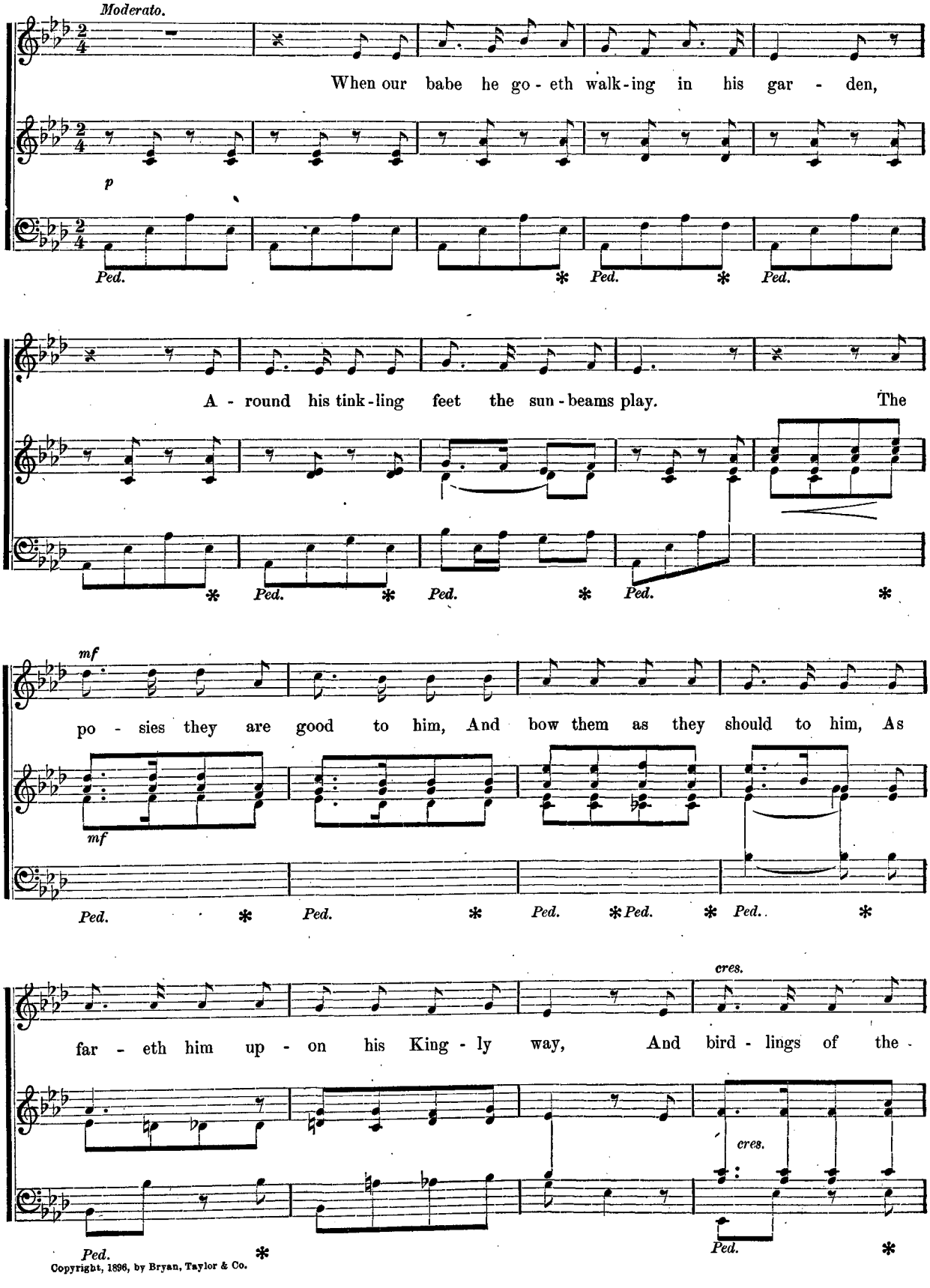
EUGENE FIELD, the writer of the words of this song, was born in St. Louis in the year 1850, and died in Chicago on the morning of November 4, 1895. His career, a bright and fruitful one, appeared to have been cut short of possible attainments. His work was well esteemed while living by a wide circle of friends, many of whom knew him only through the columns of the newspaper with which he was last connected. There is at present an increasing demand for his published works, especially the "Love-Songs of Childhood," the first edition of which sold rapidly. His life occupation was that of a journalist. The cast and fiber of his mind were those of a poet. In a large and happy sense he was a humorist. The critics will classify him with the "minor poets," but his admiring readers will give little heed to the distinction. Every true poet is a master to the hearts that are thrilled by his lines. The author of "Little Boy Blue" and "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" is above criticism in many credulous hearts. The most popular of his published works are "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales" and "Love-Songs of Childhood." His last work, "Echoes from a Sabine Farm" contained a collection of translations from the Latin and was issued as an Edition de Luxe, with illustrations by Edward H. Garrett. It was printed for private circulation.

Although partly educated in the East, and cosmopolitan in mind, Field's ruling tendencies were to Western ways and modes of thoughts. Yet we can readily understand how with his breadth of culture, other associations and surroundings might have inclined his powers in quite other channels. But the controlling habits and style of his thought are plain. Even in one of his finest tales, "Ezra's Thanksgivin' out West," while Ezra is made to see in the shadows of his firelight on the hearth his former New England home with its fondly remembered scenes and Thanksgiving memories, the picture is yet a perfect reflection of many a Western home and its associations on Thanksgiving Day. At least such an one rises very clear in the memory of the writer, as he reads the beautiful reminiscence in Ezra's fireside dream.

The new lesson in our literary and artistic life as a nation, teaches that there are distinctive features of Western life and experience which afford full inspiration to poetic minds in touch with them. They are a life and experience quite new to the world, or at least unlike anything that has hitherto found expression in poetic language. They differ from them in their freedom from the supernatural found in the fancies and fables of the old time life of the world and wrought into its art and literature. In them nature and human nature are released from illusions that in earlier time filled the imaginative works of poets and artists. Our native poet, born to the soil, into the light of modern days, sees things and life as they are, and in his not less gifted way, sings their actions and their qualities to melodious measures.

Such native poets are James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. Their art fraught with the qualities of real life, of homely sentiments, of the pure passions of simple hearts, unmixed with fantasies of imaginary beings, when put into poetic numbers have a charm that only the *true* sung in verse can give. This is a characteristic of Riley's songs. In the poetry and prose-poetry of Eugene Field we find too, everywhere, the same characteristics. But we meet with something more than the distinctive features of modern Western life in Field's songs. We find here, not only new, but old acquaintances. We find not only the plain, the rude and uncultivated life of the New World, but also the cultured life of the Old World. For Field had a mind trained in literary lore. He had a passion for and a knowledge of books. He makes intimate friends and acquaintances of them, and lives in them many happy hours. He sings their praises in many of his best verses. Eugene Field's most striking quality of mind, as poet and writer, seems to be his ability to adapt the culture and knowledge of a full and well-trained intellect to the plain and common as well as the so called little things of life. There is no surer mark of genius than the power of a full grown mind, by virtue of its strength, to become as that of a little child. Everywhere in the works of Eugene Field, are seen the evidences of this singular gift.

MARY KNIGHT WOOD, the composer of the music of this song, lives in New York, surrounded by a very delightful circle of musical friends. She was born in Massachusetts and studied with B. J. Lang in Boston and with A. R. Parsons and J. H. Cornell, in New York. Her songs are always popular and are all strongly characteristic.


Moderato.
When our babe he go - eth walk-ing in his gar - den,
p
Ped.
A - round his tink-ling feet the sun-beams play. The
mf
po - sies they are good to him, And bow them as they should to him, As
far - eth him up - on his King - ly way, And bird - lings of the -
cres.

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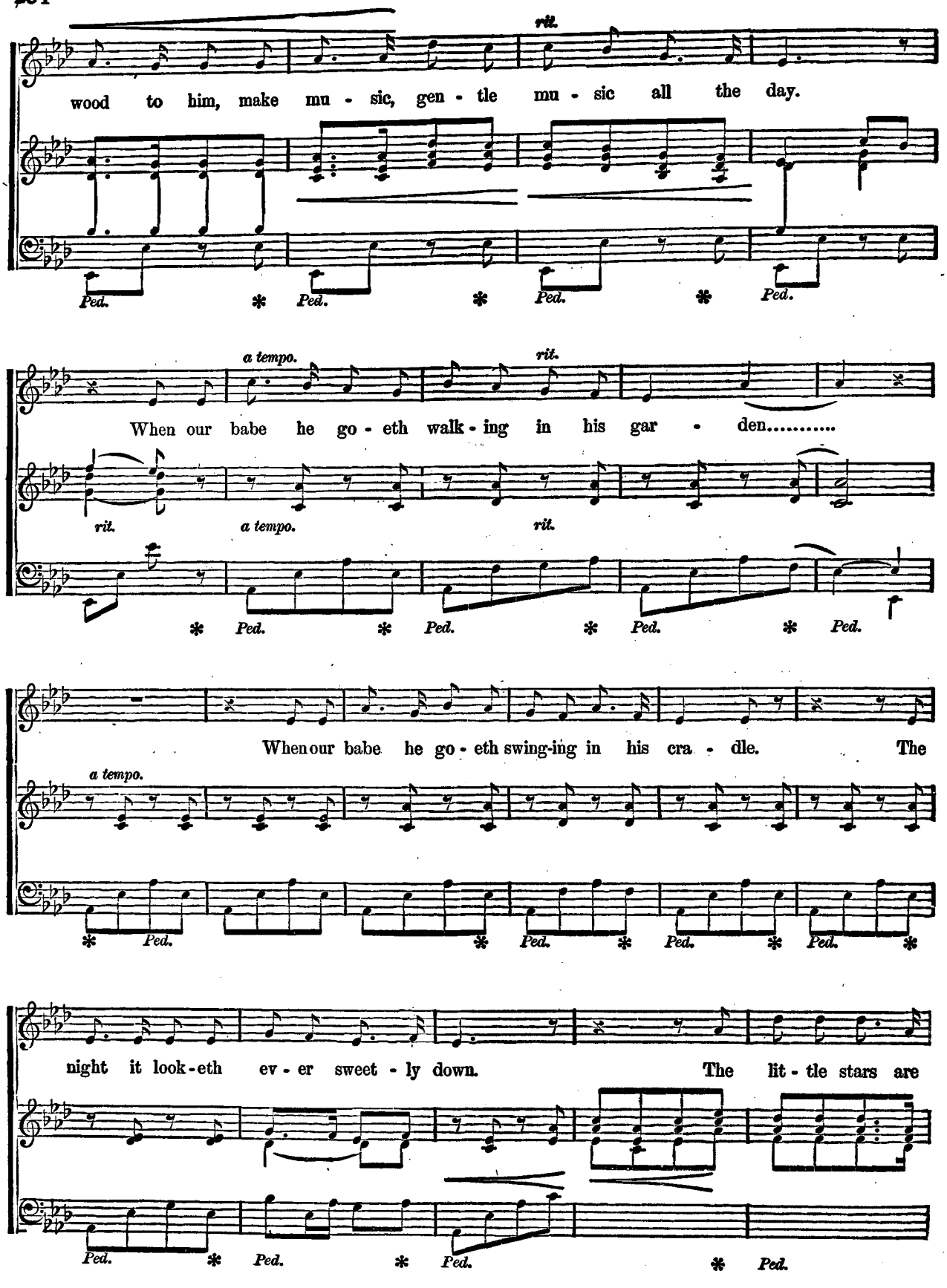
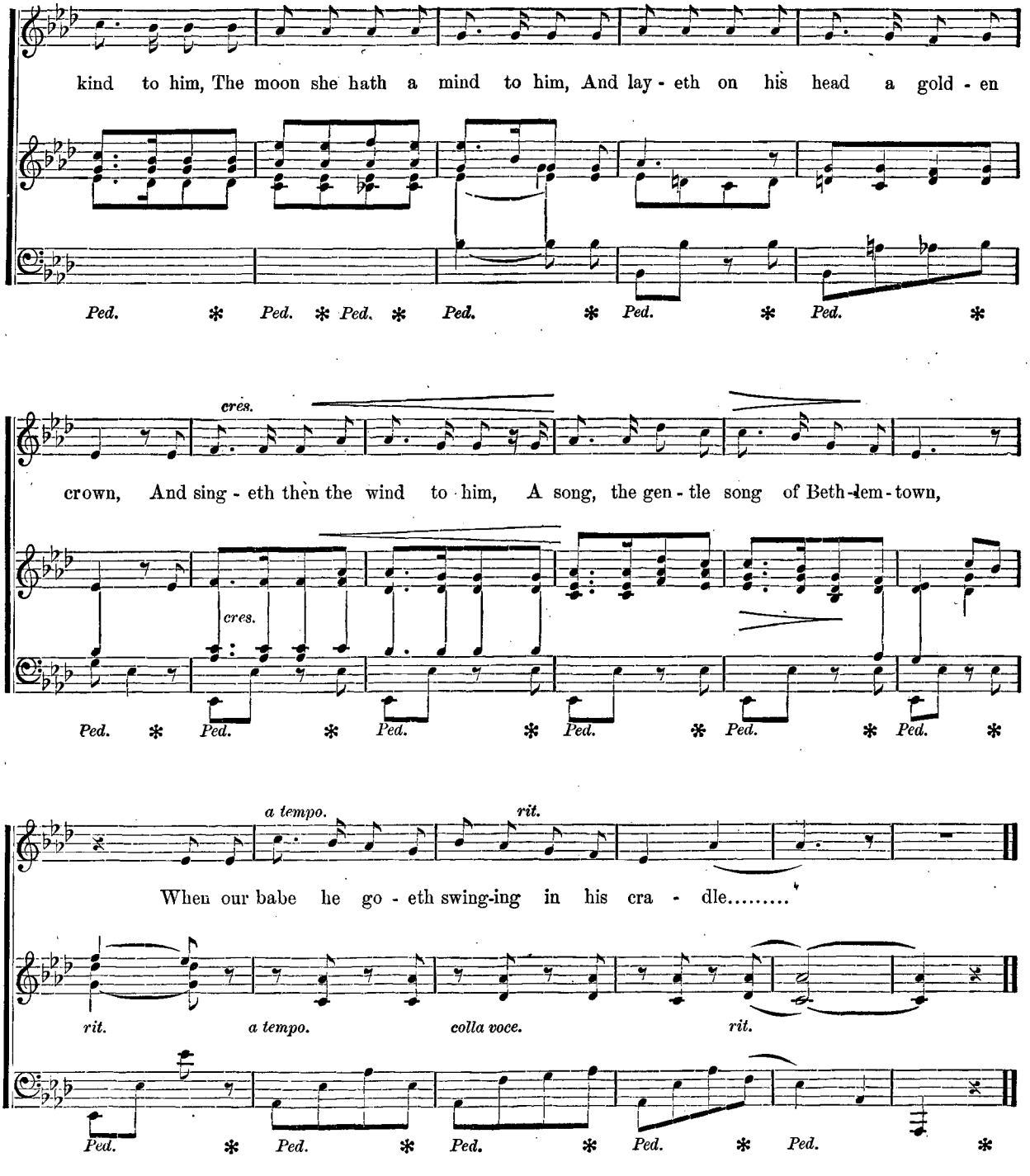
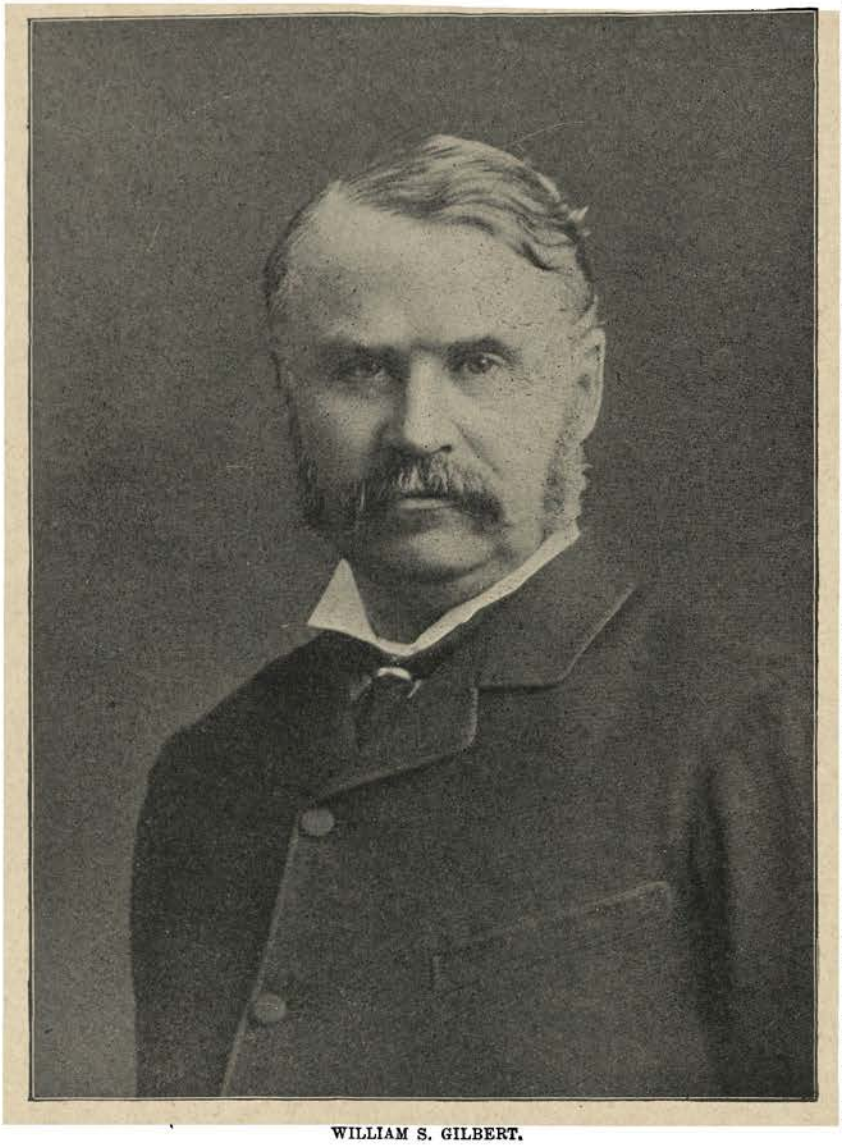

rit.
wood to him, make mu - sic, gen - tle mu - sic all the day.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
a tempo.
rit.
When our babe he go - eth walk - ing in his gar - den.....
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
When our babe he go - eth swing-ing in his cra - dle. The
a tempo.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
night it look-eth ev - er sweet - ly down. The lit - tle stars are
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.


kind to him, The moon she hath a mind to him, And lay - eth on his head a gold - en
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cres.
crown, And sing - eth then the wind to him, A song, the gen - tle song of Beth-lem - town,
cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo.
rit.
When our babe he go - eth swing-ing in his cra - dle.....
rit.
a tempo.
colla voce.
rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

When our babe he goeth walking in his garden,
Around his tinkling feet the sun-beams play;
The posies they are good to him,
And bow them as they should to him,
As fareth him upon his kingly way;
And birdlings of the wood to him
Make music, gentle music all the day,
When our babe he goeth walking in the garden.

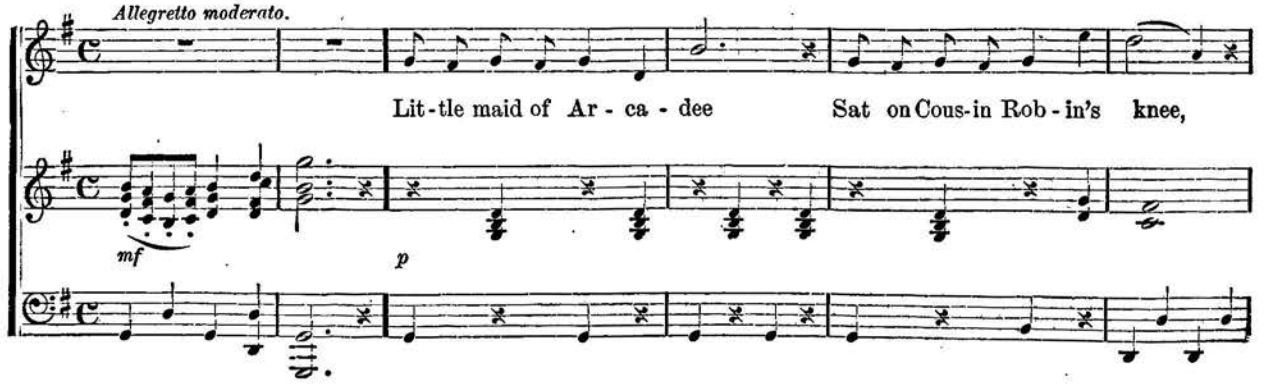
When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle,
The night it looketh ever sweetly down;
The little stars are kind to him,
The moon she hath a mind to him,
And layeth on his head a golden crown,
And singeth then the wind to him,
A song, the gentle song of Bethlemtown,
When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle.

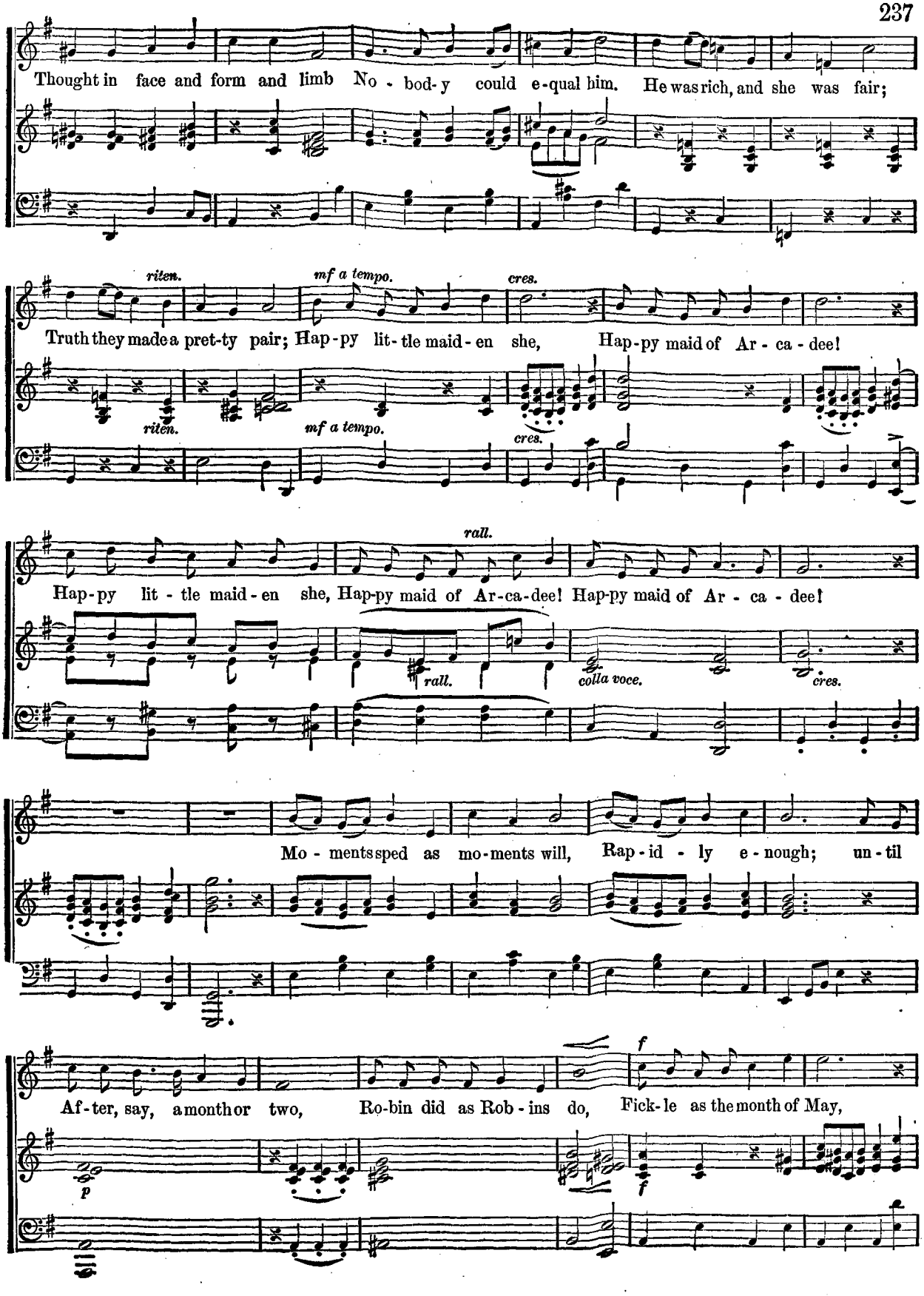
LITTLE MAID OF ARCADEE.

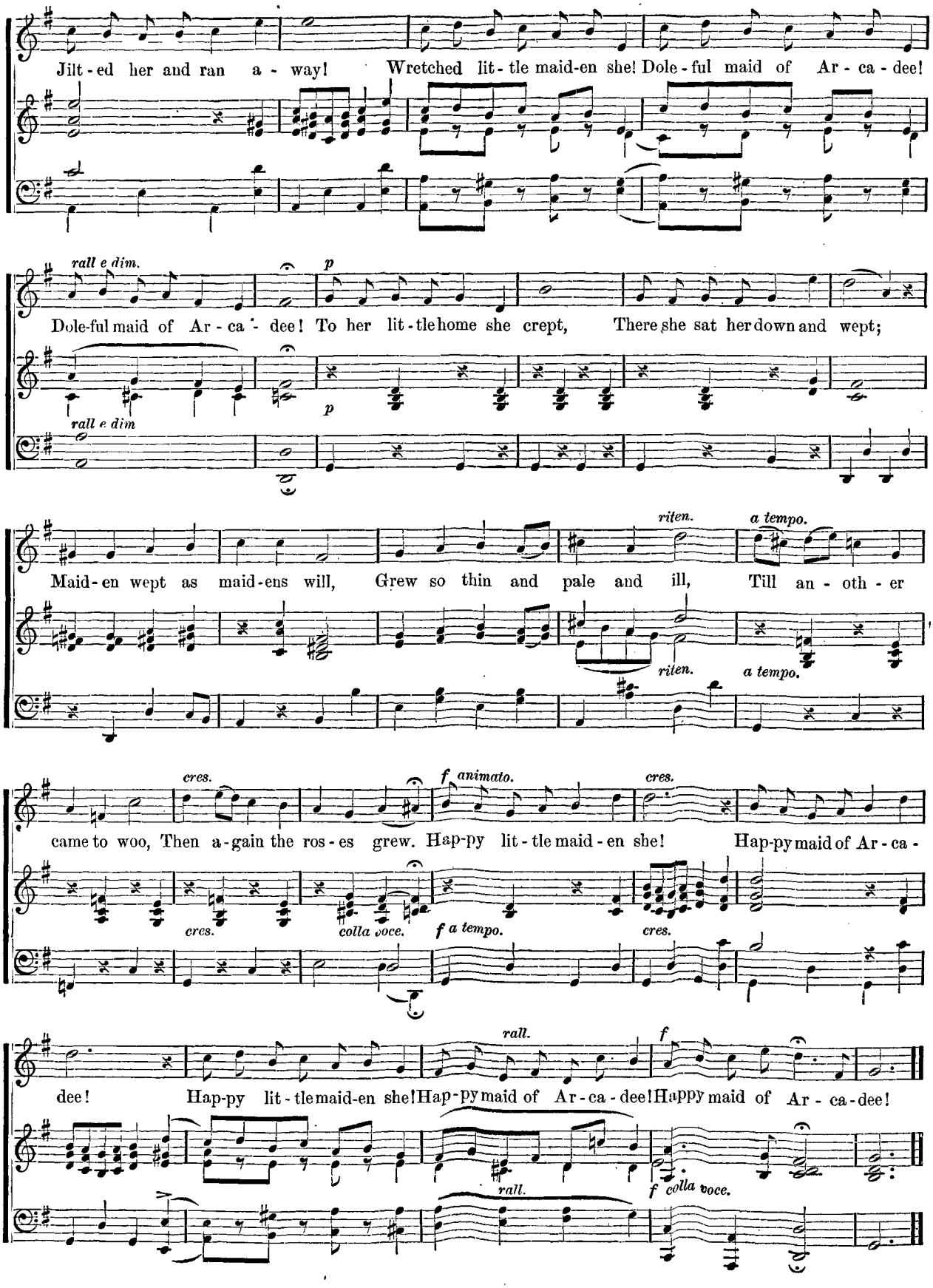


WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

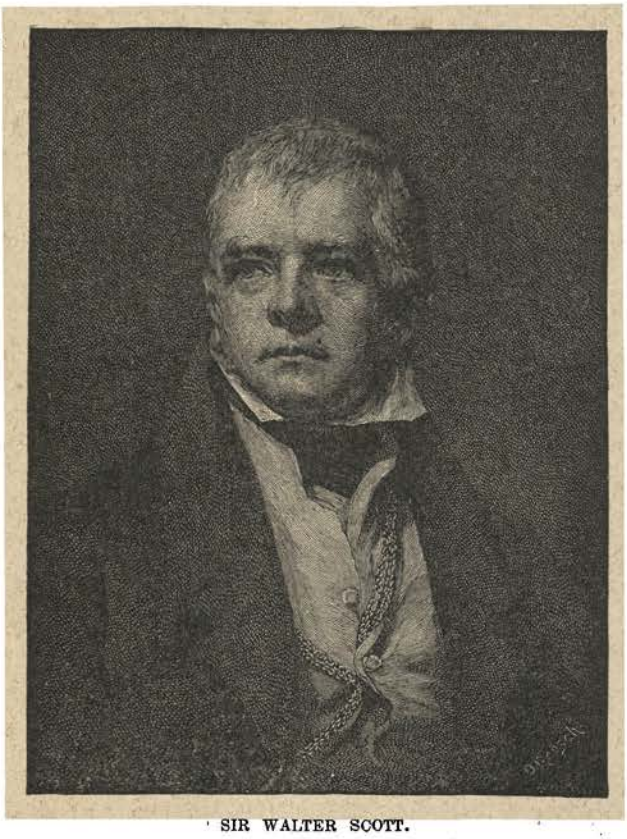
THE collaboration in English opera between SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN and W. S. GILBERT is one of the celebrated partnerships of art. Sullivan had written several operas before "Trial by Jury" which was the first "Gilbert and Sullivan" production, in 1875. Then followed "The Sorcerer," "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "The Mikado," and the long list of popular successors, in rapid succession. The humor of Gilbert had a quality quite peculiar to that writer, and the music of Sullivan was equally characteristic. The popularity of the operas was so great as to justify the building of a theatre in London for their sole production. Mr. Gilbert was born in 1836 and was educated for the law. His father, William Gilbert, born 1804, died 1889, was a well known and prolific writer of England. W. S. Gilbert was already celebrated as a writer of plays before he wrote for Sullivan's music, his best known production in that line being "Sweethearts," "Engaged," and "Gretchen." He published in 1868 a volume of "Bab Ballads," reprinted from "Judy," one of which contained the germ of the opera of "Pinafore." Besides their more important work together, these gifted writers have combined their talents in the production of a number of songs of which the "Little Maid" here printed is a good example. Simple, naive, and thoroughly good in technical construction, their work is not only universally popular but critically commendable as well.




Thought in face and form and limb No - bod-y could e-qual him. He was rich, and she was fair;
riten.
mf a tempo.
cres.
Truth they made a pret-ty pair; Hap-py lit-tle maid-en she, Hap-py maid of Ar - ca - dee!
riten.
mf a tempo.
cres.
rall.
Hap-py lit - tle maid-en she, Hap-py maid of Ar-ca-dee! Hap-py maid of Ar - ca - dee!
rall.
colla voce.
cres.
Mo - ments sped as mo-ments will, Rap-id - ly e - nough; un - til
f
Af-ter, say, a month or two, Ro-bin did as Rob - ins do, Fick-le as the month of May,
p
f


Jilt-ed her and ran a-way! Wretched lit-tle maid-en she! Dole-ful maid of Ar-ca-dee!
rall e dim.
p
Dole-ful maid of Ar-ca-dee! To her lit-tle home she crept, There she sat her down and wept;
rall e dim
p
riten.
a tempo.
Maid-en wept as maid-ens will, Grew so thin and pale and ill, Till an-oth-er
riten.
a tempo.
cres.
f animato.
cres.
came to woo, Then a-gain the ros-es grew. Hap-py lit-tle maid-en she! Hap-py maid of Ar-ca-
cres.
colla voce.
f a tempo.
cres.
rall.
f
dee! Hap-py lit-tle maid-en she! Hap-py maid of Ar-ca-dee! Happy maid of Ar-ca-dee!
rall.
f colla voce.

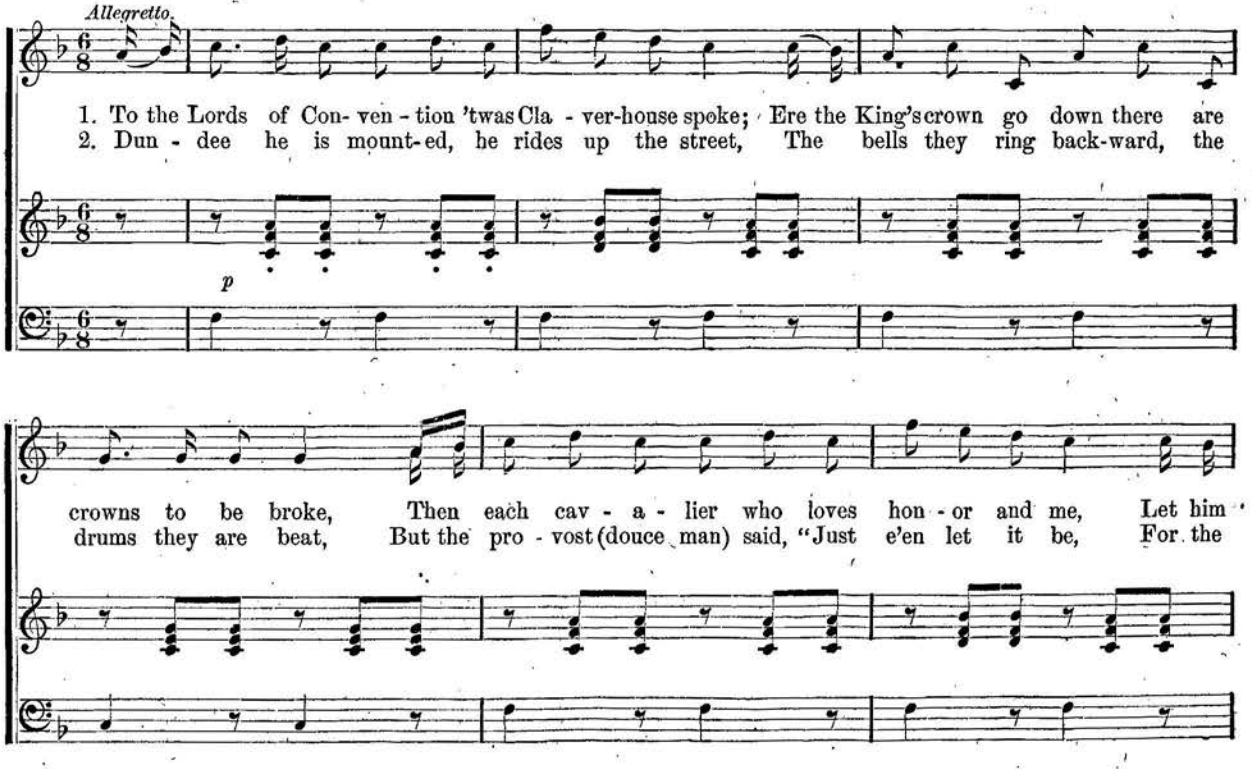
BONNIE DUNDEE.

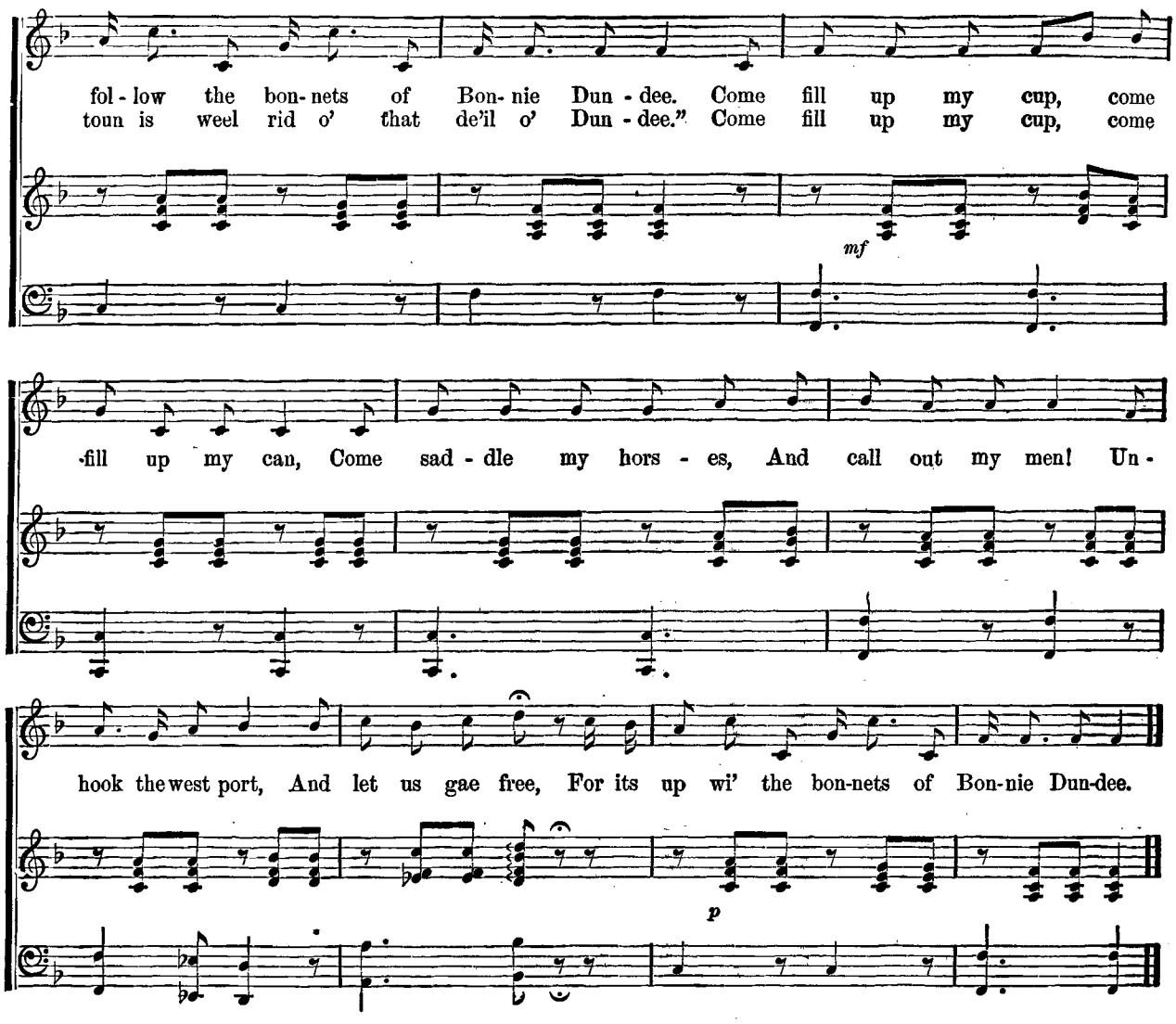


SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE words of this ballad are by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Mary Russell Mitford, writing of it, says: "Nothing seems stranger, among the strange fluctuations of popularity, than the way in which the songs and shorter poems of the most eminent writers occasionally pass from the highest vogue into the most complete oblivion, and are at once forgotten as though they had never been. Scott's spirited ballad, 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee,' is a case in point. Several persons (among the rest, Mrs. Hughes, the valued friend of the author) have complained to me, not only that it is not included amongst Sir Walter's ballads, but that they were unable to discover it elsewhere. Upon mentioning this to another dear friend of mine, the man who, of all whom I have known, has the keenest scent for literary game, he threw himself upon the track, and, failing to obtain a printed copy, succeeded in procuring one in manuscript, taken down from the lips of a veteran vocalist, not, as I should judge, from his recitation, but from his singing. * * * * * At all events, the transcript is a curiosity. The whole ballad is written as if it were prose. I endeavored to restore the natural division of the verses; and having since discovered a printed copy, buried in the "Doom of Devorgoil,' where of course nobody looked for it, I am delighted to transfer to my pages one of the most stirring and characteristic ballads ever written."

The air of "Bonnie Dundee," under that title, dates from 1628.


Allegretto.
1. To the Lords of Con- ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver-house spoke; Ere the King's crown go down there are
2. Dun - dee he is mount-ed, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back-ward, the
p
crowns to be broke, Then each cav - a - lier who loves hon - or and me, Let him
drums they are beat, But the pro - vost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be, For the


fol - low the bon- nets of Bon- nie Dun - dee. Come fill up my cup, come
toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun - dee." Come fill up my cup, come
mf
-fill up my can, Come sad - dle my hors - es, And call out my men! Un -
hook the west port, And let us gae free, For its up wi' the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee.
p

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes.
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the
North;
There are brave Duinnewassals three thousand times
three,
Will cry 'Hey for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

"There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide:
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

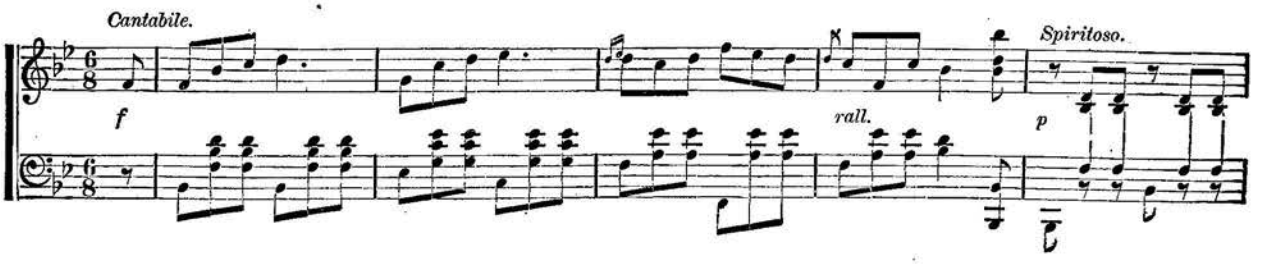
"Then awa' to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks!
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnet and me."
Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

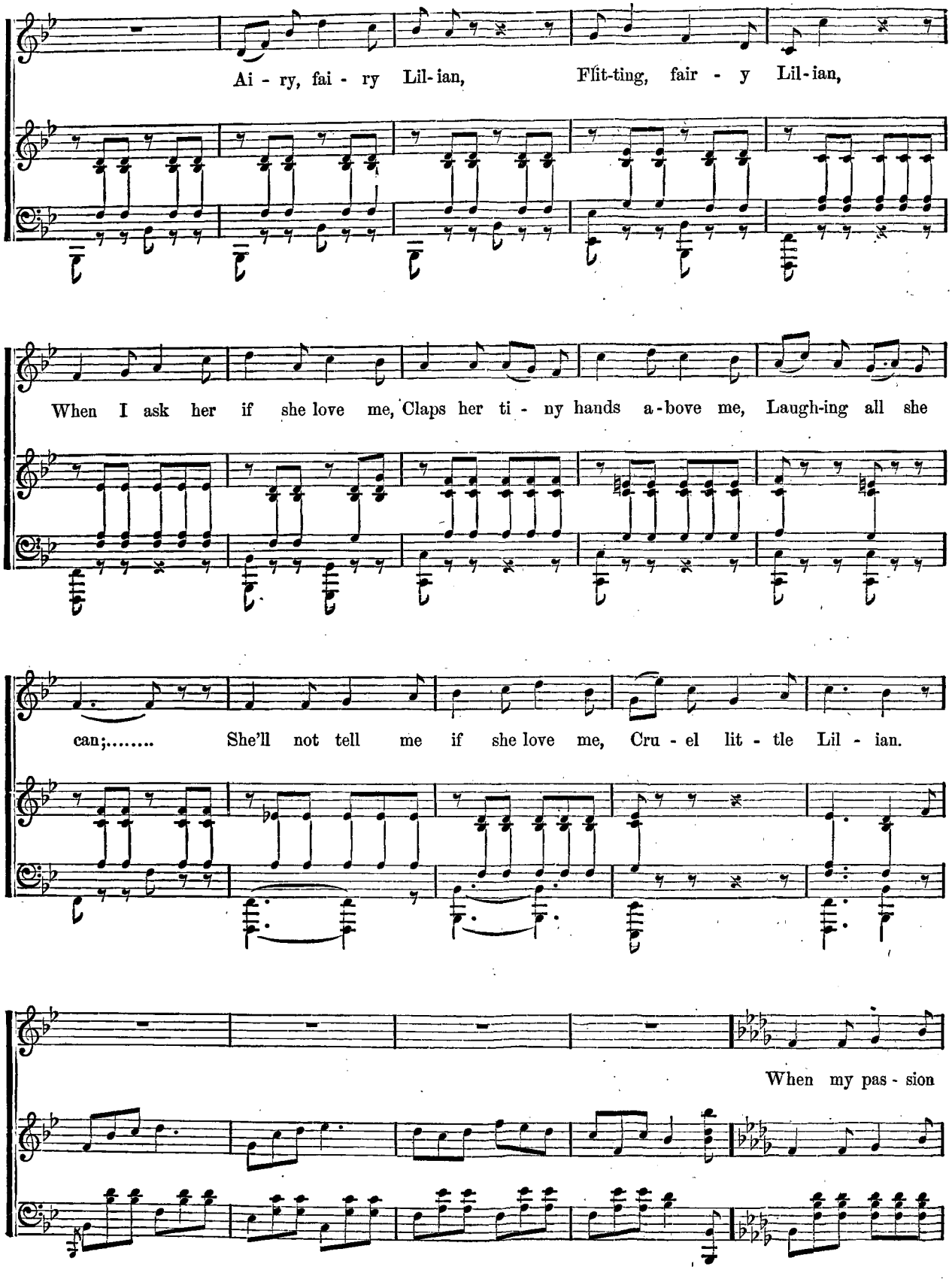
He waves his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonnie Dundee.

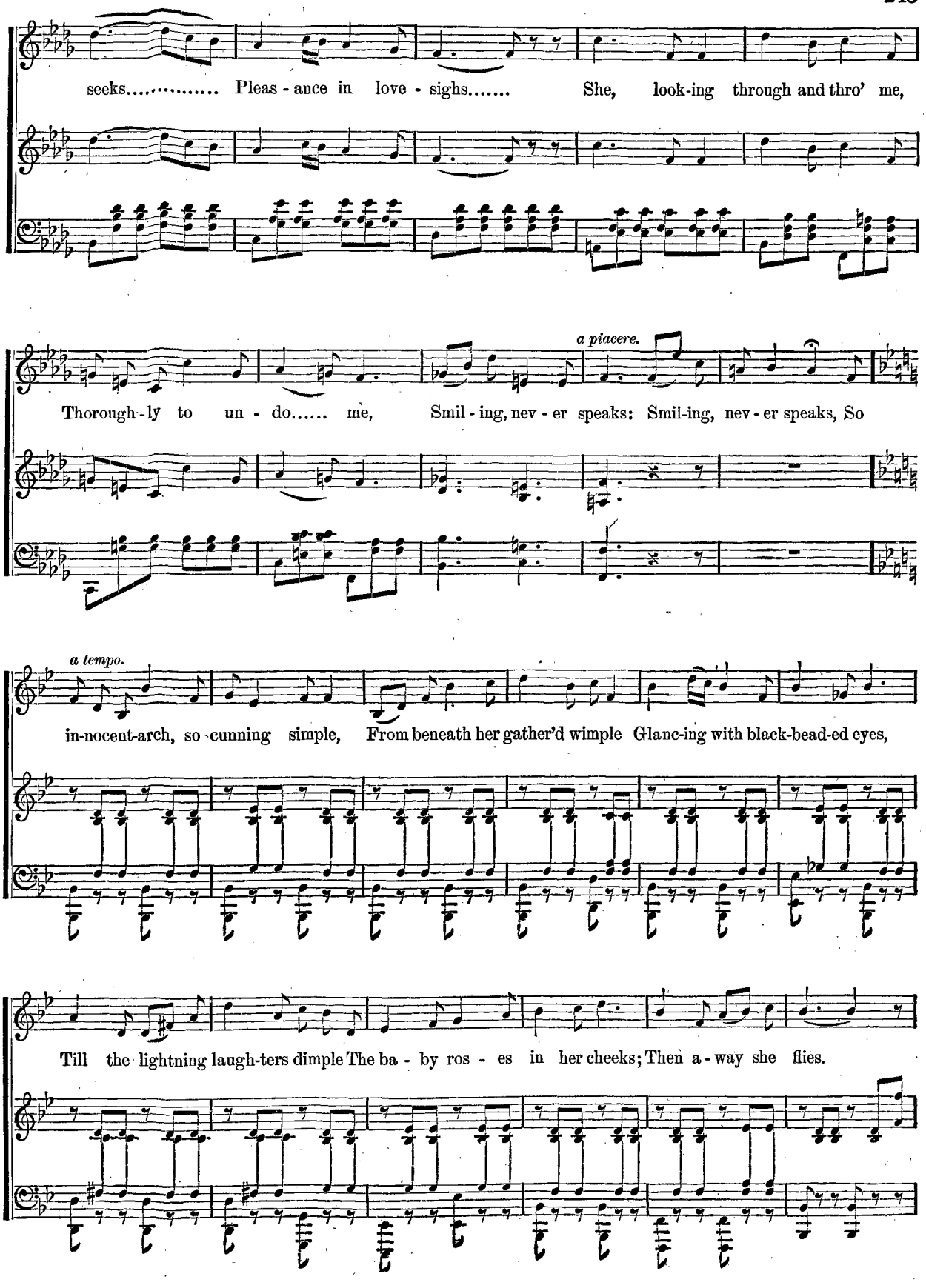
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates and let me gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

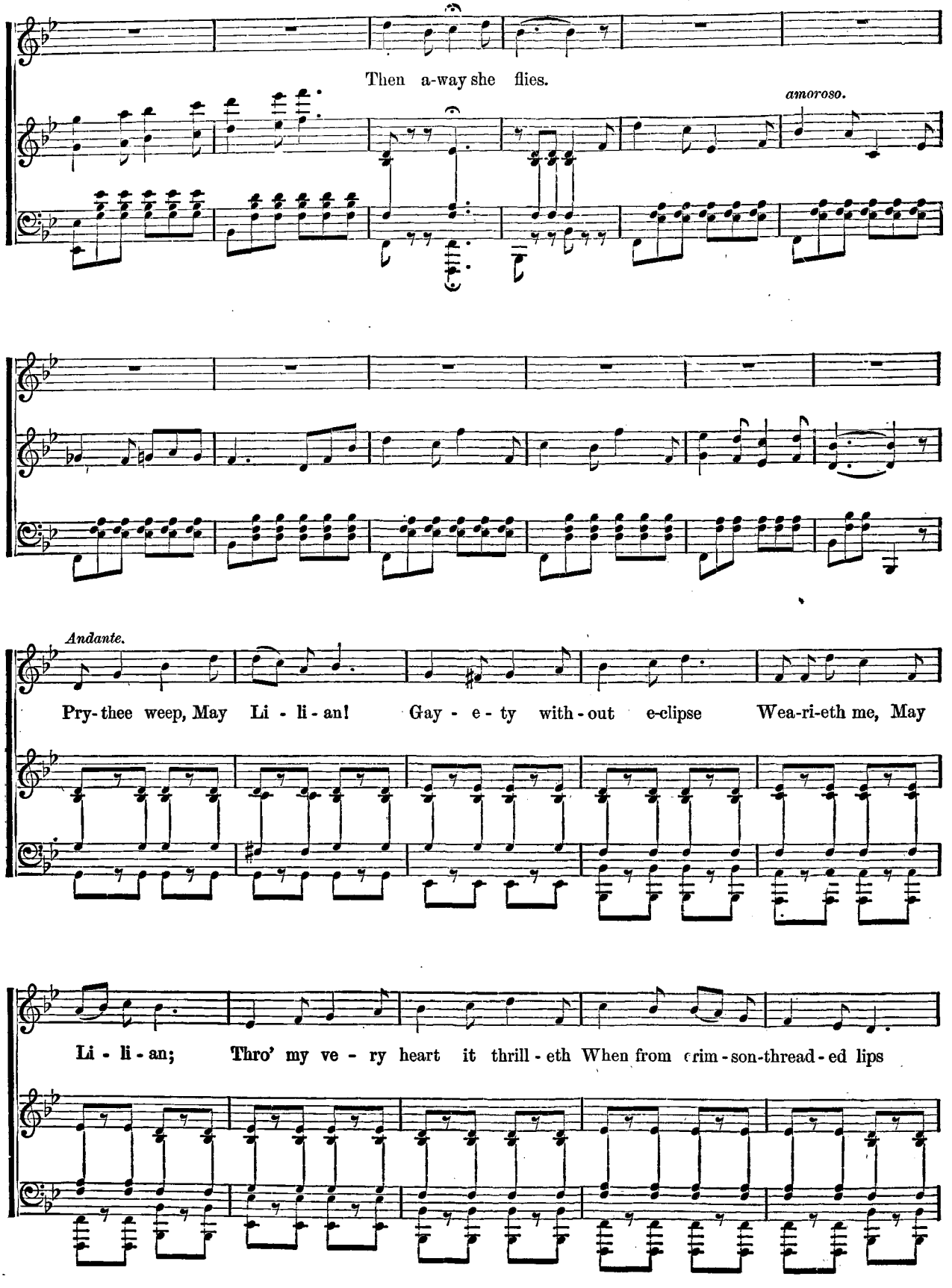
AIRY, FAIRY LILIAN.

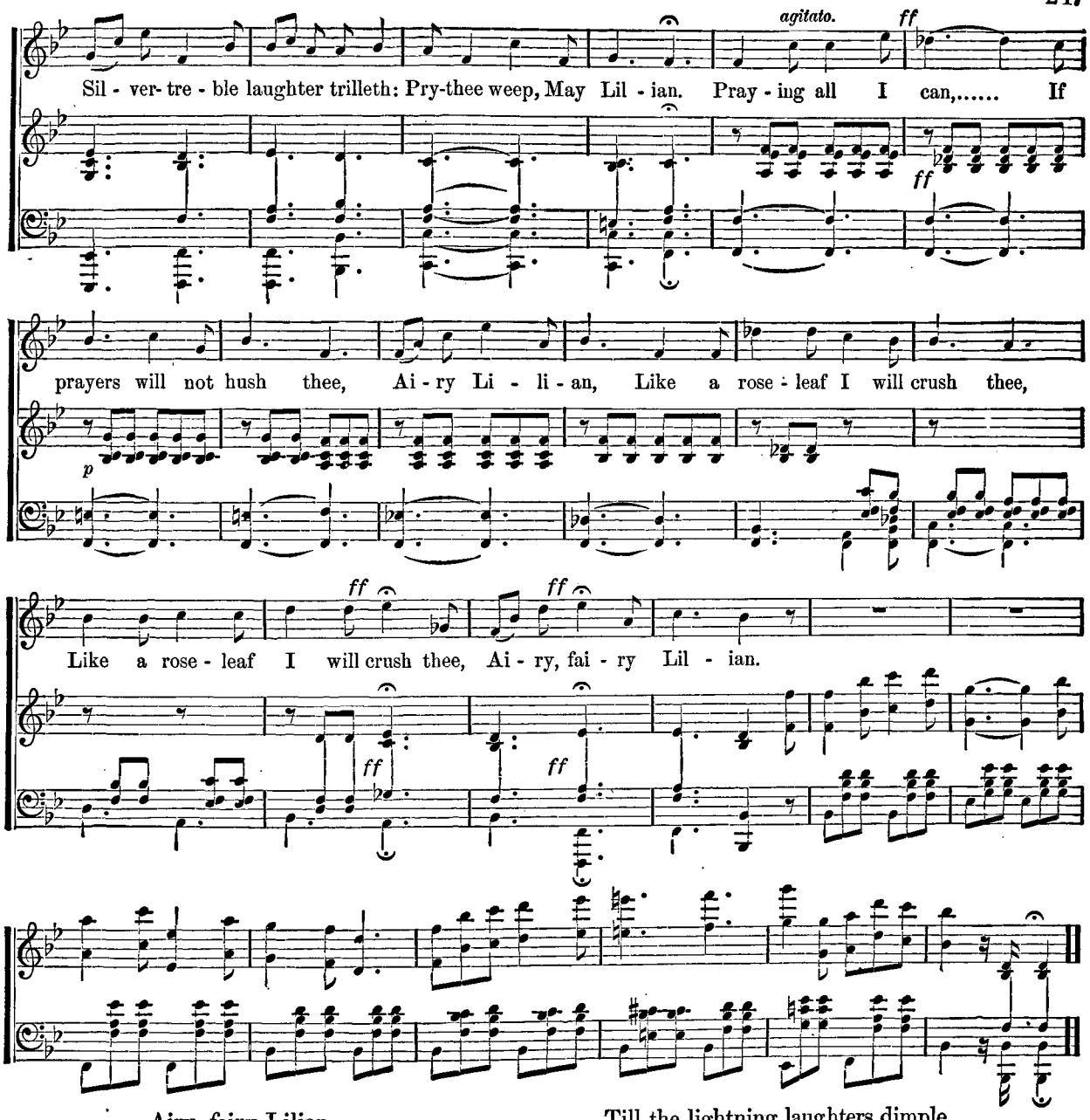
THE words of this pleasing little song are by TENNYSON. The music was composed by FRANK ELMORE.




Ai - ry, fai - ry Lil-ian, Flit-ting, fair - y Lil-ian,
When I ask her if she love me, Claps her ti - ny hands a-bove me, Laugh-ing all she
can;..... She'll not tell me if she love me, Cru - el lit - tle Lil - ian.
When my pas - sion


seeks..... Pleas - ance in love - sighs..... She, look-ing through and thro' me,
a piacere.
Thorough - ly to un - do..... me, Smil - ing, nev - er speaks: Smil-ing, nev - er speaks, So
a tempo.
in-nocent-arch, so cunning simple, From beneath her gather'd wimple Glanc-ing with black-bead-ed eyes,
Till the lightning laugh-ters dimple The ba - by ros - es in her cheeks; Then a - way she flies.


Then a-way she flies.
amoroso.
Andante.
Pry-thee weep, May Li - li - an! Gay - e - ty with-out e-clipse Wea-ri-eth me, May
Li - li - an; Thro' my ve - ry heart it thrill - eth When from crim-son-thread-ed lips


agitato.
ff
Sil - ver- tre - ble laughter trilleth: Pry-thee weep, May Lil - ian. Pray - ing all I can,..... If
ff
prayers will not hush thee, Ai - ry Li - li - an, Like a rose - leaf I will crush thee,
p
ff
ff
Like a rose - leaf I will crush thee, Ai - ry, fai - ry Lil - ian.
ff
ff

Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks:
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.

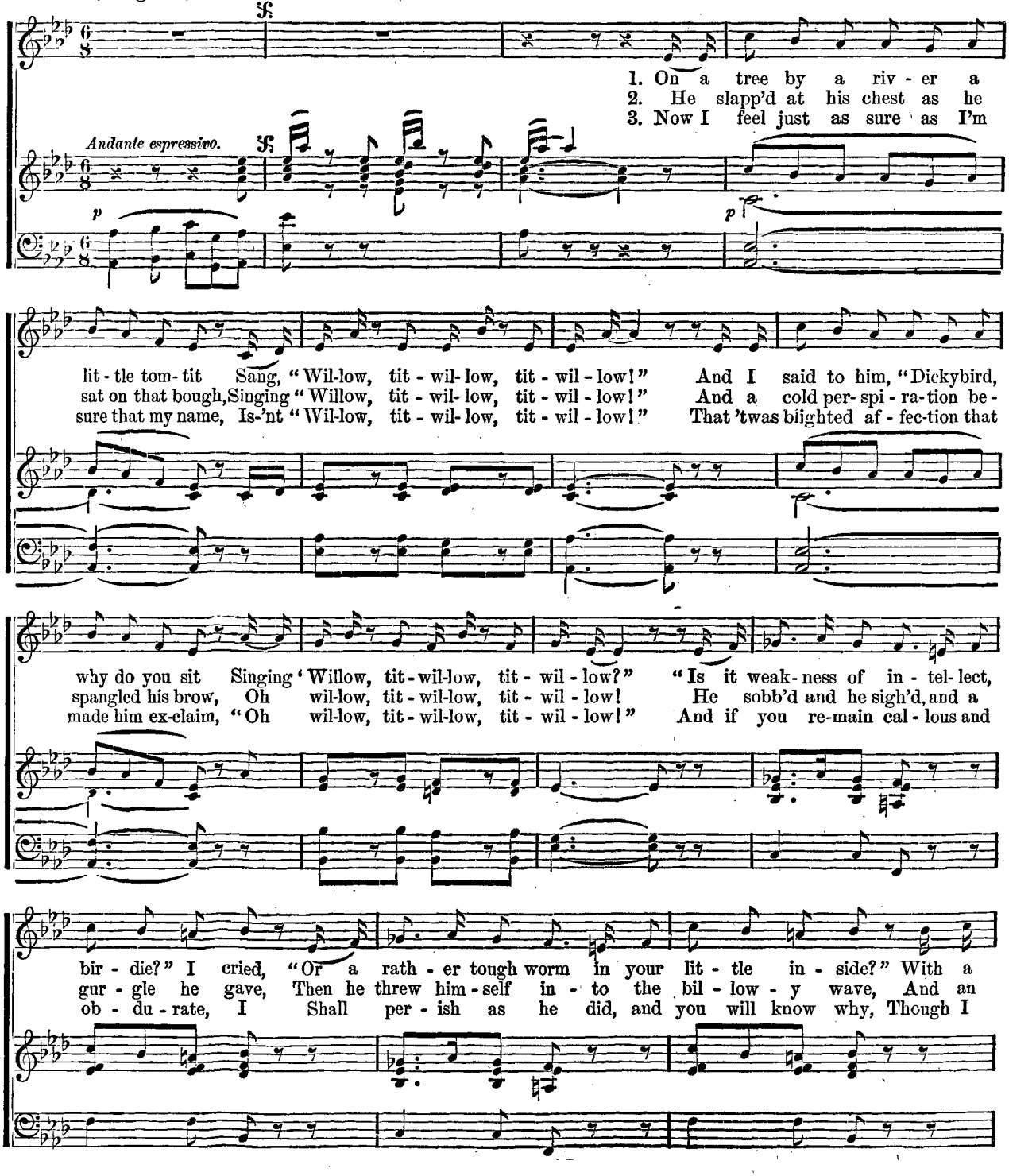
Pyrthee weep, May Lilian!
Gayety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian:
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth:
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

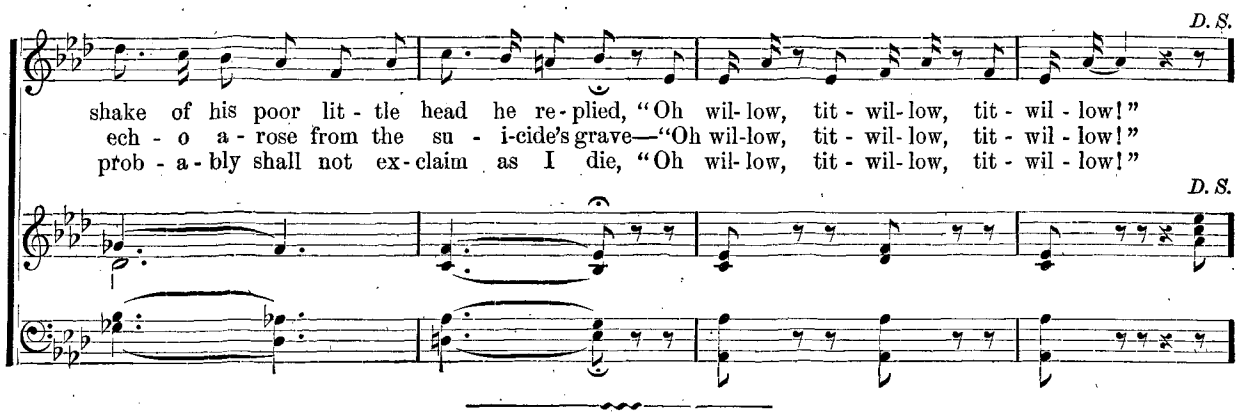
Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

TIT-WILLOW.

As is well-known, this song is one of the most captivating of the many artistic surprises in the "Mikado," the finest comic opera of its famous composer, SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

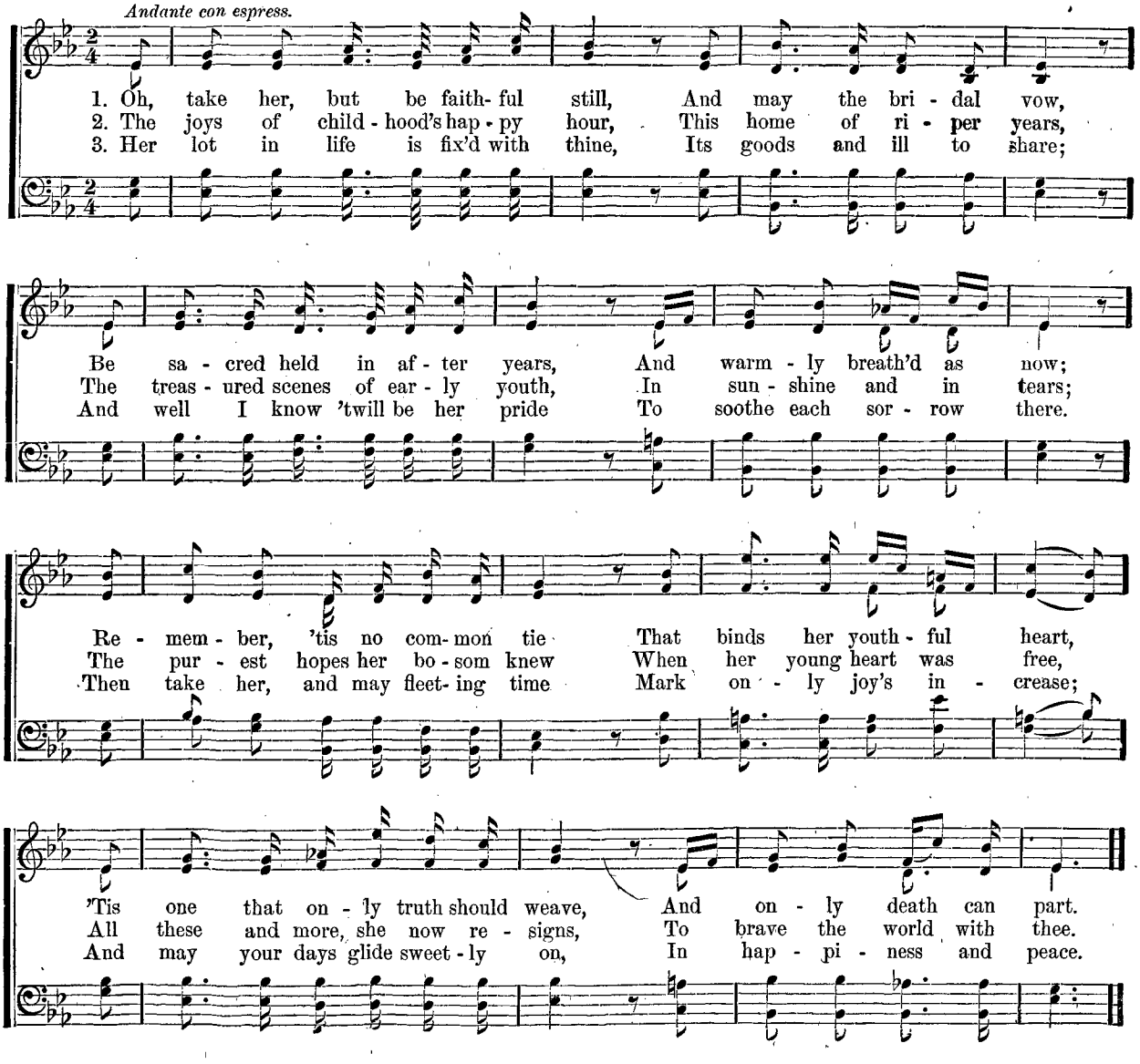
The words are by MR. W. S. GILBERT, the distinguished dramatic author, and the writer of many musical pieces in conjunction with Sullivan. Mr. Gilbert was classically educated, taking the degree of B. A. at the University of London. He was also a contributor to periodical literature and an author of several books. Mr. Gilbert was admitted to the Bar of the Queen's Temple in 1864, and was made a Magistrate for Middlesex, England, in 1891.


1. On a tree by a riv - er a
2. He slapp'd at his chest as he
3. Now I feel just as sure as I'm
Andante espressivo.
lit - tle tom- tit Sang, "Wil-low, tit - wil- low, tit - wil - low!" And I said to him, "Dickybird,
sat on that bough, Singing "Willow, tit - wil- low, tit - wil - low!" And a cold per- spi - ra-tion be -
sure that my name, Is-'nt "Wil-low, tit - wil- low, tit - wil - low!" That 'twas blighted af - fec-tion that
why do you sit Singing 'Willow, tit-wil-low, tit - wil - low?" "Is it weak - ness of in - tel- lect,
spangled his brow, Oh wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit - wil - low! He sobb'd and he sigh'd, and a
made him ex-claim, "Oh wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit - wil - low!" And if you re-main cal - lous and
bir - die?" I cried, "Or a rath - er tough worm in your lit - tle in - side?" With a
gur - gle he gave, Then he threw him - self in - to the bil - low - y wave, And an
ob - du - rate, I Shall per - ish as he did, and you will know why, Though I


D. S.
shake of his poor lit - tle head he re - plied, "Oh wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"
ech - o a - rose from the su - i-cide's grave—"Oh wil-low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"
prob - a - bly shall not ex - claim as I die, "Oh wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"
D. S.

OH, TAKE HER, BUT BE FAITHFUL STILL.

THIS song is a joint composition of CHARLES JEFFERYS and SIDNEY NELSON.

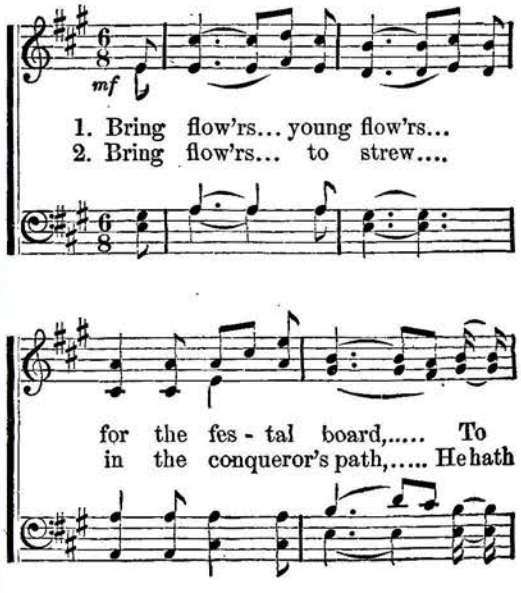

Andante con espress.
1. Oh, take her, but be faith- ful still, And may the bri - dal vow,
2. The joys of child - hood's hap - py hour, This home of ri - per years,
3. Her lot in life is fix'd with thine, Its goods and ill to share;
Be sa - cred held in af - ter years, And warm - ly breath'd as now;
The treas - ured scenes of ear - ly youth, In sun - shine and in tears;
And well I know 'twill be her pride To soothe each sor - row there.
Re - mem - ber, 'tis no com - mon tie That binds her youth - ful heart,
The pur - est hopes her bo - som knew When her young heart was free,
Then take her, and may fleet - ing time Mark on - ly joy's in - crease;
'Tis one that on - ly truth should weave, And on - ly death can part.
All these and more, she now re - signs, To brave the world with thee.
And may your days glide sweet - ly on, In hap - pi - ness and peace.

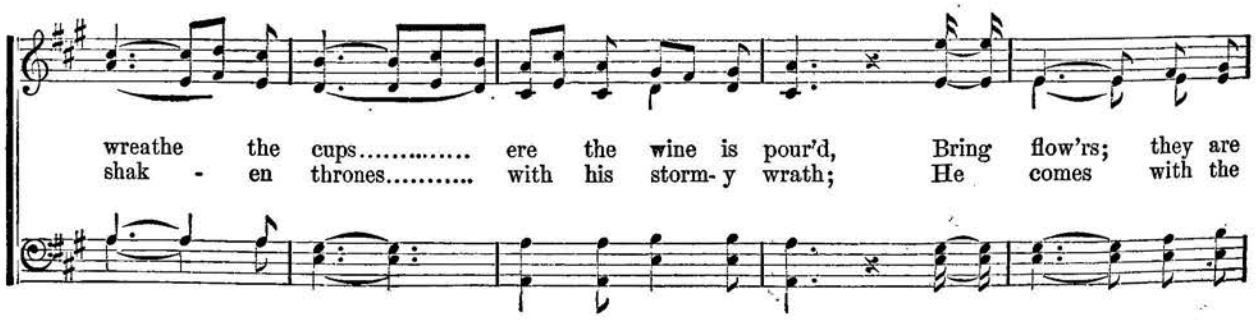
BRING FLOWERS.

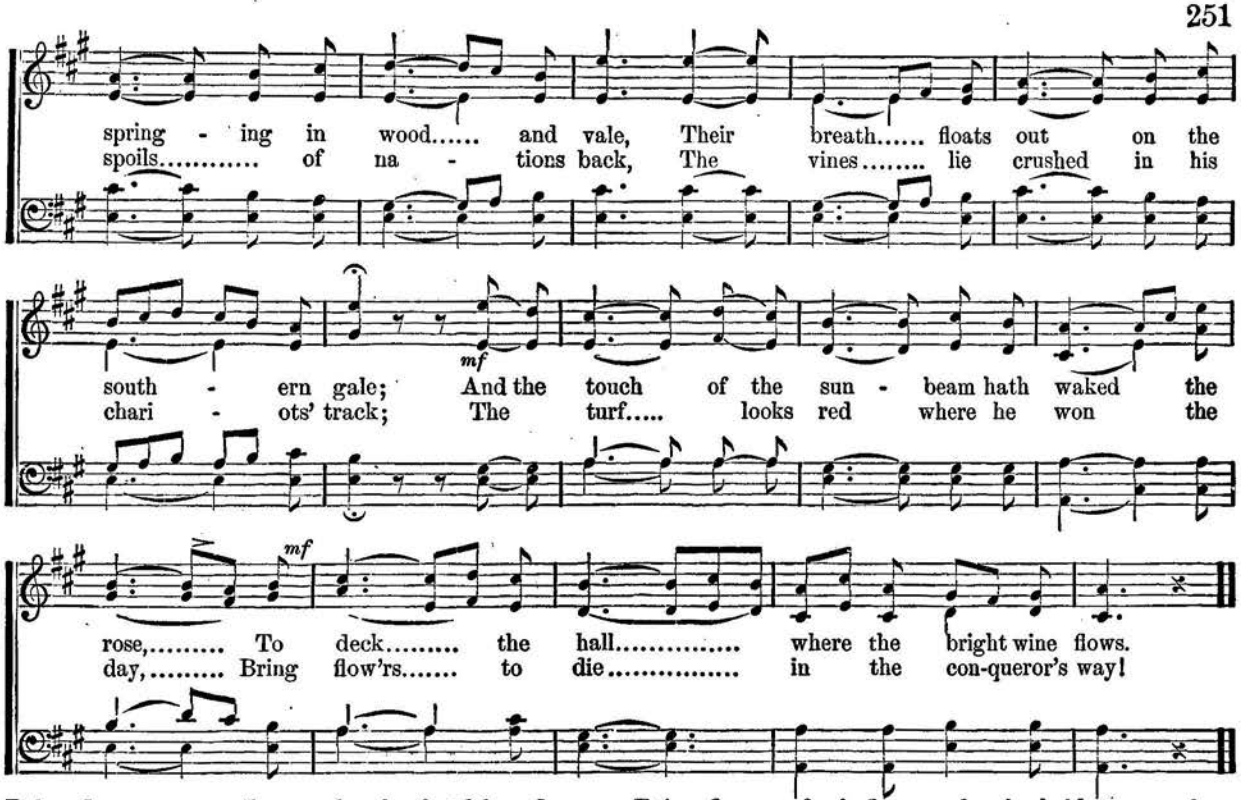
MRS. HEMANS' song, "Bring Flowers," must have been touched up by the same teetotaler who revised the celebrated convivial poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes. In some versions, the second and last lines of the first stanza are replaced by those which here follow them in brackets:

"Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cups ere the wine is poured.
[To crown the feast that the fields afford,]
Bring flowers; they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale.
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows."
[The banquet to deck where the warm heart glows.]

The song was from the poem of "The Bride of the Greek Isle." The air is French.






spring - ing in wood..... and vale, Their breath..... floats out on the
spoils..... of na - tions back, The vines..... lie crushed in his
mf
south - ern gale; And the touch of the sun - beam hath waked the
chari - ots' track; The turf..... looks red where he won the
mf
rose,..... To deck..... the hall..... where the bright wine flows.
day,..... Bring flow'rs..... to die..... in the con-queror's way!

Bring flowers young flowers for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured,
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale;
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path,
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath;
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariots' track;
The turf looks red where he won the day,
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free, blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And the dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair;
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side;
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
For this its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!

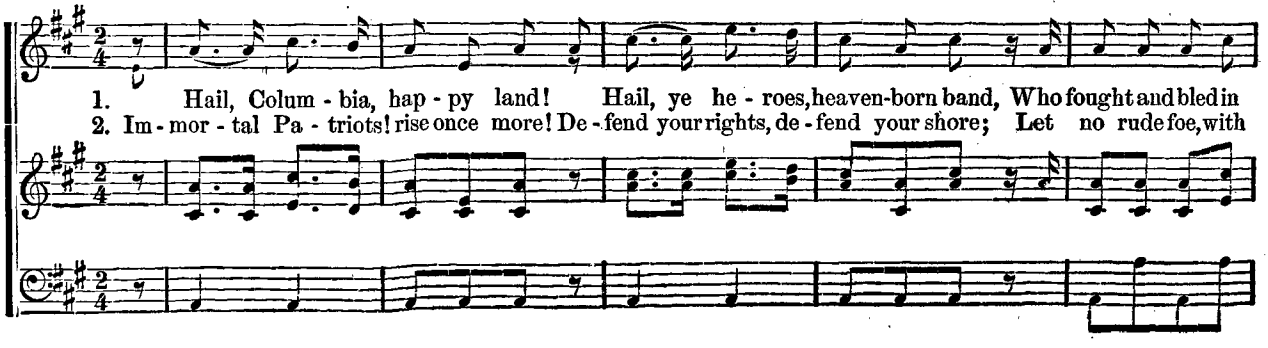
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

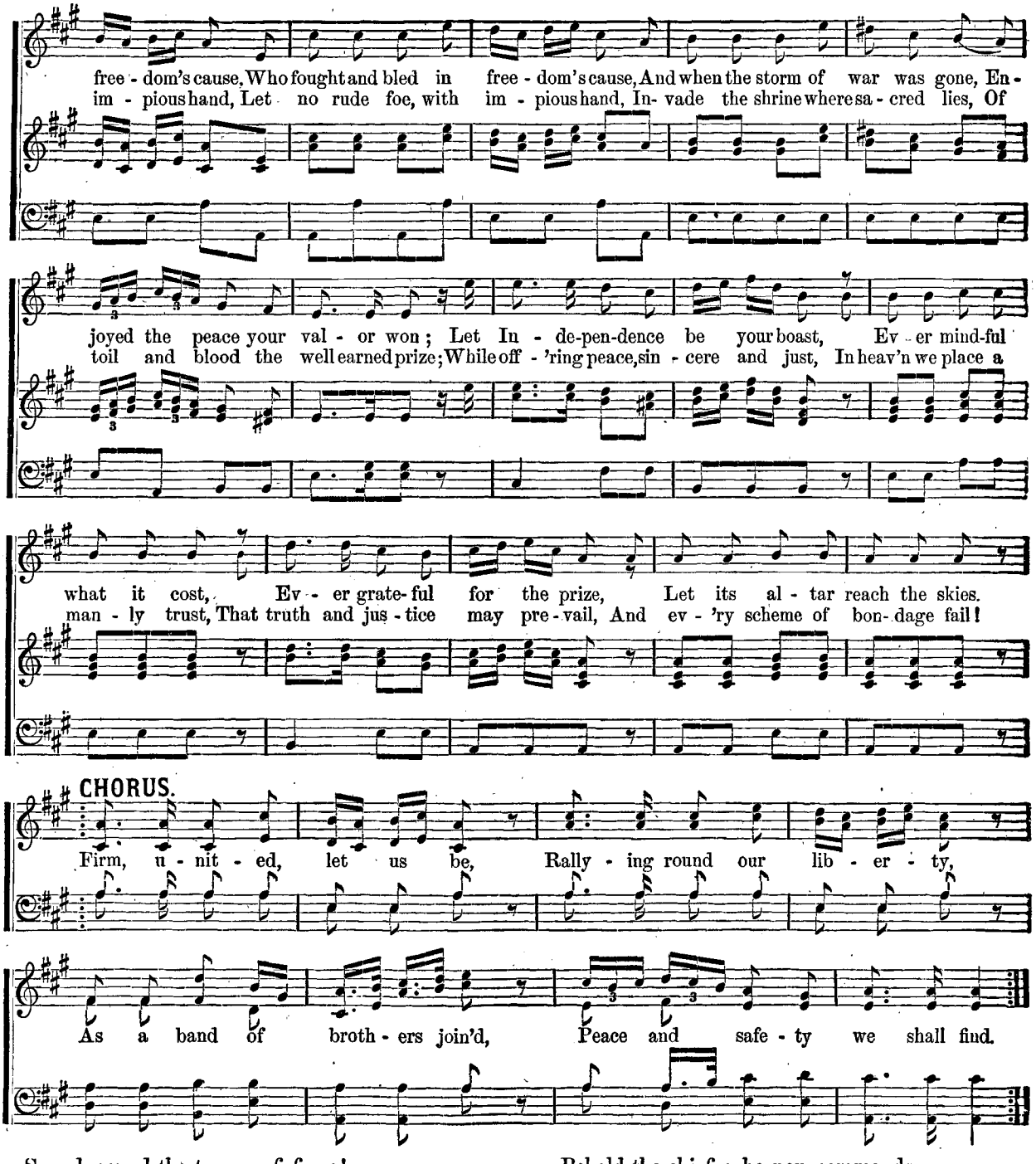
THE author of the words of "Hail Columbia," JOSEPH HOPKINSON, was born in Philadelphia, Penna., November 12, 1770. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and became a lawyer of distinction in his native city. He was a promoter of the cause of liberal education, and to his kindly personal traits we owe this famous national song. He died in Philadelphia, Januray 15, 1842. I quote his account of the origin of "Hail Columbia." "This song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable, Congress being then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occured. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for one side or the other; some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with republican France, as she then was called; others were for our connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, as it did at that time, on that question. The theatre was then open in our city: a young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said he had twenty boxes untaken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March,' then the popular air, he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of that march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued, night after night, for the rest of the whole season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States.

"The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. Not an allusion is made to either France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to what was the most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties—at least, neither could disown the sentiments it inculcated. It was truly American and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to it.

"Such is the history of the song, which has endured infinitely beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."

The music of "Hail, Columbia" was written as a march, and went at first by the name of "General Washington's March." Later it was called "The President's March," and it was played in 1789, when Washington came to New York to be inaugurated. A son of Prof. PHYLA of Philadelphia, who was one of the performers, says it was his father's composition. His statement is given by William McKay of Philadelphia. Mr. Custis, the adopted son of Washington, mentions its having been composed in 1789 by a German named FAYLES, leader of the orchestra, and musical composer for the old John street theatre, in New York, where he heard it played as a new piece on the occasion of General Washington's first visit at this playhouse. The two names (Phyla and Fayles) should, no doubt, be identical, and the stories do not materially contradict each other.


1. Hail, Colum - bia, hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes, heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in
2. Im - mor - tal Pa - triots! rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let no rude foe, with

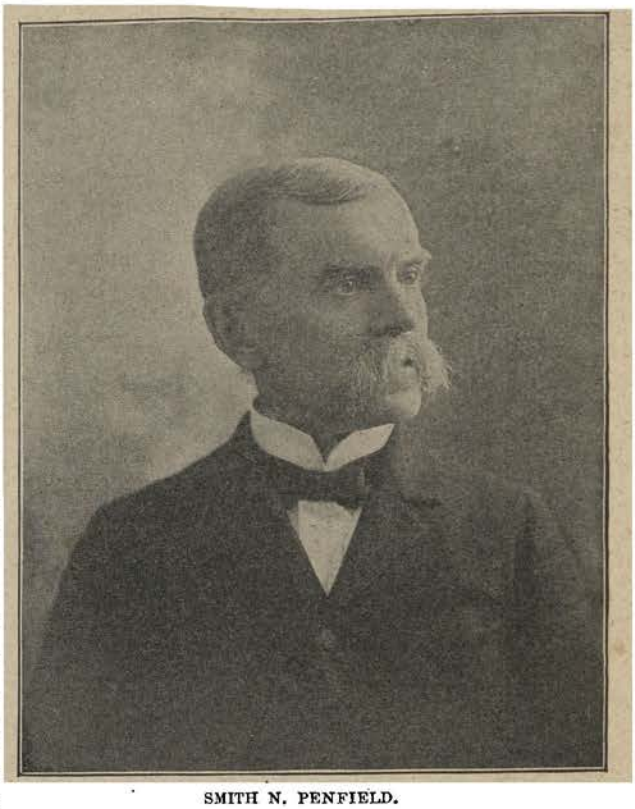

free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In- vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of
joyed the peace your val - or won; Let In - de-pen-dence be your boast, Ev - er mind-ful
toil and blood the well earned prize; While off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a
what it cost, Ev - er grate- ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bon- dage fail!
CHORUS.
Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty,
As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.
Firm, united, *etc.*

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.
Firm, united, *etc.*

O, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR.

THE composer of this tender love song, for the bass voice, in its motive suggesting the theme of "Darby and Joan," is SMITH NEWELL PENFIELD, a veteran among American musicians. Dr. Penfield was born at Oberlin, Ohio, and when a boy was organist and choirmaster of a local church with a choir and choral society of over a hundred voices. His earlier musical studies were pursued in New York, and were continued afterwards in Leipsig and Paris under the great masters Moscheles, Papperitz, Reinecke, Richter, Hauptmann and Delioux. His study of composition was under Carl Reinecke, the eminent professor at the Leipsig Conservatory. His professional work in America began at Rochester, N. Y., and were then transferred to Savannah, Ga., where he founded a conservatory of music and the Mozart Club. For many years he has been a prominent figure in musical New York, where he has directed the music of leading churches and has given several notable series of organ concerts. Here he founded the New York Harmonic Society. The college at Oberlin conferred on him the degrees of A. B. and A. M., and from the University of New York he received, in 1885, the degree of Doctor of Music. In the same year he was elected president of the Music Teachers' National Association and in 1890 became president of the New York State Music Teachers' Association. His compositions consist of organ and piano music, songs, anthems, glees, a string quintette, an overture for the orchestra, a cantata with orchestral score, etc. The words of this song were written by GERALD MASSEY, the English poet.



SMITH N. PENFIELD.

Lento con molto espressione.

p *mf* *p*

Molto affetuoso.

1. O lay thy hand in mine, dear, We're grow - ing old; But time has brought no
2. And lay thy cheek to mine, dear, And take thy rest; Mine arms a-round thee

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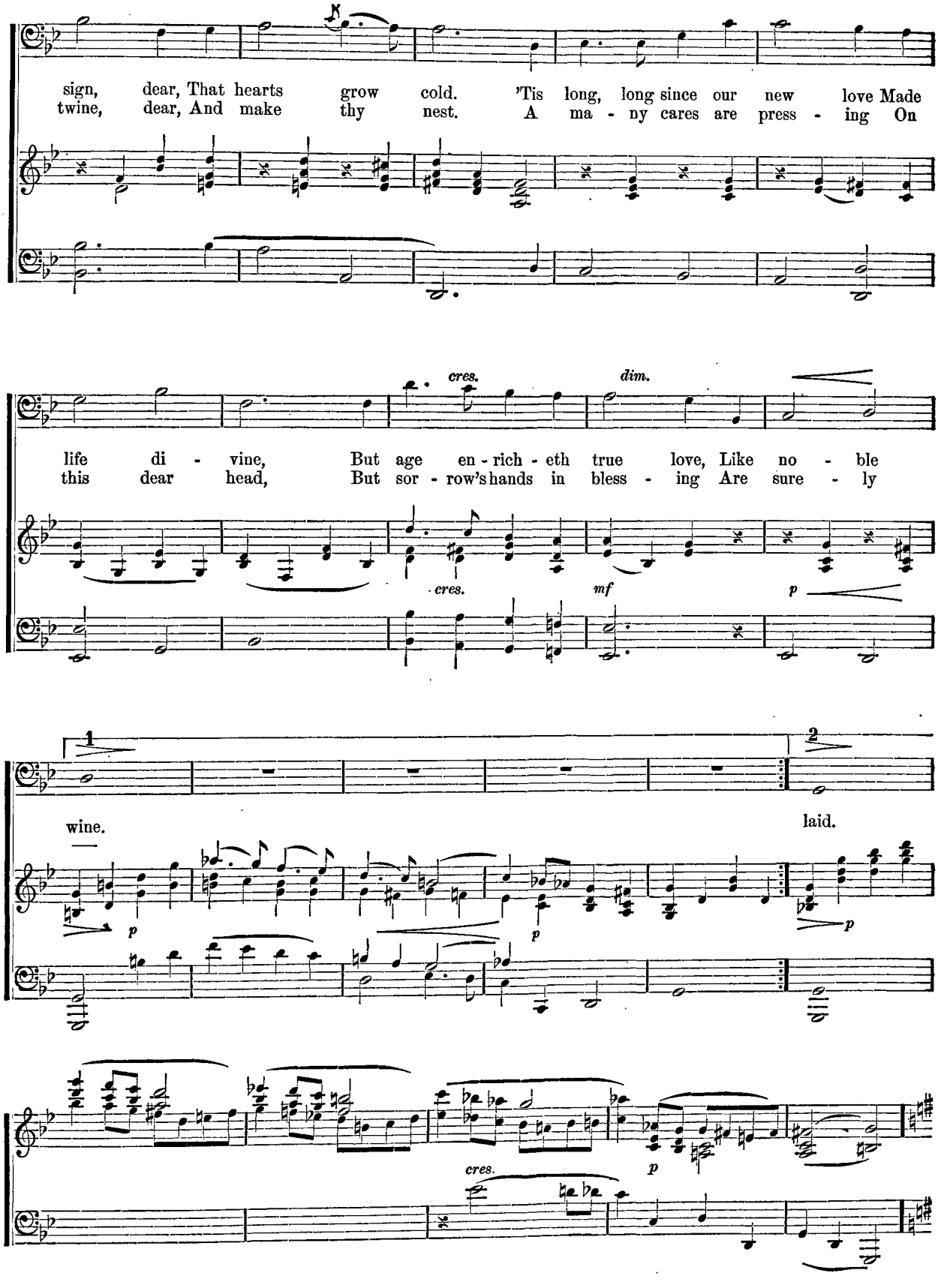
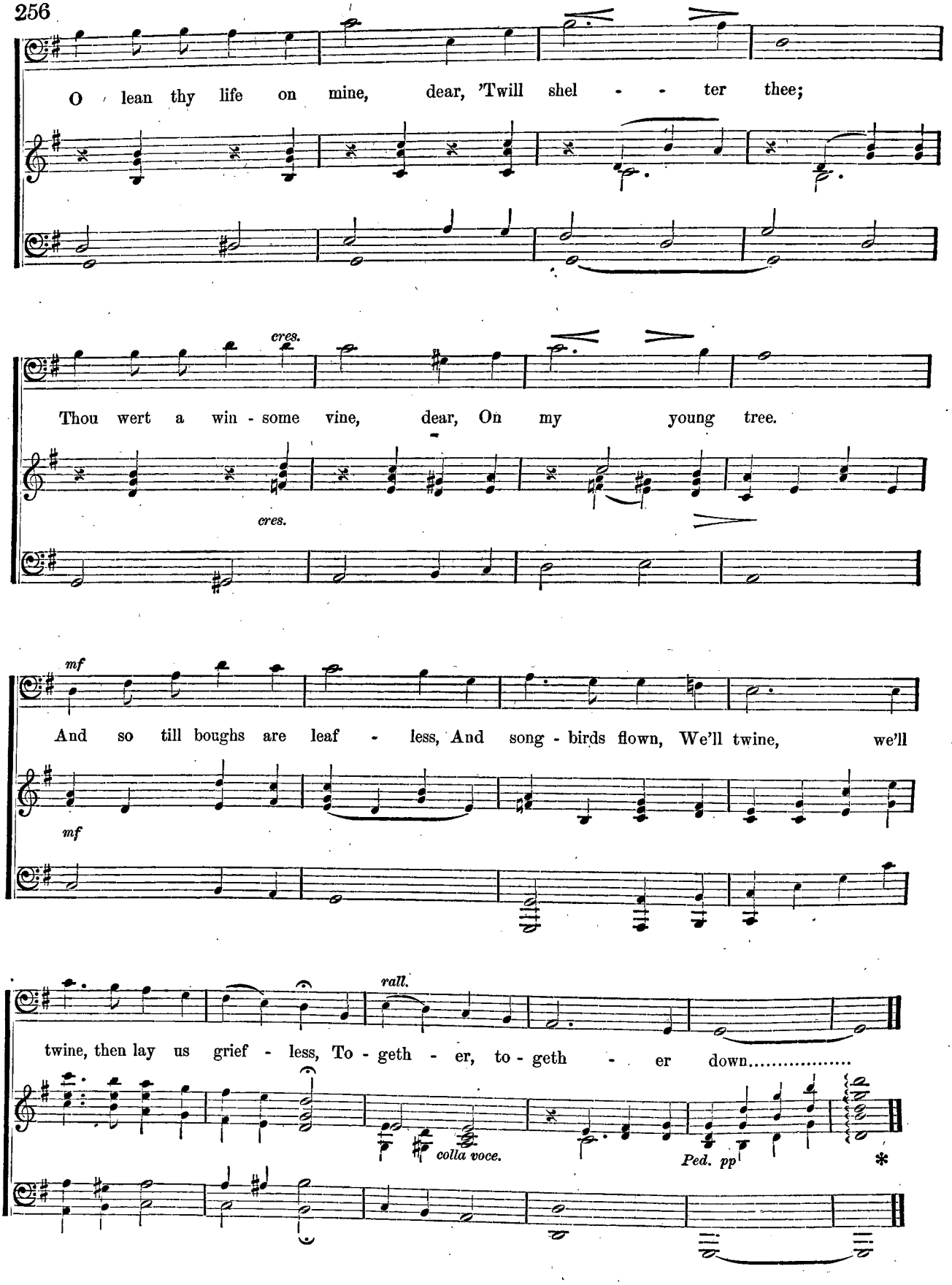

sign, dear, That hearts grow cold. 'Tis long, long since our new love Made
twine, dear, And make thy nest. A ma - ny cares are press - ing On
cres.
dim.
life di - vine, But age en - rich - eth true love, Like no - ble
this dear head, But sor - row's hands in bless - ing Are sure - ly
cres.
mf
p
1
2
wine.
laid.
p
p
p
p
cres.


O lean thy life on mine, dear, 'Twill shel - - ter thee;
cres.
Thou wert a win - some vine, dear, On my young tree.
cres.
mf
And so till boughs are leaf - less, And song - birds flown, We'll twine, we'll
mf
rall.
twine, then lay us grief - less, To - geth - er, to - geth - er down.....
colla voce.
Ped. pp
*

MUSIC.

THE OWL SONG.

F. E. WEATHERLY. STEPHEN ADAMS.

Allegro con spirito.

1. There
2. There

f

pass'd a man by an old oak tree, To - whoo! said the owl, to - whoo! His hair was wild and his
pass'd a man by the old oak tree, To - whoo! said the owl, to - whoo! His face was as long as

mf *p* *mf*

Misterioso.

gait was free, "He must be a lov - er," said the owl in the tree, To - whoo, to-whoo, to -
long could be, "He must be married," said the owl in the tree, To - whoo, to-whoo, to -

p

deciso.

whoo! "Whith-er a-way? said the owl, as he pass'd, "Whith-er a-way," fair
whoo! His gait was neith-er free nor fast, He shook his fist at the

mf

grazioso.

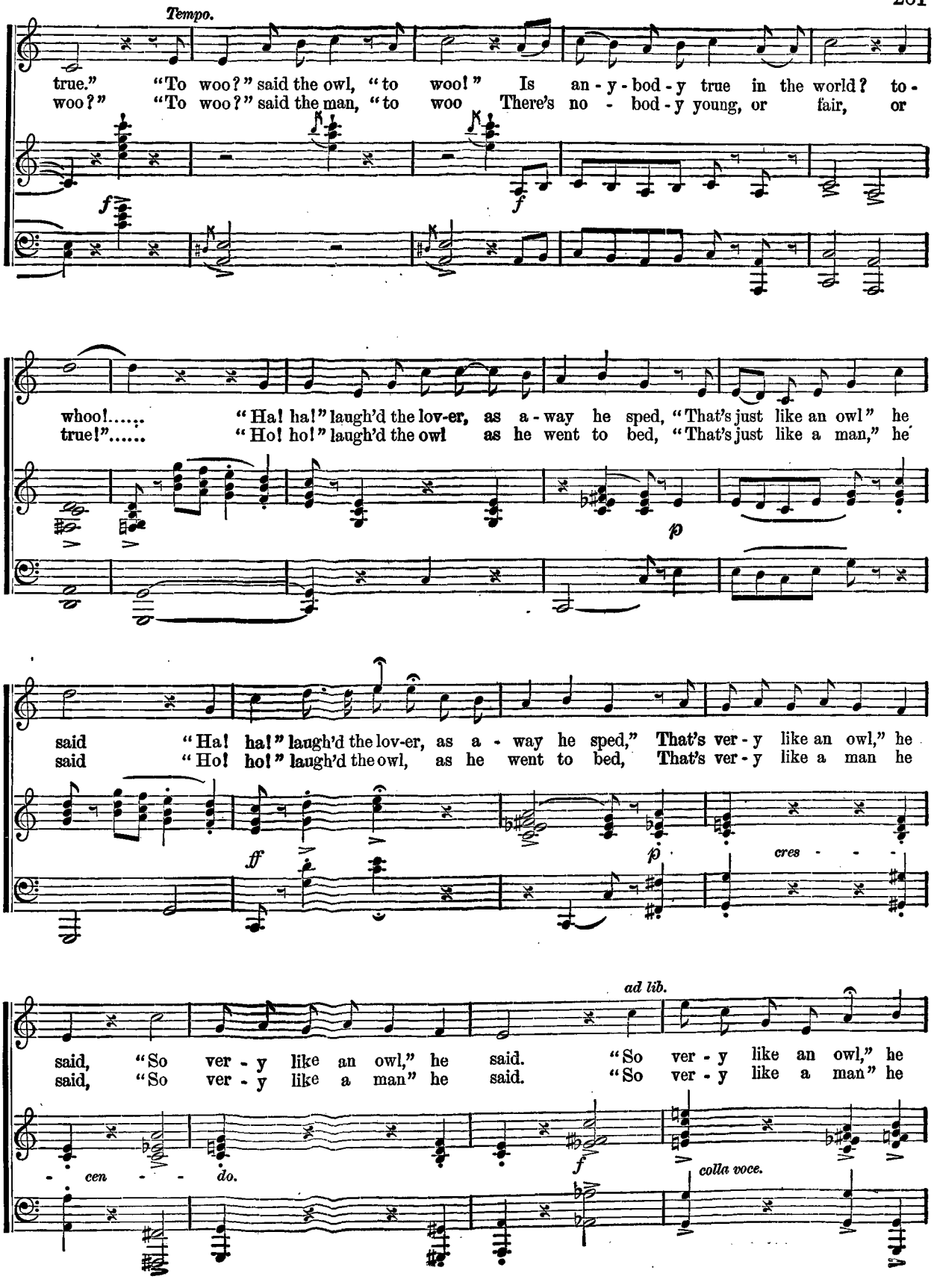
sir, so fast?" "I go" quoth he, "a maid to woo, A maid-en young, and
owl as he pass'd; "Oh! oh!" said the owl, "it's you! it's you!" "And haven't you been the

p

cres. *rall.*

fair and true." "I go" quoth he "a maid to woo, A maid-en young, and fair, and
maid to woo?" "Oh! oh!" said the owl, "it's you! it's you!" "And haven't you been the maid to

f *p* *voce.*


Tempo.
true." "To woo?" said the owl, "to woo!" Is an - y - bod - y true in the world? to -
woo?" "To woo?" said the man, "to woo There's no - bod - y young, or fair, or
f
f
whoo!..... "Ha! ha!" laugh'd the lov-er, as a - way he sped, "That's just like an owl" he
true!"..... "Ho! ho!" laugh'd the owl as he went to bed, "That's just like a man," he
p
said "Ha! ha!" laugh'd the lov-er, as a - way he sped," That's ver - y like an owl," he
said "Ho! ho!" laugh'd the owl, as he went to bed, That's ver - y like a man he
ff
p
cres - - -
ad lib.
said, "So ver - y like an owl," he said. "So ver - y like an owl," he
said, "So ver - y like a man" he said. "So ver - y like a man" he
- cen - - do.
f
colla voce.

1

said.

8va

f

2

said.

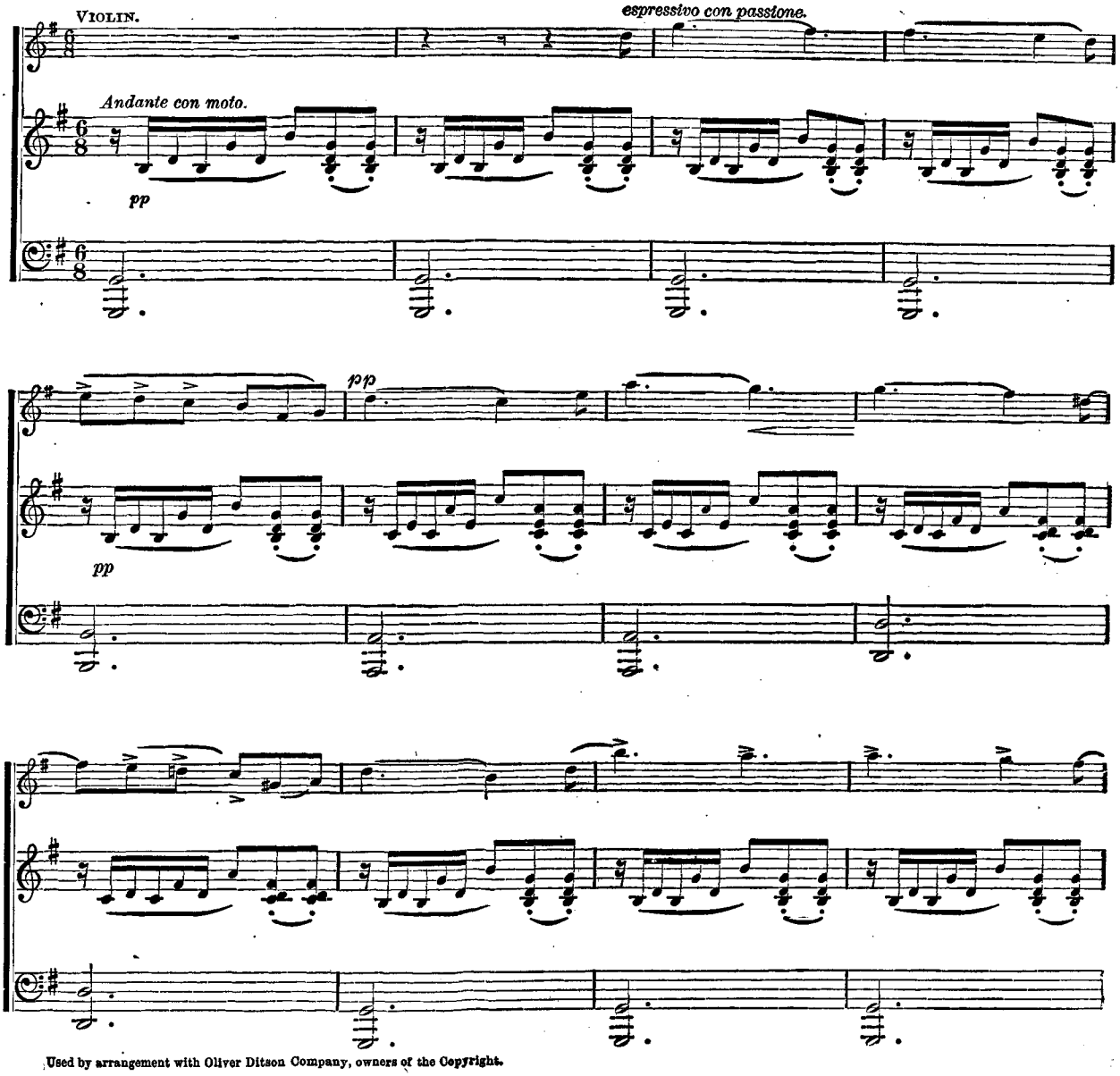
ff

ff

ANGEL'S SERENADE.

WITH VIOLIN OBLIGATO.

Originally destined for the church, the writer of the celestial music of this song was so absorbed by the musical portion of his necessary studies that he abandoned the prospect of clerical preferment for the life of a musician. GAETANO BRAGA was born in Italy in 1829, and instead of leaving the Naples Conservatory at the completion of the course in vocal music prescribed for young clerics he remained there to master all branches of the musical art. He acquired special proficiency in performing on the violincello and in musical composition, having in the latter branch the instruction of the celebrated Mercadante. He played the violincello in important musical centres, and taught singing, meanwhile composing industriously. His first composition, a cantata entitled "Saul," was followed by many dramatic works, which were performed in Vienna, Paris, etc. Among his slighter compositions were several albums of vocal pieces, with Italian, French and German words, from one of which this selection is taken. It is a Wallachian song, originally entitled "Der Engel Lied."



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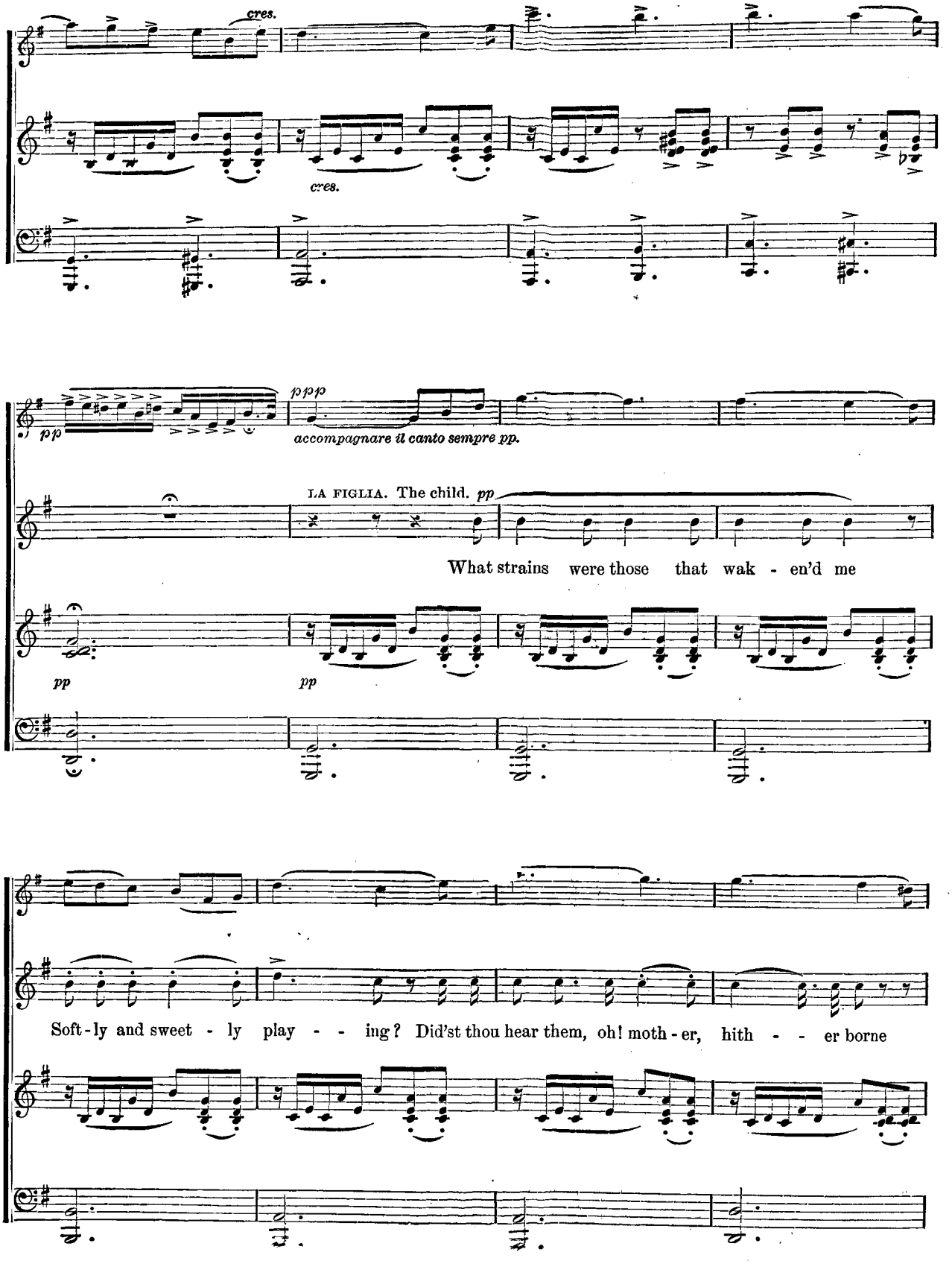
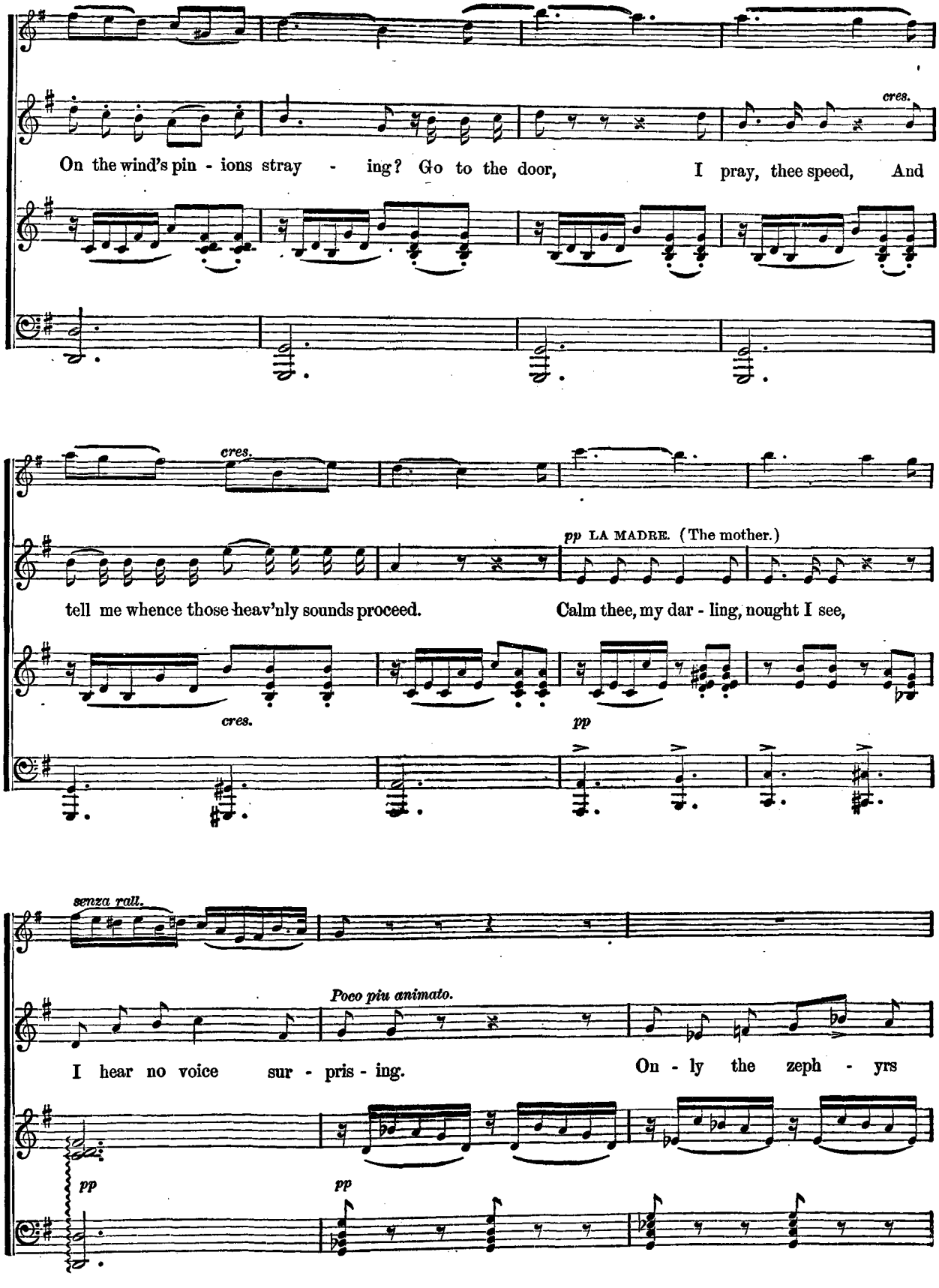
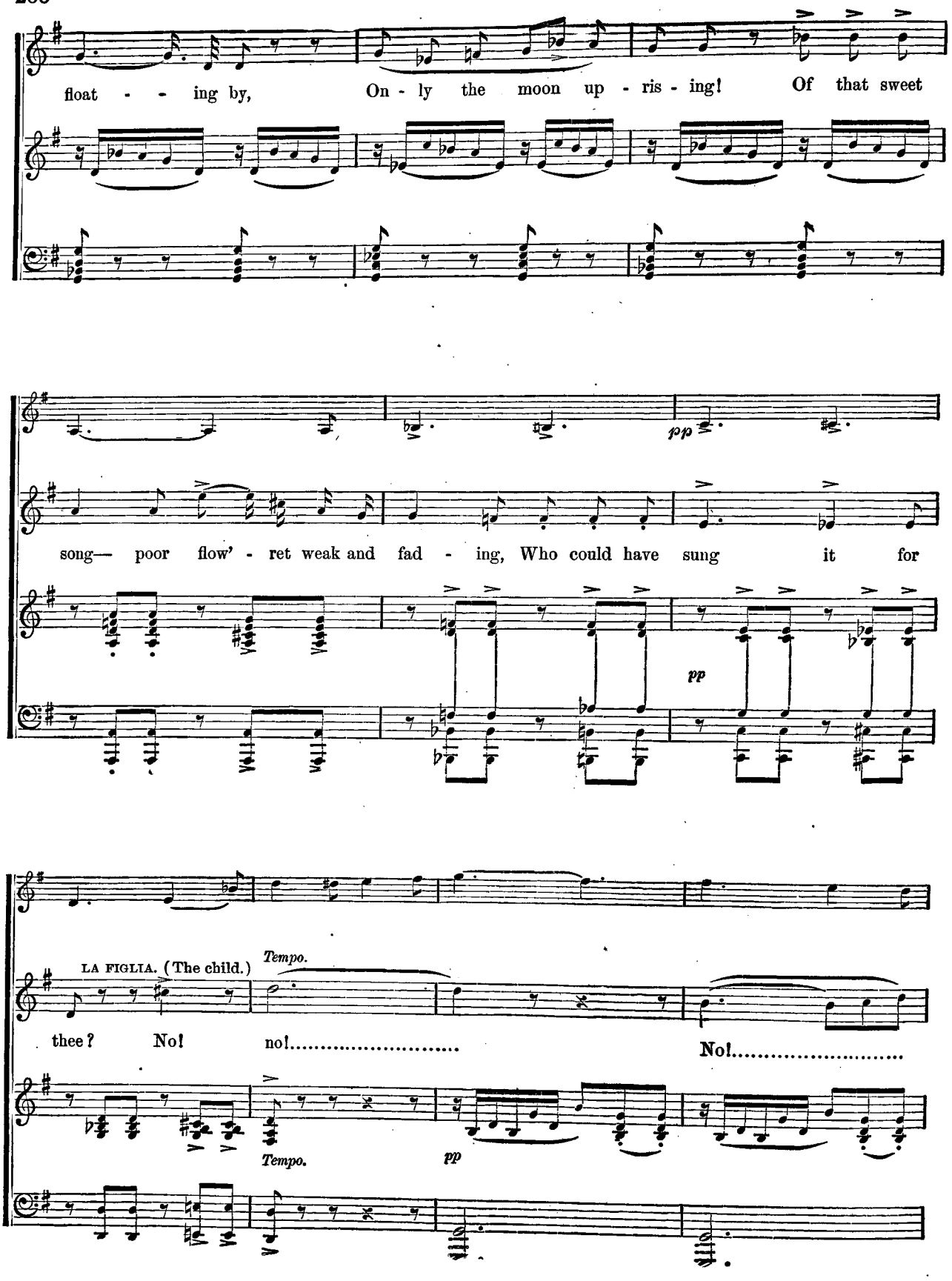
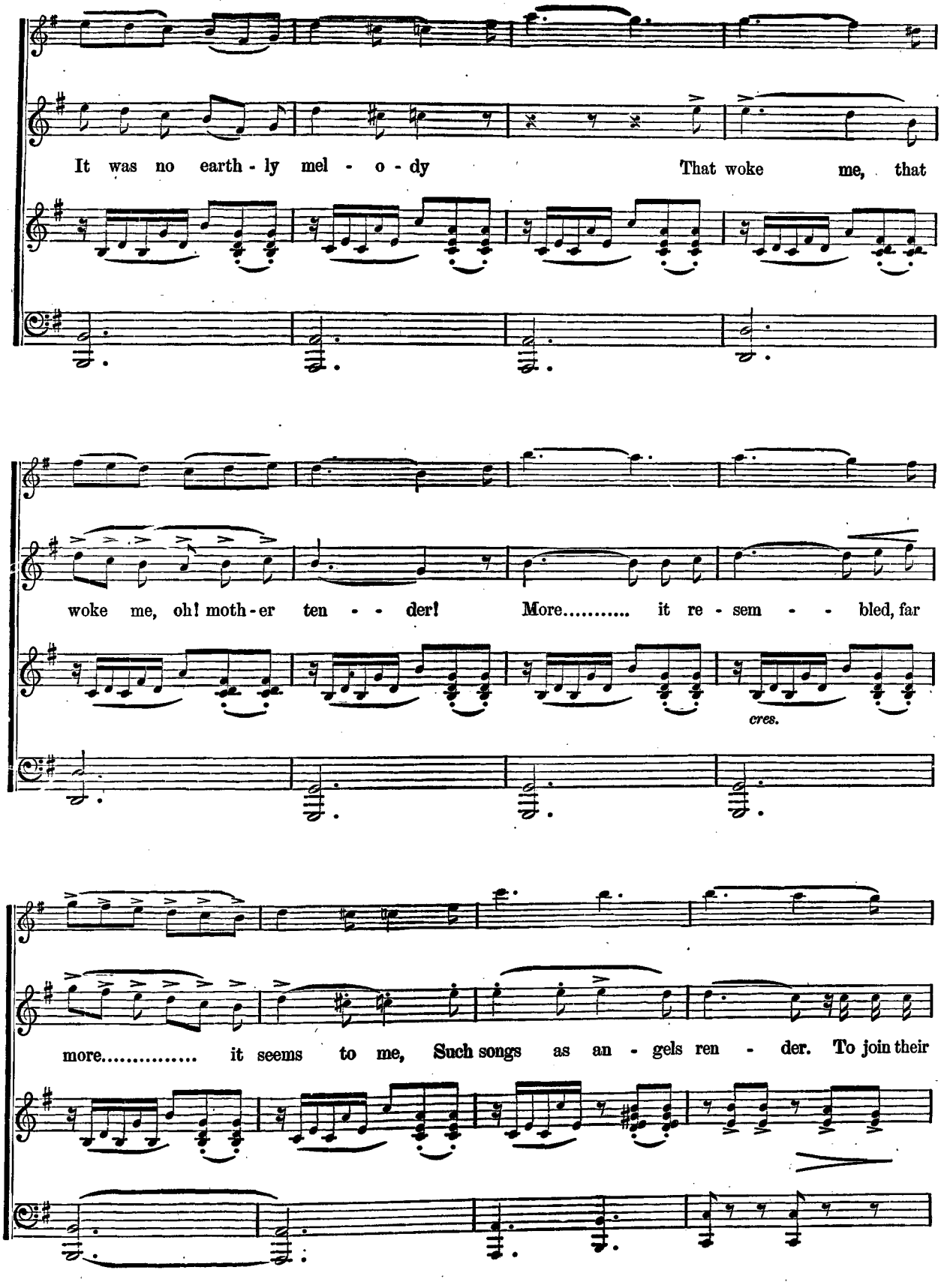
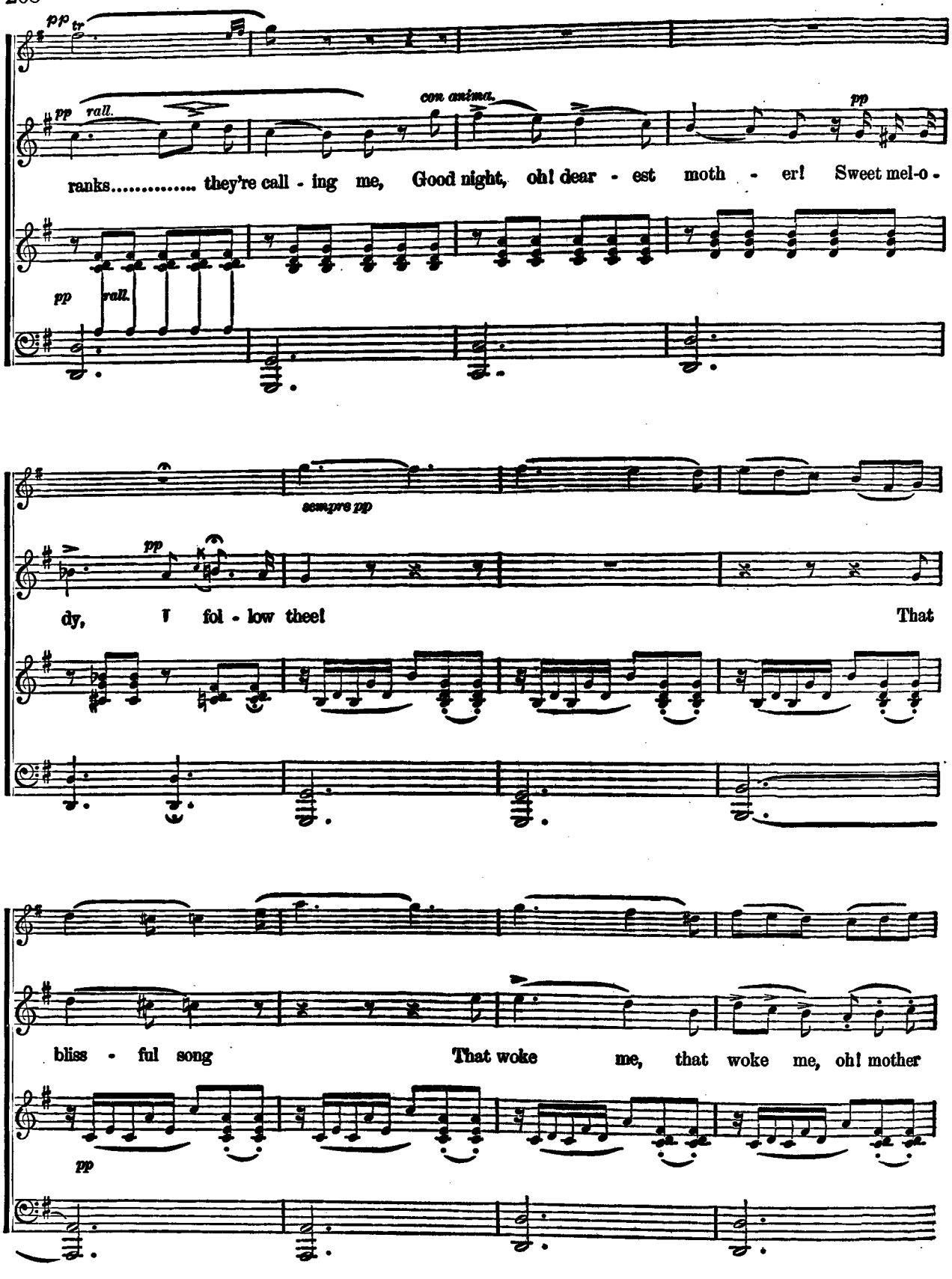
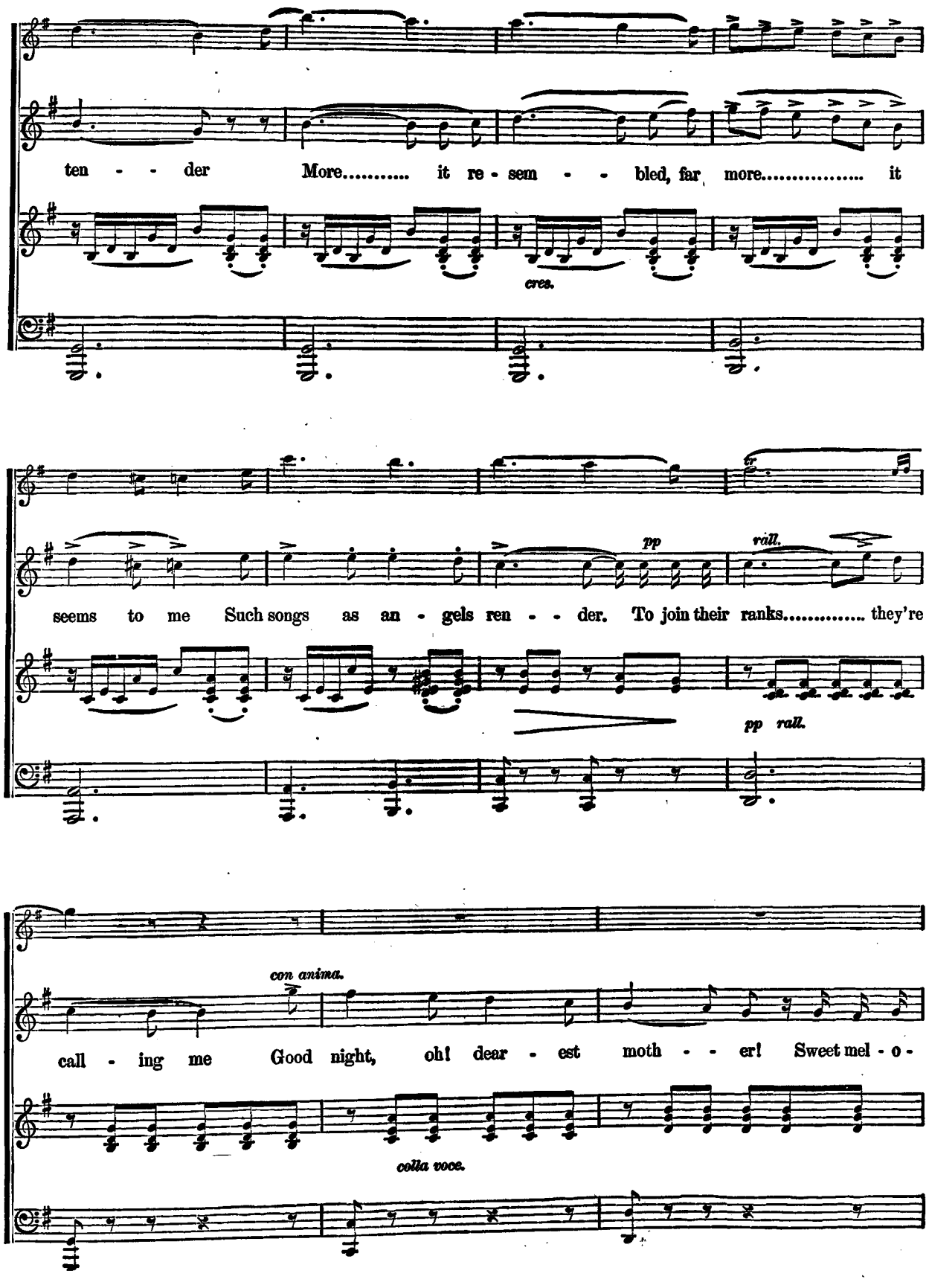

cres.
cres.
pp
pppp
accompagnare il canto sempre pp.
LA FIGLIA. The child. pp
What strains were those that wak - en'd me
pp
pp
Soft - ly and sweet - ly play - - ing? Did'st thou hear them, oh! moth - er, hith - - er borne

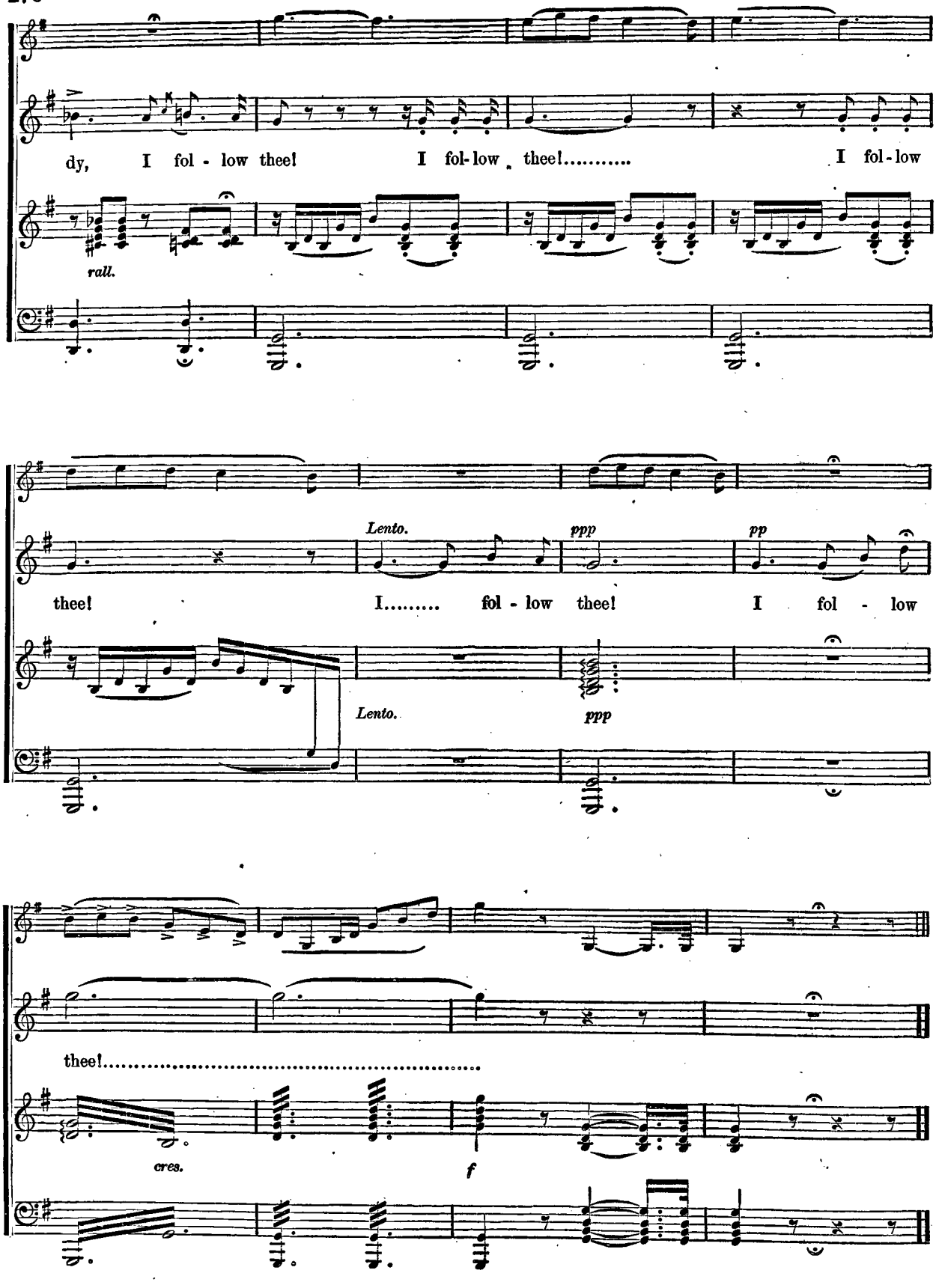

cres.
On the wind's pin - ions stray - ing? Go to the door, I pray, thee speed, And
cres.
tell me whence those heav'nly sounds proceed.
pp LA MADRE. (The mother.)
Calm thee, my dar - ling, nought I see,
cres.
pp
senza rall.
Poco piu animato.
I hear no voice sur - pris - ing.
On - ly the zeph - yrs
pp
pp


float - - ing by, On - ly the moon up - ris - ing! Of that sweet
pp
song— poor flow' - ret weak and fad - ing, Who could have sung it for
pp
LA FIGLIA. (The child.)
Tempo.
thee? No! no!..... No!.....
Tempo.
pp


It was no earth - ly mel - o - dy That woke me, that
woke me, oh! moth - er ten - - der! More..... it re - sem - - bled, far
cres.
more..... it seems to me, Such songs as an - gels ren - der. To join their


pp tr
pp rall.
con anima.
pp
ranks..... they're call - ing me, Good night, oh! dear - est moth - er! Sweet mel-o -
pp rall.
sempre pp
pp
dy, I fol - low thee! That
bliss - ful song That woke me, that woke me, oh! mother
pp

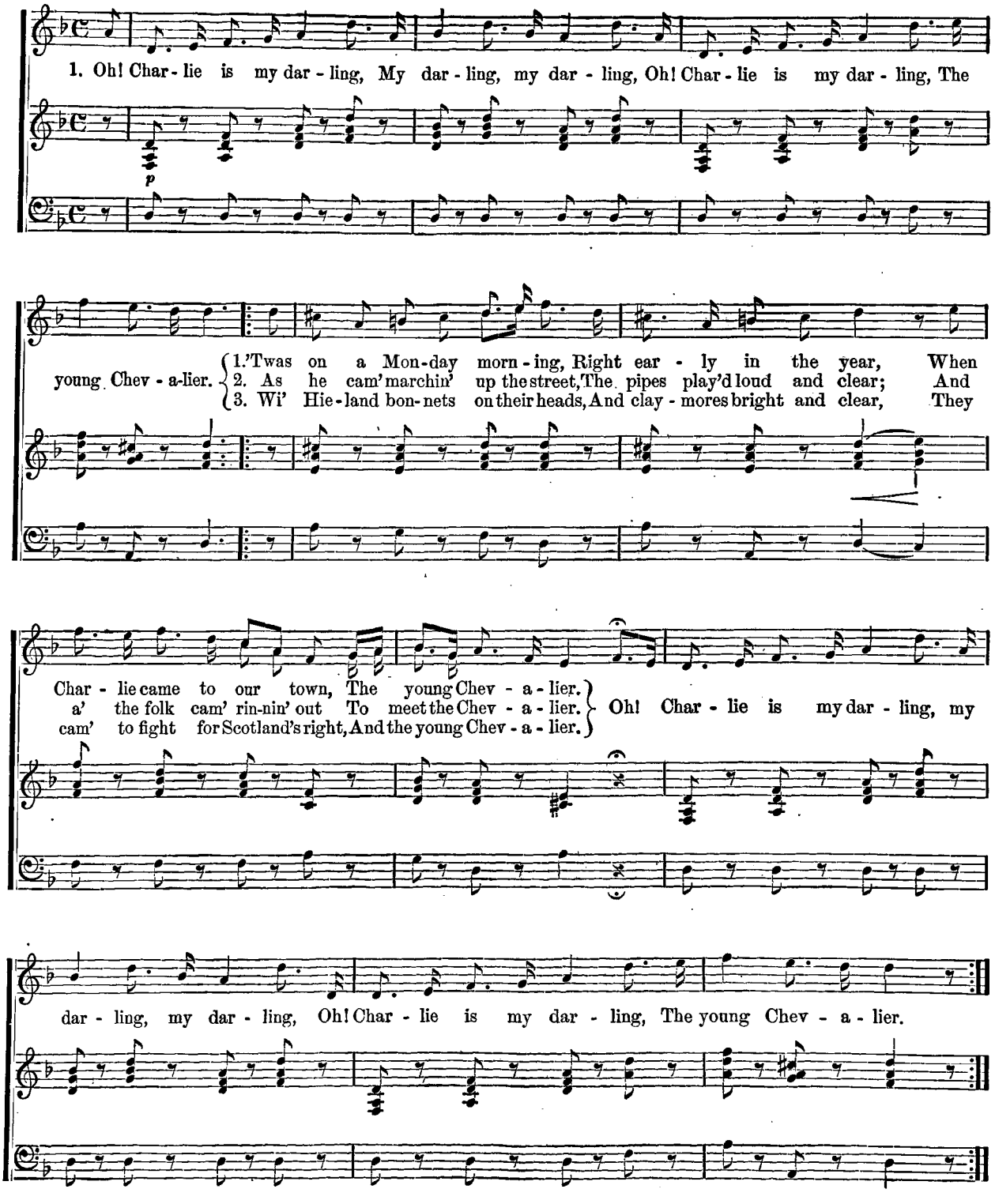

ten - - der More..... it re - sem - - bled, far more..... it
cres.
seems to me Such songs as an - gels ren - - der. To join their ranks..... they're
pp
rall.
pp rall.
con anima.
call - ing me Good night, oh! dear - est moth - - er! Sweet mel - o -
colla voce.


dy, I fol - low thee! I fol-low thee!..... I fol-low
rall.
Lento.
ppp
pp
thee! I..... fol - low thee! I fol - low
Lento.
ppp
thee!.....
cres.
f

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

SEVERAL Scottish poets have rung the changes upon both the air and words of "Charlie is my darling." Burns has a version, Hogg a version, Captain Charles Grey a version, and there are still others of less celebrity. But the words most in use were written by the BARONESS NAIRNE, although her authorship was not then known, and stanzas from the other versions were generally mingled with hers. I give her version entire. The song is, of course, a Jacobite effusion, and Lady Nairne's family were Jacobites of the Jacobites, nearly all the kith and kin having been in trouble or exile on that account. A lock of Prince Charlie's hair, his bonnet, spurs, cockades, and crucifix, were cherished relics among them. The "Auld Laird," Lady Nairne's father, refused to acknowledge King George, and dismissed the family chaplain for taking the oath of fealty to him after the death of Charles Edward. The King, who had graciously allowed him to return and spend his age in his old home, sent this message to his obstinate subject: "The Elector of Hanover's compliments to the Laird of Gask, and wishes to tell him how much the Elector respects the Laird for the steadiness of his principles."

In his "Forty Years' Recollections," Charles Mackay, the song-writer, relates the following anecdote of his childhood: "Grace Threlkeld, or as her husband always called her, 'Girzie,' taught me the alphabet, together with the tunes of many scores—I may say hundreds—of Scotch songs which she was fond of singing. Among the rest was the old Jacobite song of "Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier." I imagined at the time that this was a song about myself, and that I was the veritable young Chevalier. I well remember my astonishment, when I was about six years old, at hearing a blackbird, whose cage hung from a window in Powis Street, Woolwich, pipe this tune very correctly as I passed along with a playmate. I looked at the bird with infantine bewilderment, thinking that the creature was, as the Scotch say, 'no cannie,' and that the foul fiend himself had taken up his abode in his tiny throat. The good Girzie laughed at my terror, but it was many weeks before I was quite reconciled to the possession of musical abilities by so small a creature, or quite satisfied that it had not formed a deliberate purpose by whistling that particular song, to turn me into ridicule."


1. Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The
p
young Chev - a-lier. 1.'Twas on a Mon-day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When
2. As he cam' marchin' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear; And
3. Wi' Hie-land bon- nets on their heads, And clay - mores bright and clear, They
Char - lie came to our town, The young Chev - a - lier.
a' the folk cam' rin-nin' out To meet the Chev - a - lier.
cam' to fight for Scotland's right, And the young Chev - a - lier.
Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, my
dar - ling, my dar - ling, Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Chev - a - lier.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, *etc.*

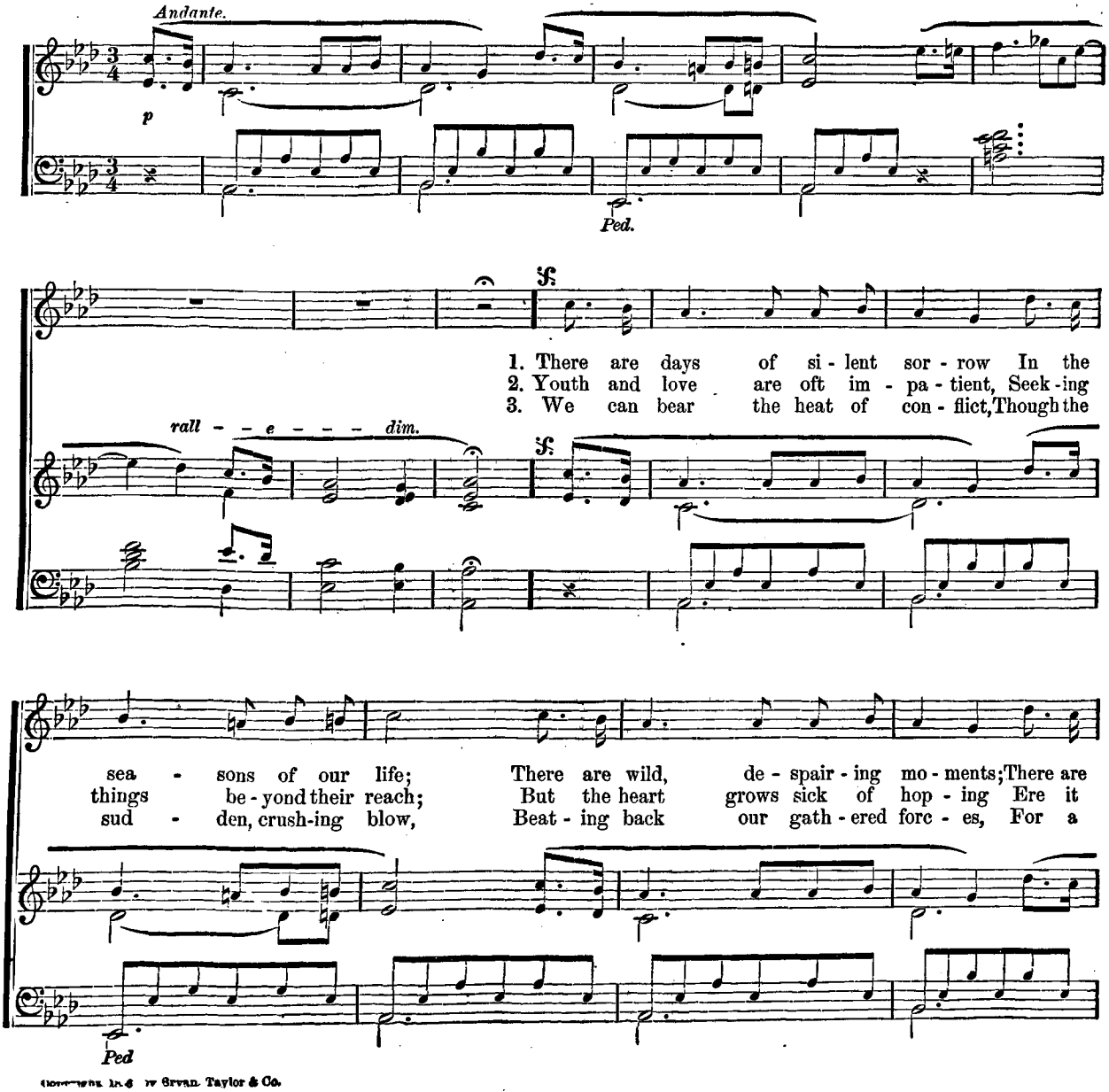
Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear;
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, *etc.*

THE WAITING TIME.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG, composer of the musical setting of "The Waiting Time," was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 10, 1858. At the age of six years he commenced the study of music under a competent instructor. When eleven years old he entered St. Mark's Choir, then directed by James Pierce, Musical Bachelor of Oxford, under whom he studied for three years, At the age of fourteen he began the investigation of harmony, composition and pipe organ, guided by Doctor Hugh A. Clarke, of the University of Pennsylvania, continuing as his pupil for two years. Subsequently his musical education was prosecuted under direction of other eminent teachers.

As a result of earnest application and unusual experience, Frank L. Armstrong has won repute as a proficient organist and composer. His numerous secular and religious compositions—both vocal and instrumental—have been received with marked favor. Among them may be mentioned:—"The New American School for Parlor Organ," "Bible Days," "The Crowning Triumph," "Exalted Praise," "Golden Rays," and "The Helper."

The words of this poem are by SARAH DOUDNEY.


Andante.
p
Ped.
1. There are days of si - lent sor - row In the
2. Youth and love are oft im - pa - tient, Seek - ing
3. We can bear the heat of con - flict, Though the
rall - - e - - - - dim.
sea - sons of our life; There are wild, de - spair - ing mo - ments; There are
things be - yond their reach; But the heart grows sick of hop - ing Ere it
sud - den, crush-ing blow, Beat - ing back our gath - ered forc - es, For a
Ped

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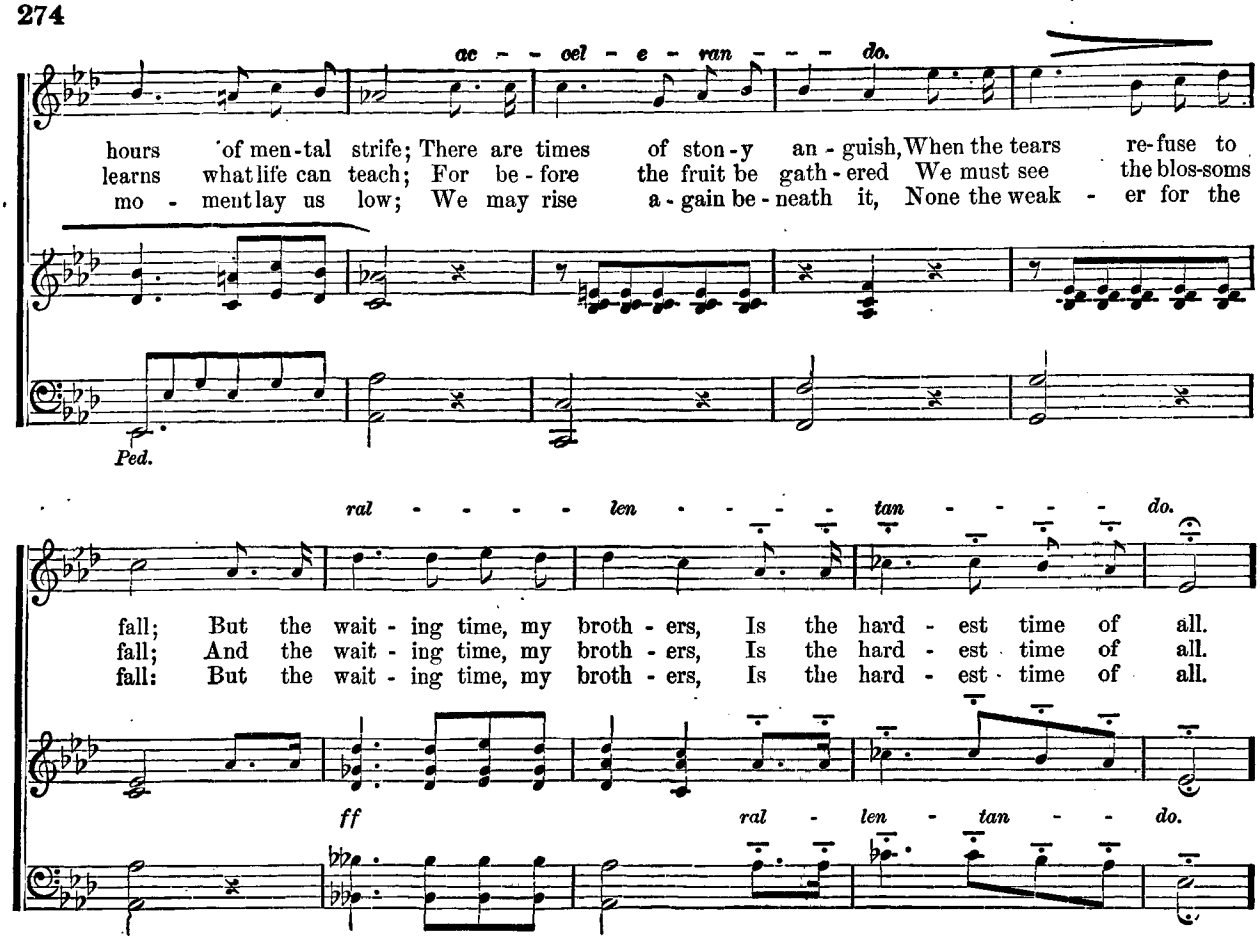
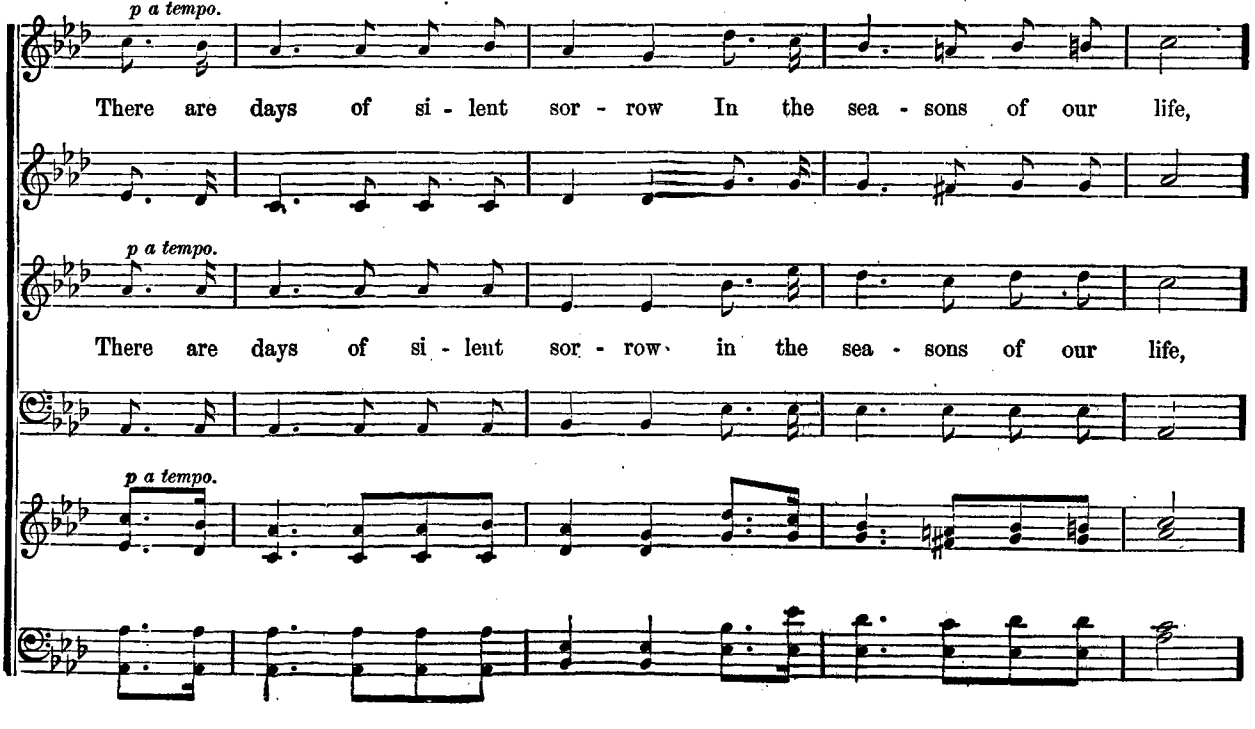
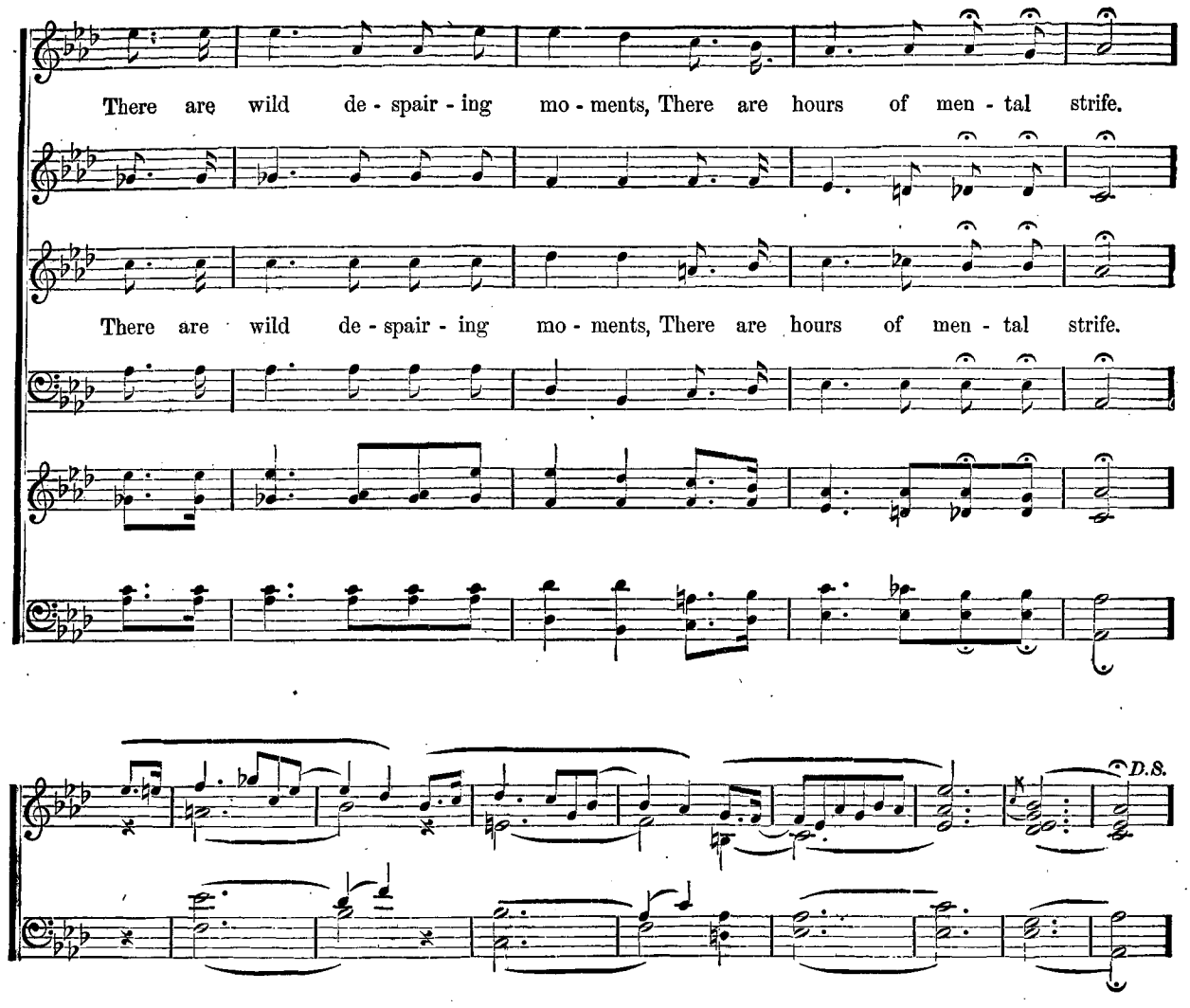

ac - - cel - e - ran - - - do.
hours of men-tal strife; There are times of ston-y an-guish, When the tears re-fuse to
learns what life can teach; For be-fore the fruit be gath-ered We must see the blos-soms
mo - ment lay us low; We may rise a-gain be-neath it, None the weak - er for the
Ped.
ral - - - - - len - - - - - tan - - - - - do.
fall; But the wait-ing time, my broth-ers, Is the hard-est time of all.
fall; And the wait-ing time, my broth-ers, Is the hard-est time of all.
fall: But the wait-ing time, my broth-ers, Is the hard-est time of all.
ff
ral - len - tan - - do.

REFRAIN. (Quartette or Solo ad lib.)


p a tempo.
There are days of si-lent sor-row In the sea-sons of our life,
p a tempo.
There are days of si-lent sor-row in the sea-sons of our life,
p a tempo.


There are wild de - spair - ing mo - ments, There are hours of men - tal strife.
There are wild de - spair - ing mo - ments, There are hours of men - tal strife.
D.S.

There are days of silent sorrow
In the seasons of our life;
There are wild, despairing moments;
There are hours of mental strife;
There are times of stony anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love our oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach;
But the heart grows sick of hoping
Ere it learns what life can teach;
For before the fruit be gathered
We must see the blossoms fall;
And the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

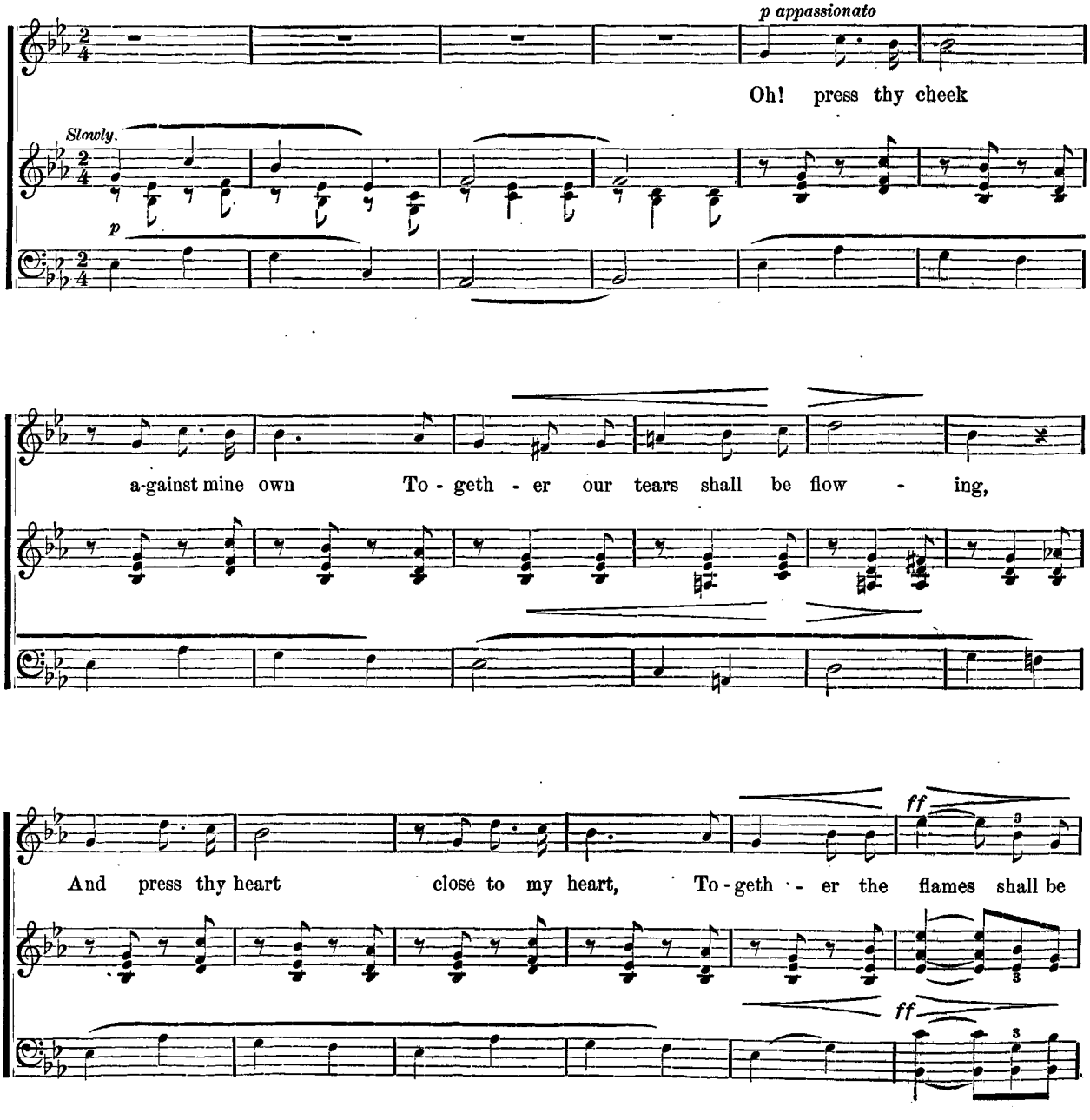
We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden, crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lay us low;
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for the fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

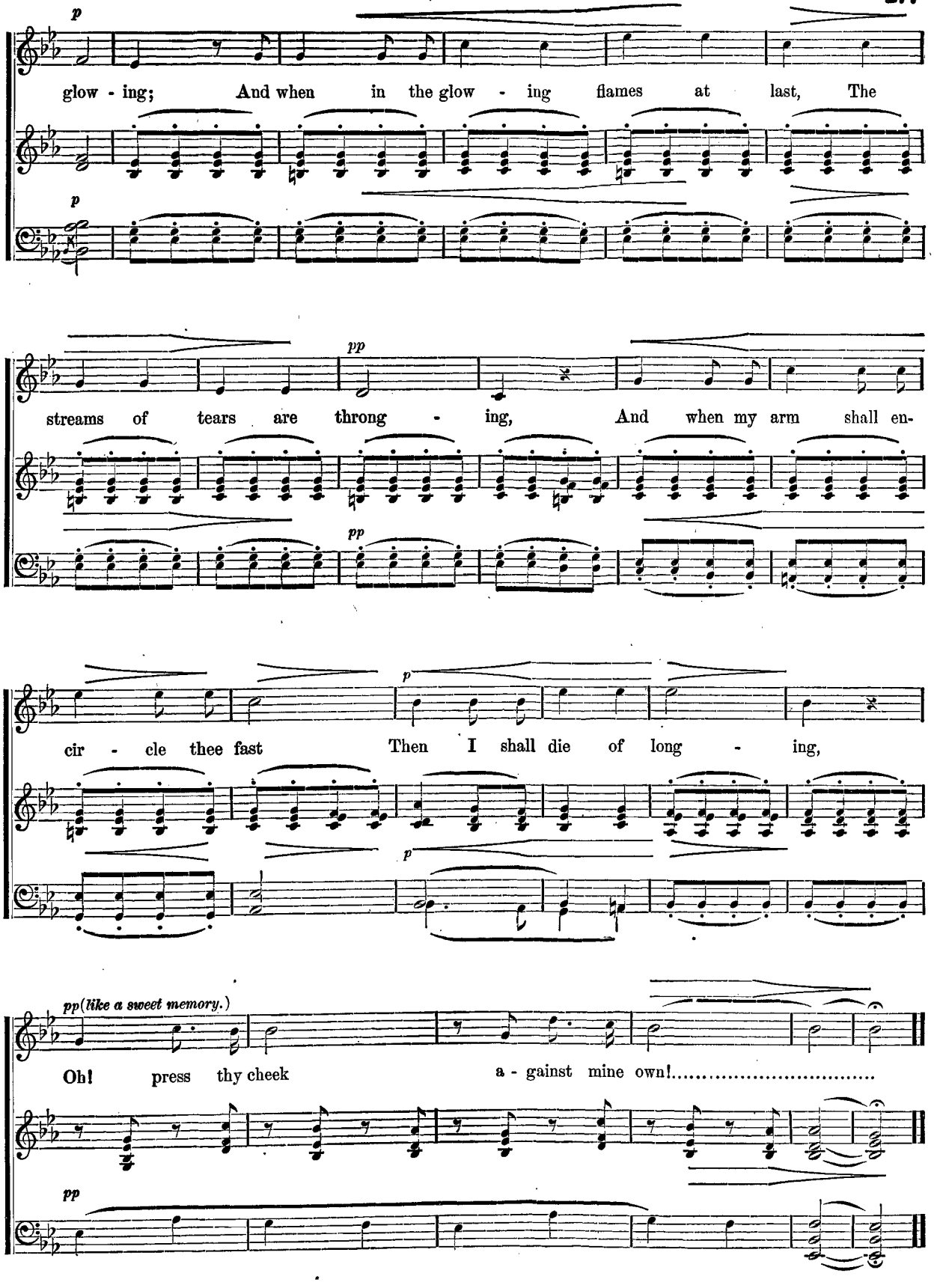
For it wears the eager spirit
As the salt waves wear the stone,
And the garb of hope grows threadbare
Till the brighter tints are flown;
Then amid youth's radiant tresses
Silent snows begin to fall;
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all!

But at last we learn the lesson
That God knoweth what is best;
For with wisdom cometh patience,
And with patience cometh rest.
Yea, a golden thread is shining
Through the tangled woof of fate;
And our hearts shall thank him meekly,
That he taught us how to wait.

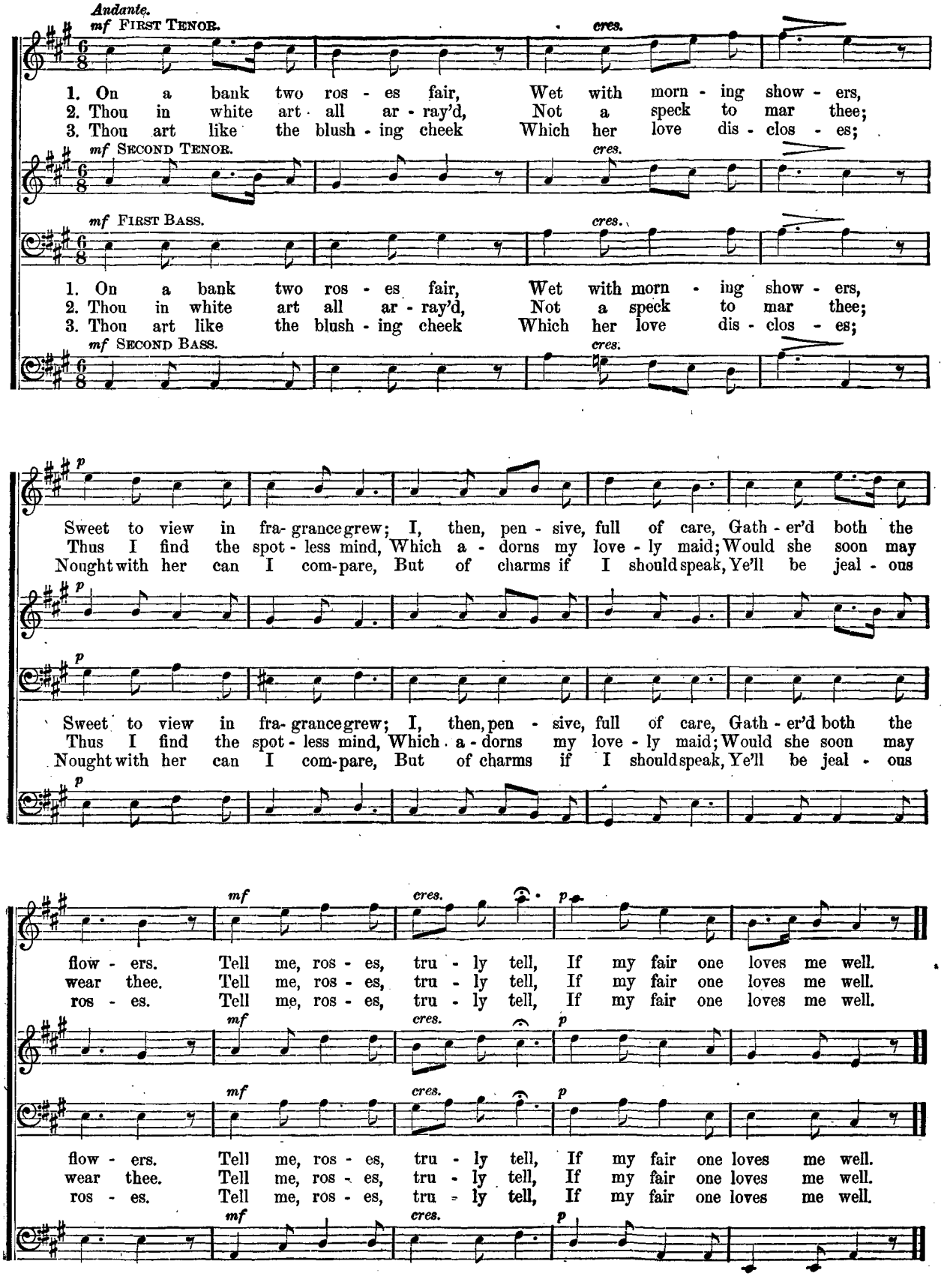
OH! PRESS THY CHEEK AGAINST MINE OWN.

ONE of the tenderest of all love songs, this was composed by ADOLF JENSEN, a German composer who was by many ranked next after Schumann and Franz as a writer of songs. He was born at Königsberg Jan. 12,1837, and died at Baden Jan. 24, 1879. He studied under Ehlert, and became a conductor and teacher in various German towns, and was Kapellmeister at Posen. He traveled professionally in Russia and at Copenhagen became intimate with Niels Gade. He was an enthusiastic disciple of Robert Schumann, with whom he corresponded regularly. At one time he was connected with Tausig's school for the piano. As a composer he took high rank in Germany and his works were much appreciated elsewhere. His genius was essentially that of a song-writer, and his compositions were full of delicate feeling, though they lacked the dramatic power of those of Schumann and Franz. His chief works were two liedercyclus, entitled "Dolorosa" and "Erotikon." The songs by which he is best known in this country are that here given, "Ah, Thine Eyes," "Morning by the Spring," and "Murmuring Breeze, whose perfumed Breath." The words of "Oh, Press Thy Cheek" are an English version by LOUIS C. ELSON of one of Heine's most popular songs "Lehn deine Wang' am meine Wang,'" the sixth of the Lyric Intermezzo in his "Buch der Lieder."


p appassionato
Oh! press thy cheek
Slowly.
p
a-gainst mine own
To - geth - er our tears shall be flow - ing,
ff
And press thy heart close to my heart,
To - geth - er the flames shall be
ff


p
glow - ing; And when in the glow - ing flames at last, The
p
pp
streams of tears are throng - ing, And when my arm shall en-
pp
p
cir - cle thee fast Then I shall die of long - ing,
p
pp(like a sweet memory.)
Oh! press thy cheek a - gainst mine own!.....
pp

FOR a full generation past, young men have found their introduction to the best class of part songs through an excellent collection made by John D. Willard in 1862, and entitled "The Arion." It is still in use among collegians and part-singers generally. It contains selections from the best German and English composers, and includes classics, like "Gaudeamus," "Integer Vitæ," "Lovely Night," and a number of operatic choruses and part-songs. One of the gems of this well tried collection, and perhaps the one most generally familiar is WERNER'S "Two Roses." The sweet simplicity of the music and the grace of the sentiment doubtless account for the popularity of this song.


Andante.
mf FIRST TENOR.
cres.
1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers,
2. Thou in white art all ar - ray'd, Not a speck to mar thee;
3. Thou art like the blush - ing cheek Which her love dis - clos - es;
mf SECOND TENOR.
cres.
mf FIRST BASS.
cres.
1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers,
2. Thou in white art all ar - ray'd, Not a speck to mar thee;
3. Thou art like the blush - ing cheek Which her love dis - clos - es;
mf SECOND BASS.
cres.
p
Sweet to view in fra- grance grew; I, then, pen - sive, full of care, Gath - er'd both the
Thus I find the spot - less mind, Which a - dorns my love - ly maid; Would she soon may
Nought with her can I com-pare, But of charms if I should speak, Ye'll be jeal - ous
p
Sweet to view in fra- grance grew; I, then, pen - sive, full of care, Gath - er'd both the
Thus I find the spot - less mind, Which a - dorns my love - ly maid; Would she soon may
Nought with her can I com-pare, But of charms if I should speak, Ye'll be jeal - ous
p
mf
cres.
p
flow - ers. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
wear thee. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
ros - es. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
mf
cres.
p
mf
cres.
p
flow - ers. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
wear thee. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
ros - es. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
mf
cres.
p

NELLY WAS A LADY.

THIS well-known and popular song was written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Adagio.

Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trab- ble on de way,

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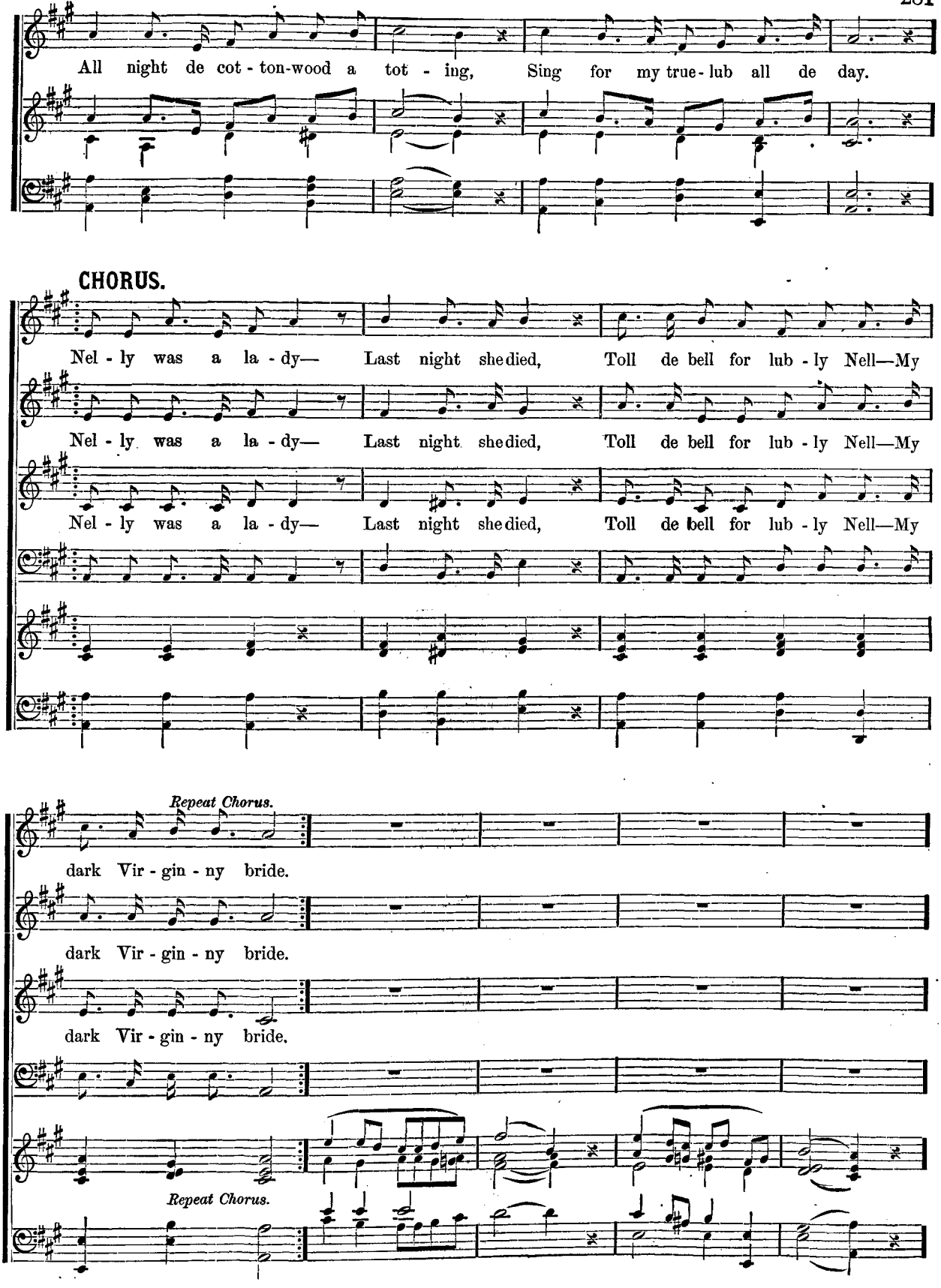
All night de cot - ton-wood a tot - ing, Sing for my true-lub all de day.
CHORUS.
Nel - ly was a la - dy— Last night she died, Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell—My
Nel - ly was a la - dy— Last night she died, Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell—My
Nel - ly was a la - dy— Last night she died, Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell—My
Repeat Chorus.
dark Vir - gin - ny bride.
dark Vir - gin - ny bride.
dark Vir - gin - ny bride.
Repeat Chorus.

2d VERSE.

Now I'm un - hap-py and I'm weep - ing Can't tote de cot - ton-wood no more;

CHORUS.

Last night, while Nel- ly was a sleep - ing, Death came a knock - in' at de door.

3rd VERSE.

When I saw my Nel- ly in de morn - ing, Smile till she o - pen'd up her eyes,

CHORUS.

Seem'd like de light ob day a dawn - ing, Jist 'fore de sun be - gin to rise.

4th VERSE.

Close by de margin ob de wa- ter,

Whar de lone weeping willow grows

Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter;

CHORUS.

Dar she in death may find repose.

5th VERSE.

Down in de meadow mong de clober,

Walk wid my Nelly by my side;

Now all dem happy days am o- ber,

CHORUS.

Fare-well my dark Virginny bride.

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